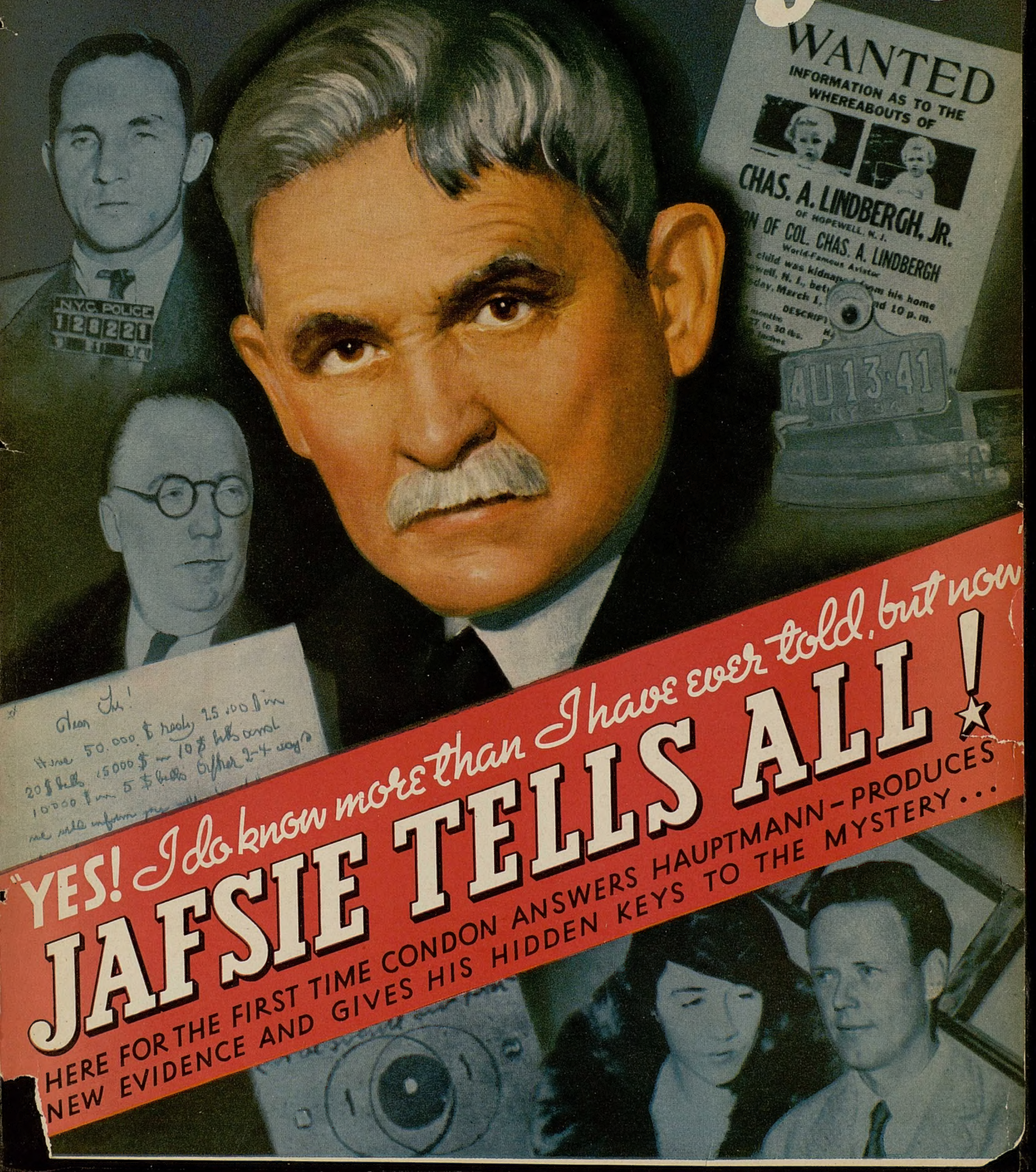
WOMEN BEHIND THE SCENES IN HOLLYWOOD

Liberty

JAN. 18,
1936

5¢


WANTED
INFORMATION AS TO THE
WHEREABOUTS OF
CHAS. A. LINDBERGH, JR.
OF HOPEWELL, N. J.
SON OF COL. CHAS. A. LINDBERGH
World-Famous Aviator
4U 13-41
N.Y.C. POLICE
128221
dear Sir!
Have 50.000 $ redy 25 000 $ in
20 $ bills 15000 $ in 10 $ bills and
10000 $ in 5 $ bills After 2-4 days
we will inform you

"YES! I do know more than I have ever told, but now

JAFSIE TELLS ALL!

HERE FOR THE FIRST TIME CONDON ANSWERS HAUPTMANN—PRODUCES NEW EVIDENCE AND GIVES HIS HIDDEN KEYS TO THE MYSTERY . . .

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL

The Health Resort Where Hundreds of Amazing Recoveries Have Taken Place

IF you or some member of your family has a knotty health problem, by all means investigate the Physical Culture Health Resort where hundreds of amazing recoveries have taken place. ● Controlled by the Bernarr Macfadden Foundation this is the largest health center in the world where every health regimen is administered in full accordance with natural law and consequently receives the complete cooperation of Nature in whose power it is to remedy most of the weaknesses that inflict themselves upon humanity. ● Located in the heart of the gorgeously beautiful Genesee country of western New York, its surroundings are ideal. Fellowship and friendliness abound. None of the depressing air of pain and misery so common at many health resorts. Here building health is a happy game. A delightful place to spend a few days or weeks in rest, recreation or health training. ● Write for full information, moderate rate schedule and details regarding some of the almost miraculous recoveries that have taken place here.

Thomas Dixon, Famous Author Says Regarding Physical Culture Hotel,

"I came to Dansville severely crippled with a long siege of arthritis which affected my foot. I could hardly walk. I took a two weeks' course of dieting and treatment and went home feeling fine and walking normally.

"I discovered that I did not need meat to live well and feel well. It was a revelation I will not forget.

"The air of the Genesee hills is a tonic and the spirit of the Physical Culture Hotel, an inspiration. I wish everyone in America could have the experience."

Sincerely,
THOMAS DIXON.

PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL
INCORPORATED
DANSVILLE NEW YORK

FOOT SUFFERERS EVERYWHERE!

Bernarr Macfadden, founder of the Macfadden Foundation, announces the opening of the Foundation's first FOOT CLINIC at the PHYSICAL CULTURE HOTEL HEALTH RESORT, Dansville, New York, January 1, 1936. Here the foot sufferer may receive in connection with other prescribed drugless treatments and instruction with the desired privacy and comfort, scientific corrective foot treatments which have been definitely proven as a major aid in correcting many of the present day deformities and ailments resulting from the wearing of improper footwear.

---------MAIL COUPON TODAY---------

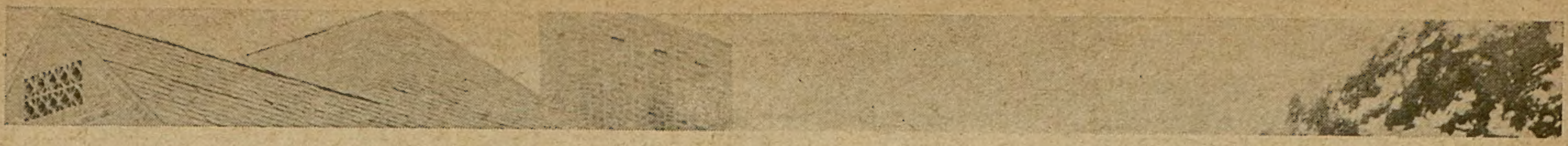
Physical Culture Hotel, Inc., Dept. L1-18
Dansville, New York.

Please send me full information including moderate rate schedule.

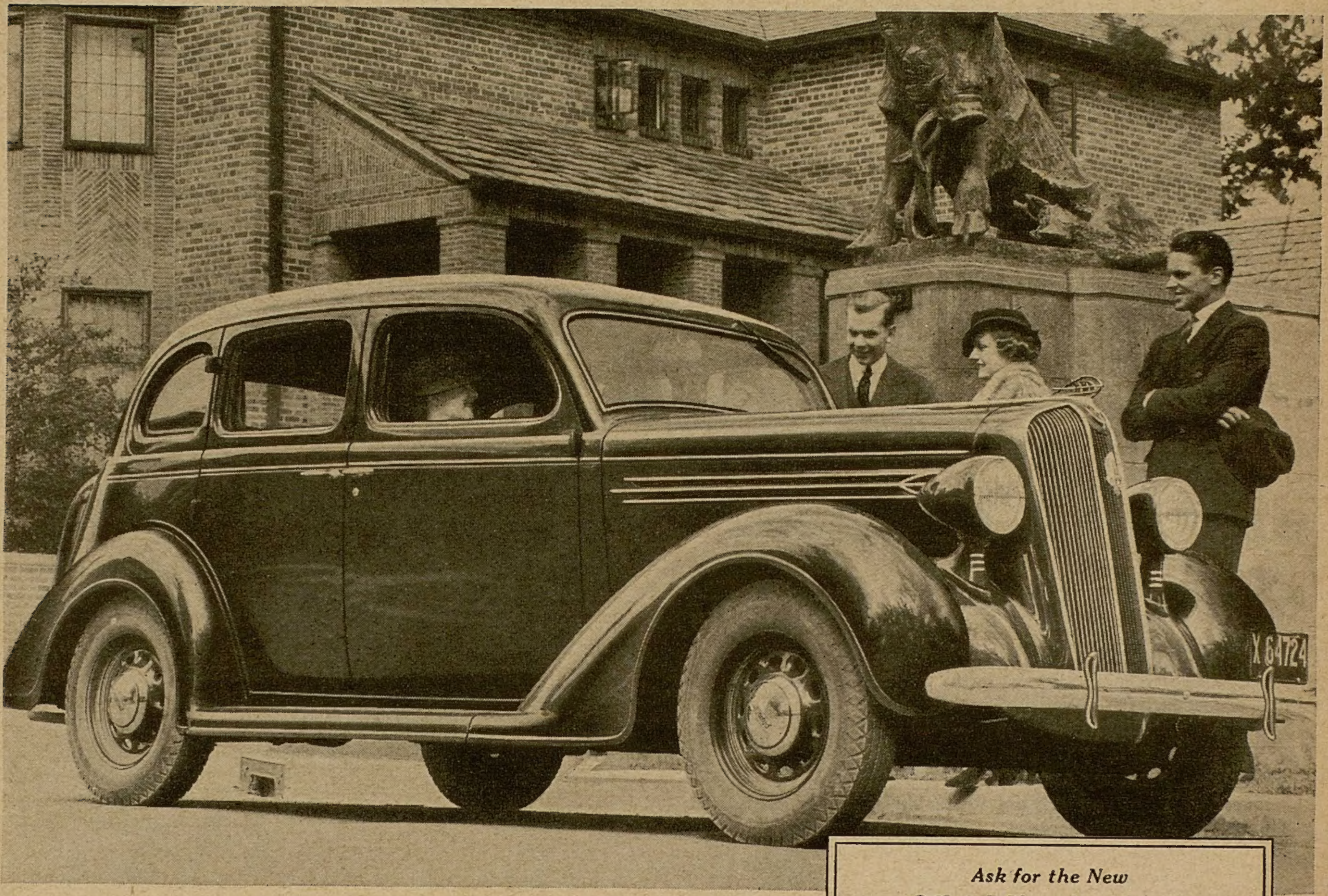
Name______________________________

Street______________________________

Town____________________State________



It's the Most Beautiful of "All Three"!



Big 1936 Plymouth is the Smartest Low-Priced Car Ever Produced!

THIS 1936 PLYMOUTH is not only the most beautiful, but also the biggest and roomiest of the leading low-priced cars. The whole car is longer . . . lower . . . it has luxurious inches of extra room.

Plymouth uses a new, costly enamel that gives the most durable and brilliantly lustrous finish you ever saw on a low-priced car. Plymouth rust-proofs not only the fenders, but the whole body . . . and every sheet metal part . . . before finish is applied.

Plymouth has *lasting* beauty. Women pick the car on sight. You'll agree it's as beautiful inside as out.

Plymouth is not only beautiful, it's America's most economical car . . . Plymouth owners report 18 to 24 miles on a gallon of gas . . . and the lowest oil consumption.

There's greater safety, too, for your family: there's the protection of this Safety-Steel body . . . and Plymouth's 100% hydraulic brakes.

Your Chrysler, Dodge or De Soto dealer will gladly arrange a demonstration for you any time you say.

PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORP.

Ask for the New

Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company

6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself.

1. Start with your unpaid balance.
2.*Then add insurance cost.
3. Then multiply by 6% — for a 12 months' plan. One-half of one per cent per month for periods more or less than 12 months.

*In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

NO OTHER CHARGES

$510

AND UP, LIST AT FACTORY, DETROIT
SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

JANUARY 18, 1936

Liberty

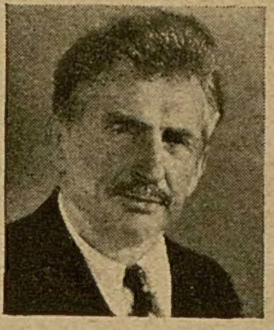
VOL. 13, NO. 3

BERNARR MACFADDEN, PUBLISHER
WALLACE H. CAMPBELL, ART EDITOR

FULTON OURSLER,
EDITOR IN CHIEF

WM. MAURICE FLYNN, MANAGING EDITOR
WILLIAM C. LENGEL, ASSOCIATE EDITOR

One Thousand Flying Bombs Could Destroy Our Cities



BERNARR MACFADDEN

WE are an easygoing people. We consider ourselves isolated and safe from foreign attack.

The hectic preparation for war that is so noticeable throughout all Europe has been interesting, but why should we bother? is the usual viewpoint throughout this country.

But it is about time for us to awaken to the revolutionary developments in aerial warfare.

The telegraph and telephone have spanned the oceans and brought the nations of the world closer together. The radio has enabled us to talk to our friends even in the middle of the ocean.

But the airplane that outflies the bird, that skims through the air like a bullet, has almost made the nations of Europe our next-door neighbors.

And they have found it necessary to arm to the teeth. And, make no mistake, we will have to adopt the same policy, whether we like it or not.

It may take us a long while to accept the truth of this viewpoint, and the lessons we will have to learn may be very costly. But the sooner the dire necessity of this warlike preparation is recognized, the better it will be for the future of our country.

Pangborn, the celebrated aviator, testifying before a recent Congressional committee, said that Japan had invented a flying bomb which is capable of traveling from Japan to this country. Such an explosive skillfully directed would destroy any of our large buildings.

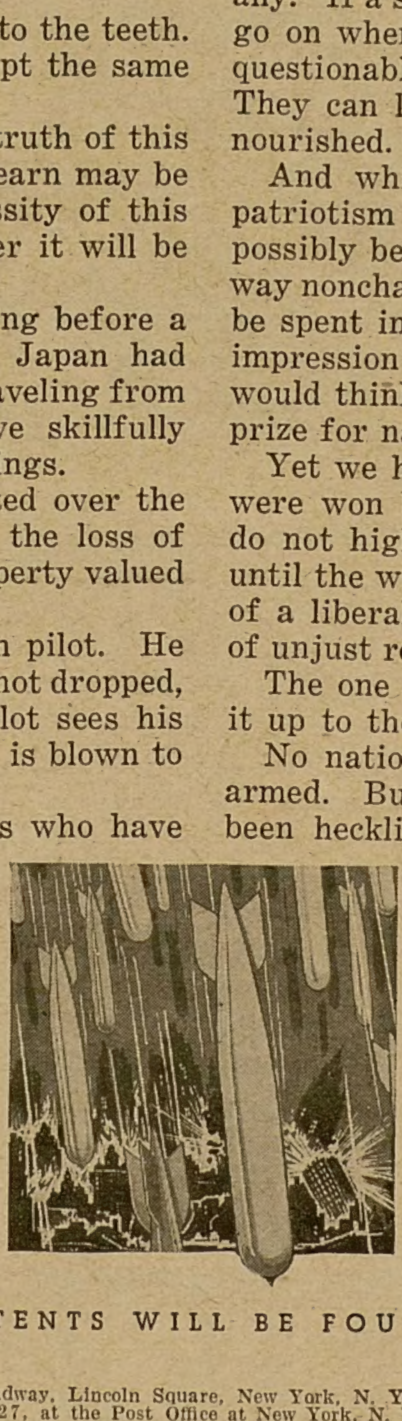
And a few hundred such bombs distributed over the various cities of this country would mean the loss of thousands of lives and the destruction of property valued at billions of dollars.

Each one of these bombs carries a human pilot. He guides it to its destination. And the bomb is not dropped, as is usual in aerial warfare. When the pilot sees his objective he dives with this flying bomb and is blown to atoms by the terrific explosion that ensues.

Japan is said to have one thousand pilots who have already agreed to sacrifice themselves in such death-defying journeys.

But let us assume that Pangborn's statement is inaccurate as far as Japan's warlike attitude is concerned. We know her citizens are fanatically patriotic. To die for their country is the highest possible honor, and to die in battle is an objective that they believe will carry them straight to their Japanese heaven.

A Japanese soldier has no fear of death. He never allows himself to be taken prisoner. He fights to the last ditch.



Another astonishing example of their patriotic zeal is that human pilot who accompanies a torpedo in its death-dealing flight. This pilot also guides the destructive missile to its destination, and his fate can readily be imagined when it strikes its objective.

Japanese soldiers go through a system of training more rigid than has ever been required by any other nation. They are taken from the warm section of their country into the mountainous district of the north. They are compelled to wear light clothing to harden them to the cold. They are taken on three-hundred-mile marches night and day, being allowed to rest fifteen minutes occasionally. If a soldier falls from exhaustion he is compelled to go on when he is revived. They are not wedded to the questionable feeding system that we adopt in our army. They can live on rice and dried fish and be thoroughly nourished.

And while these brave people with their fanatical patriotism are making such intensive efforts that may possibly be aimed directly at our country, we go on our way nonchalantly. We waste billions of dollars that could be spent in preparing for a possible war. The general impression is that we are so big and strong that no one would think of attacking us. But we are indeed a rich prize for nations that glorify war.

Yet we have made no sacrifices for the liberties that were won by our pioneer forefathers, so naturally we do not highly value them. You never miss the water until the well runs dry, and you never miss the freedom of a liberal government until you feel the heavy hand of unjust restriction.

The one and only way to avoid war is to prepare for it up to the hilt!

No nation will dare to attack us if we are properly armed. But the peace-at-any-price advocates who have been heckling our Congressmen would like to see our navy sunk, our army disbanded, and our aerial fleet destroyed. Then Japan or any other warlike nation could take possession of our fair country, and our much vaunted freedom, won at such a fearful price by our fighting ancestors, would be no more.

Bernarr Macfadden

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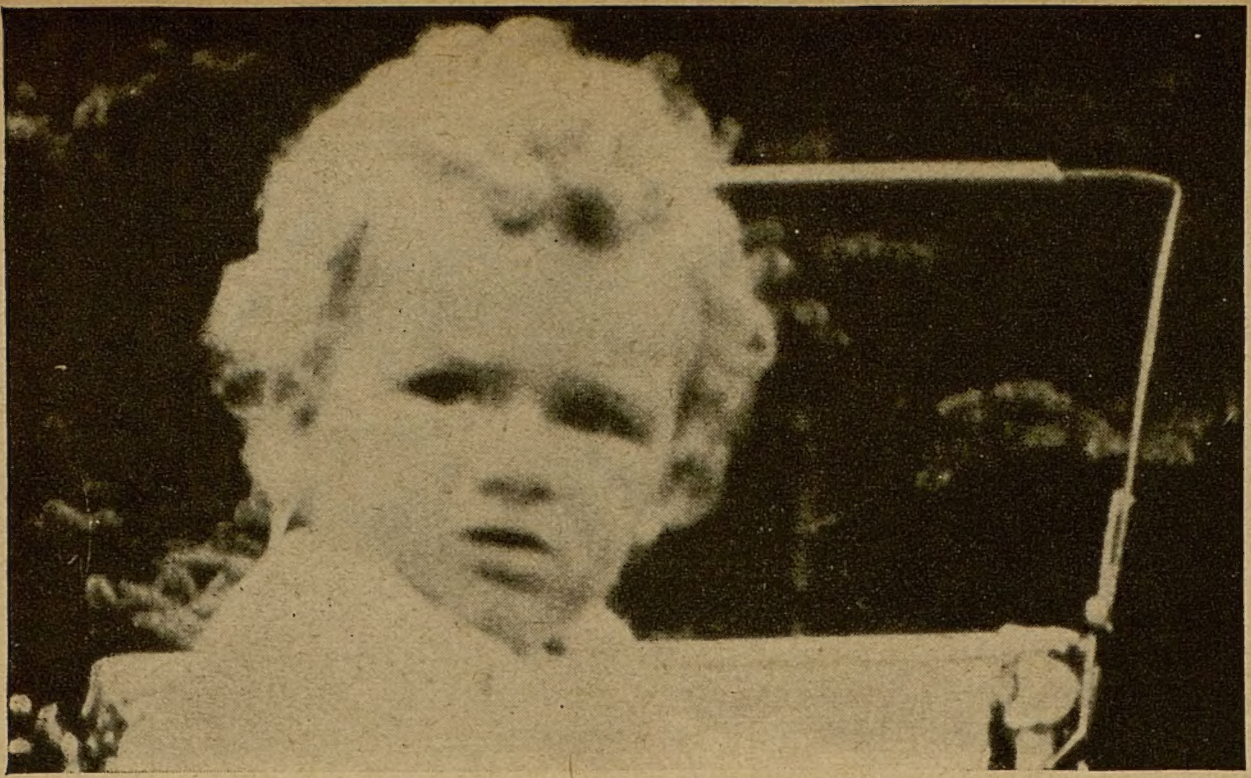


The baby—Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr.

JAFSIE Tells All!

HERE AT LAST IS HIS LONG-PROMISED STORY . . . READ IT AND BE THRILLED!

by DR. JOHN F. CONDON

READING TIME ● 30 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

PART ONE—" WILL YOU HELP ME GET BACK MY BABY ? '

THE " Cafeteria College of the Bronx " was holding class. We sat in Bickford's Restaurant in Fordham Square. It was well after ten—I had come there from my lecture at Morris Evening High School—on the night of March 1, 1932. " Whitey " McManus, who worked in a bank and wanted to become a stationary engineer, had just worked out on a napkin the exact capacity of a hypothetical boiler. Time passed swiftly as we drank coffee and veered from mathematical problems to a discussion of the relative values of the world's various police systems.

Eustace, assistant janitor in a public school, and Kelly, a Park Department employee, liked the French Sûreté. Stevenson, a tiler, joined Stafford, a railroad signalman, in pointing out the legendary supremacy of Scotland Yard. Maher, who as a steamship engineer had touched at every port in the civilized world, quietly reminded us that we must not overlook the methodical efficiency of Wilhelmstrasse.

To " Red " Brown—he's a member of the New York Police Department today—and myself was left the defense of our own Department of Justice. We took it up enthusiastically as our debate grew heated, our coffee cold.

It was Red who first heard it.

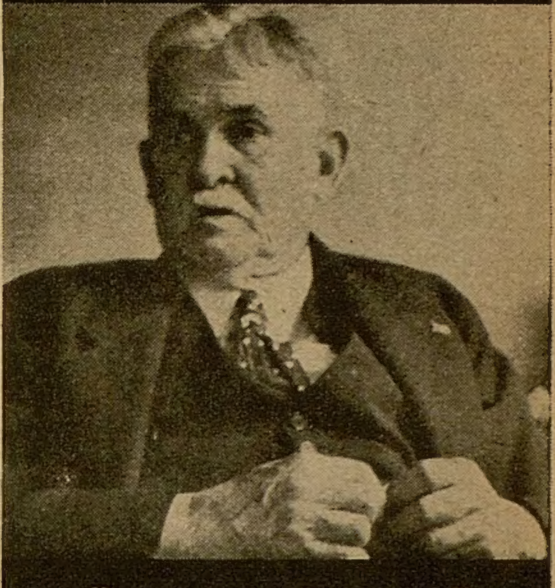
" Listen! " he interrupted.

" *Wextra! Wextra! Lindbergh . . .*"

The cacophony of street traffic drowned out the rest. The restaurant door opened and slammed and a newsboy came in. I was on my feet, beckoning him to our table.

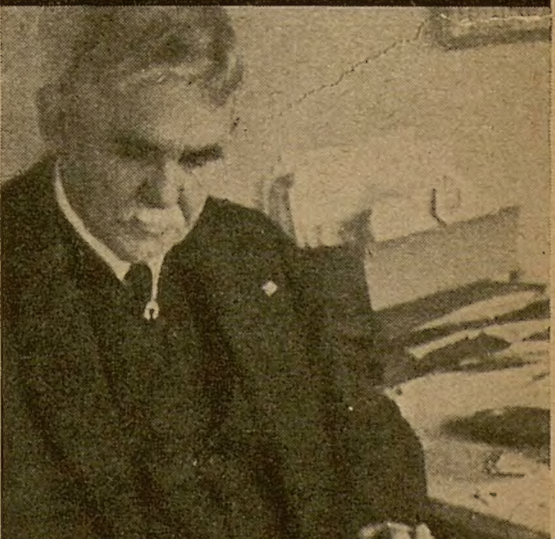
I think each of us bought a paper. I do know that all of us sat down, silent,

" What could I do to help ? "

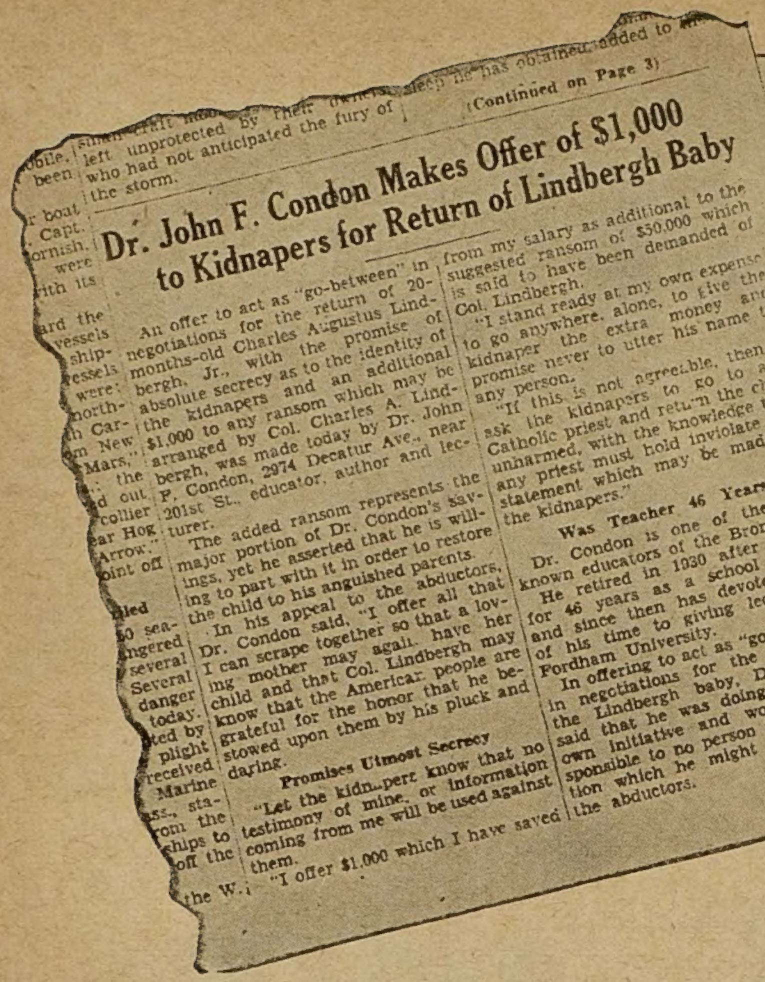


" I can be stubborn . . . "

" Why didn't the dog bark ? "



" This is the time to answer . . . "



left unprotected by their [illegible] who had not anticipated the fury of the storm.

(Continued on Page 3)

Dr. John F. Condon Makes Offer of $1,000 to Kidnapers for Return of Lindbergh Baby

An offer to act as "go-between" in negotiations for the return of 20-months-old Charles Augustus Lindbergh, Jr., with the promise of absolute secrecy as to the identity of the kidnapers and an additional $1,000 to any ransom which may be arranged by Col. Charles A. Lindbergh, was made today by Dr. John F. Condon, 2974 Decatur Ave., near 201st St., educator, author and lecturer.

The added ransom represents the major portion of Dr. Condon's savings, yet he asserted that he is willing to part with it in order to restore the child to his anguished parents.

In his appeal to the abductors, Dr. Condon said, "I offer all that I can scrape together so that a loving mother may again have her child and that Col. Lindbergh may know that the American people are grateful for the honor that he bestowed upon them by his pluck and daring.

Promises Utmost Secrecy

"Let the kidnapers know that no testimony of mine, or information coming from me will be used against them.

"I offer $1,000 which I have saved from my salary as additional to the suggested ransom of $50,000 which is said to have been demanded of Col. Lindbergh.

"I stand ready at my own expense to go anywhere, alone, to give the kidnaper the extra money and promise never to utter his name to any person.

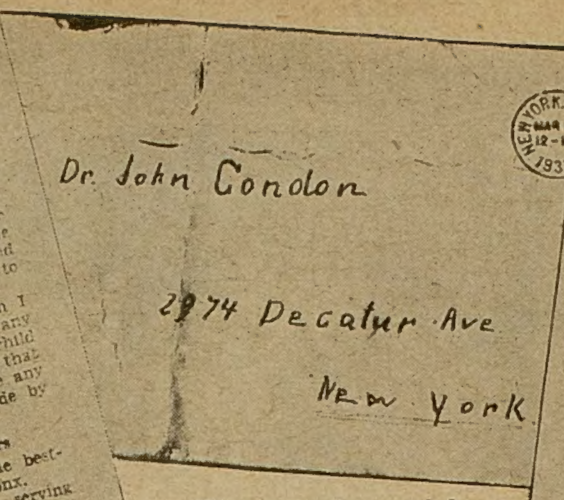
"If this is not agreeable, then I ask the kidnapers to go to any Catholic priest and return the child unharmed, with the knowledge that any priest must hold inviolate any statement which may be made by the kidnapers."

Was Teacher 46 Years

Dr. Condon is one of the best-known educators of the Bronx.

He retired in 1930 after serving for 46 years as a school teacher and since then has devoted much of his time to giving lectures at Fordham University.

In offering to act as "go-between" in negotiations for the return of the Lindbergh baby, Dr. Condon said that he was doing so on his own initiative and would be responsible to no person for information which he might obtain from the abductors.



NEW YORK, N.Y. MAR 9 12-M 1932

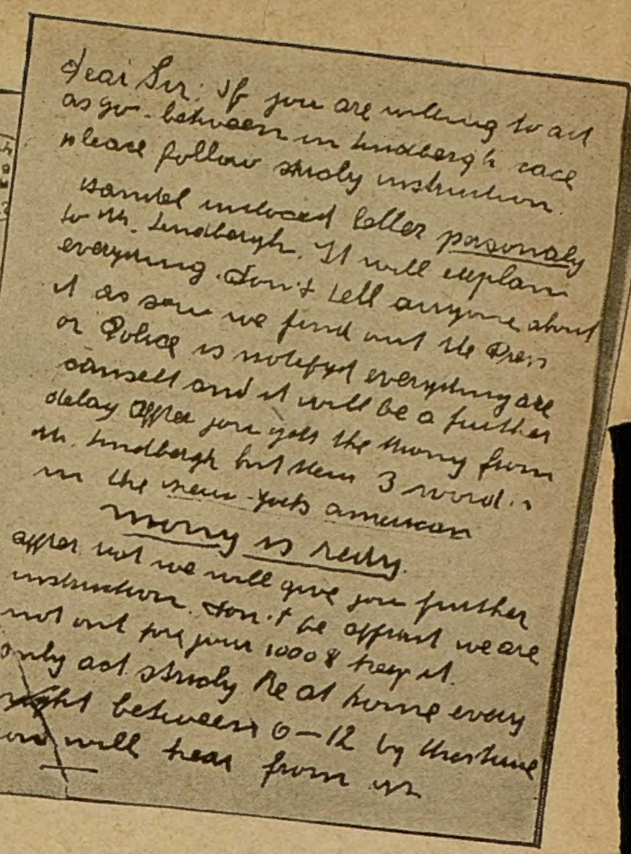
Dr. John Condon

2974 Decatur Ave

New York

The envelope of the first ransom letter received by Jafsie.

Left: This offer in the Bronx Home News brought that letter.



Dear Sir: If you are willing to act as go-between in Lindbergh cace please follow stricly instruction. Handel incloced letter personaly to Mr. Lindbergh. It will explain everything. Don't tell anyone about it. As soon we find out the Press or Police is notifyd everything are cancell and it will be a further delay. Affter you gets the mony from Mr. Lindbergh put these 3 words in the New-York American

Mony is redy.

Affter not we will give you further instruction. Don't be affraid we are not out fore your 1000$ keep it. Only act stricly. Be at home every night between 6–12 by this time you will hear from us

Above, at right: "If you are willing to act as go-between . . ."

shocked, and a trifle incredulous, to read the headlines that told us the Lindbergh baby had been stolen. It seemed a fantastic coincidence that we should have been discussing crime at that very moment.

Maher finally broke the grip of silence at our table.

"It seems, Doctor," he told me quietly, "that your Department of Justice is about to have the chance to demonstrate the efficiency you claim for it."

Still a bit too stunned for speech, I nodded.

To our suddenly hushed little coterie came the loud, excited words of men seated at the table adjacent to ours. I looked about. There were four of them. They were swarthy of face. Their words were heavy with foreign accent. They were discussing, of course, the Lindbergh kidnaping. One of them, louder and more bitter than his companions, began to revile the United States. He had begun with the President and worked fluently down to the police when, suddenly, he turned to me.

"Your Department of Justice!" he sneered. "Your Secret Service! What can they do? In my country such a crime could never happen."

There was much more—all of it bitter, scoffing.

I am not one to let an insult to my country pass.

"If you feel that way," I snapped, "then you should take that thick-soup accent of yours back to its own country. You should be ashamed to talk as you're talking of the country that feeds and clothes you."

His chair scraped back and he got up, scowling, fists clenched. He muttered to one of his companions:

"He wants a push in the face. I'm going—"

"You and how many others?" I asked.

I WAS on my feet, too, as he advanced. My muscles were hard. I weighed a little more than two hundred. And my shoulders, at seventy-two, were broader than his. If he wanted to talk with his fists, that was all right with me. His companions grabbed him. He struggled—but not very hard—to free himself.

"It is good," he told me, "that my friends are holding me."

"You don't know just how good it is," I replied.

My own companions and I went outside. It was almost midnight. We said our good nights and arranged to meet two nights hence at the little restaurant of Jimmy (the Greek) Brackus, in Fordham. Stafford, who had studied Homer in the original, had some questions he wanted to ask Jimmy, who had been educated in Athens.

I bought more newspapers and started on foot for my home. My mind and heart were full of the Lindbergh tragedy and of the incident in the restaurant.

"You're a professor at Fordham University," I told myself. "You have gray hair. Is it very dignified to go about in public restaurants offering to hit people?"

On the other hand, could I listen to a rank insult to the Department of Justice without raising my voice—and hands, if necessary—in defense of my own country?

Never!

True, the Lindbergh crime was an ugly blot on the pages of our national history. The excited man in the restaurant would have done better to do his part to erase that blot. As a citizen, it was his duty.

BUT wasn't it my duty, too? What was I myself doing to help put down crime in my own country? What was I, as a citizen, doing to help? What could I do?

I didn't, I admitted as I turned in between the cedars of the front lawn of my Decatur Avenue home, know exactly. But in that moment my determination to do *something* was made.

I let myself into my home, switched on lights in the dining room. On the mantel there is a bronze Tiffany clock. For years my family has carefully placed beneath that clock any mail which arrives in my absence. I found ten or twelve letters there. I took them, with the newspapers, to my study on the second floor. They constituted the customary mail, and I turned from them to those early newspaper accounts of the Lindbergh kidnaping. The more I read, the more deeply I became moved.

I have been called—among other things—a truly patriotic man. I am that.

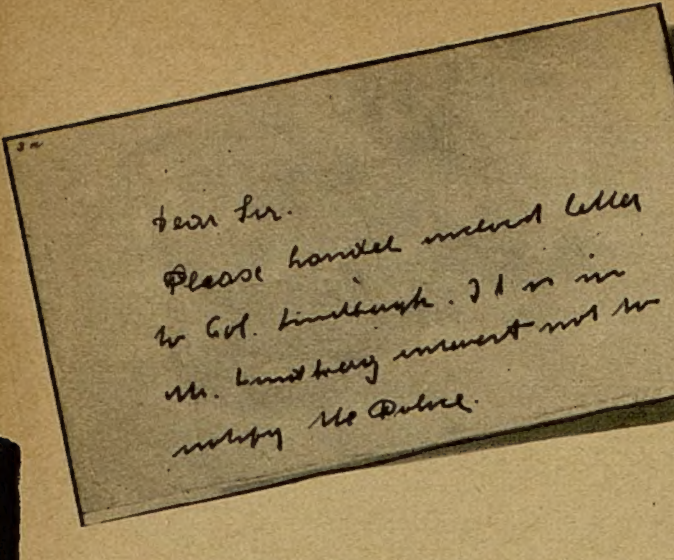
Many years ago, a young man angered by the oppressive laws of his native Ireland sailed to America. He settled in the Bronx. Out of his stonecutter's wage he sent seven of his eight children through universities.

That man was my father. He died grateful to the country that had enabled him to give his children opportunities he could have given them in no other country on earth. He bequeathed to his children this deep-seated love of God, home, and country.

I learned to revere other things—among them the clean courage and fine idealism of American youth. When young Charles Lindbergh, eight years ago, set the wheels of his plane against the runways of Le Bourget, my acclaim mingled with that of millions of others who, like me, had never before heard of him. I idolized him as a national hero.

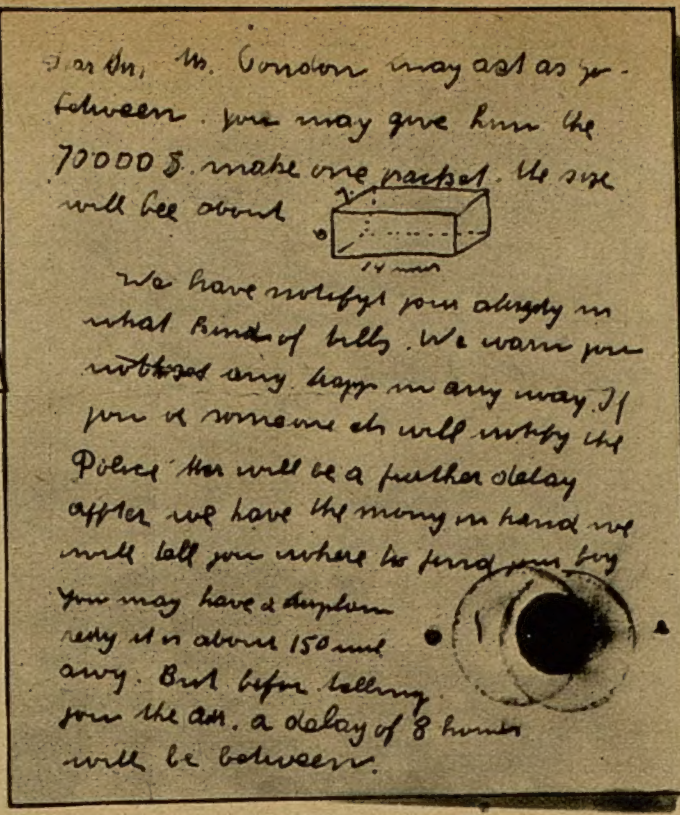
As a father, I could sympathize with him now.

Every night of my life I kneel to talk to my God. This night, as I prayed, I begged that the crime might reach an early and happy solution.



Dear Sir.
Please handel inclosed letter
to Col. Lindbergh. It is in
Mr. Lindbergh interest not to
notify the Police.

This envelope, inclosed, contained the letter for Colonel Lindbergh.



Dear Sir, Mr. Condon may act as go-
between. You may give him the
70000 $. make one packet. the size
will bee about

14 ins

We have notify you already in
what kind of bills. We warn you
not to set any trapp in any way. If
you or someone els will notify the
Police ther will be a further delay
affter we have the mony in hand we
will tell you where to find your boy
You may have a airplane
ready it is about 150 mile
away. But befor telling
you the adr. a delay of 8 houers
will be between.

Right: "Mr. Condon may act as go-between. Give him the 70,000$" —with a sketch of the box for it.

Days passed. There was no word concerning the Lindbergh baby. The Lindberghs issued an appeal to the kidnaper of their child to make contact with them. They promised to hold such contact strictly confidential.

I read their second public statement—issued March 5—as I sat at dinner with my family. That statement authorized Salvatore Spitale and Irving Bitz, minor underworld figures, to act as go-betweens for Charles and Anne Lindbergh.

Near by was an editorial. It pictured, in words, a baffled Uncle Sam futilely admitting that he could not solve the Lindbergh case. I let go with the strongest expletive I ever use.

"By golly!" I sputtered. "By golly, Uncle Sam *will* solve it! And I'll help him!"

Across the table, Myra, my daughter, looked up.

"You're letting your dinner get cold, dad," she said. "What is it you're going to solve?"

I handed her the article. "All of us have taken this crime too lightly," I said. "It's more than just kidnaping. It's a national disgrace! It is the duty of every single one of us, as loyal citizens—"

I heard Myra's salad fork hit the plate. Her clear eyes, on mine as she put the paper aside, held worry.

"Dad," she interrupted, "you're not going to get mixed up in the Lindbergh case!"

"It is the duty—"

"Dad! Surely—"

My two sons, John and Lawrence, immediately sided with Myra. My children have made brilliant records—they are all holders of scholastic honors—and I love them. John and Lawrence are lawyers. They brought the cold sound logic of their profession into the argument.

THERE were, they assured me, enough investigators working on the case already. The best talent of the nation was at the disposal of the Lindberghs. What could I, a schoolteacher, hope to do or learn? If I did discover anything, I would throw suspicion upon myself, get into trouble. At best, I would only be meddling.

They advised, scolded, and warned me. Myra was the last to speak. It is difficult for a father to say no to a lovely daughter's plea.

"You won't get mixed up in this, dear? Promise?"

I can be incorrigibly stubborn when I feel that I am right. My only reply was an unintelligible grunt.

It meant no.

Late that night, alone in my study, I wrote the letter. I wrote it in the Spencerian flourishes of my schoolroom days and with the favorite purple ink of my own manufacture. It read:

> I offer all I can scrape together so a loving mother may again have her child and Col. Lindbergh may know that the American people are grateful for the honor bestowed upon them by his pluck and daring.
>
> Let the kidnapers know that no testimony of mine, or information coming from me, will be used against them.
>
> I offer $1,000 which I have saved from my salary as additional to the suggested ransom of $50,000 which is said to have been demanded of Col. Lindbergh.
>
> I stand ready at my own expense to go anywhere, alone, to give the kidnaper the extra money, and promise never to utter his name to any person.
>
> If this is not agreeable, then I ask the kidnapers to go to any Catholic priest and return the child unharmed, with the knowledge that any priest must hold inviolate any statement which may be made by the kidnapers.

It was three o'clock in the morning when I addressed it to the Home News, our Bronx newspaper; I took it out at once to a neighborhood mailbox.

On March 8 it appeared in the Home News.

An immediate storm of criticism broke around my head. My family was displeased, apprehensive; my closest friends frankly skeptical of my motives; my acquaintances bluntly derisive.

On every street corner I was stopped, asked:

What did I want to get mixed up in the case for? Was I motivated by a desire for publicity?

AS to my motive, I could only give the answer I have given hundreds of times since entering the case:

I wanted to see that baby's arms around his mother's neck once more.

Other questions were hurled at me: Why had I selected "that washerwoman's gazette," the Home News, to advertise my willingness to act as intermediary?

The Home News is not a washerwoman's gazette to any one who knows that paper as I know it. More than twenty-five years ago I sent a little verse of mine to its editor. The verse was published. From that time on, its friendly columns have been open to me. Many of my poems have seen print; my views on civic problems and political issues in the Bronx have been accorded the courtesy of publication, whether or not they happened to coincide with the editorial policy of that paper.

Once, in a contest sponsored by the Home News, I had won a twenty-dollar gold piece for the best composition on the subject of New Year's resolutions. One of the resolutions I had penned then was:

"That I shall, to the best of my ability and at all times, help any one in distress."

The Home News, though a community publication, has a circulation of more than 100,000—a circulation larger than that of dozens of newspapers in fairly large American cities. Also, though theoretically it circulates only in the Bronx, I have come across copies of it in spots as distant as Minnesota and Vancouver.

I have always liked the paper—the things for which it stands and the men who run it. I know them personally: James O'Flaherty, its owner and publisher, with whom, in earlier days as an athlete, I had played baseball; Harry Goodwin, its editor, who had improved with a blue pencil the wording of many of my little stories; and Gregory F. Coleman, his assistant.

Natural enough, then, that I should turn to the Home News as one would turn to a trusted friend.

While I had never been in Hopewell, New Jersey, I knew the topography of the state rather well from trips to other towns there. The kidnaper eager for quick escape would have to consider his problems cautiously unless he were native to the vicinity. To the north and west he faced tangled woods that reached to the forbidding Sourland Mountains. To the south lay meadows and swamplands. But northeast of Hopewell, within two hours' driving time at most, lay the populous borough of the Bronx. And the Bronx, I felt, formed an easy exit and a possible haven.

I have given much space to my reasons for sending that letter to the Home News. I feel that this is the proper time to answer those who have been unkind enough to suggest that I was allied with the kidnaper and, writing my letter, knew it would be promptly acknowledged.

I didn't—though I hoped it would be.

As I have already indicated, no one sympathized with my efforts to help the grief-stricken parents of the missing Lindbergh baby. After listening to the criticism of, it seemed, every one in the Bronx, I happened on my friend Alfred J. Reich. I value Al's opinion. He's an associate of mine in the real-estate business at City Island and for ten years I've known and come to trust his judgment. Al thinks before he speaks and never uses two words where one will serve. I felt him out, prepared for the worst.

"You've seen the story in the Home News, I suppose?"

"Yeah," said Al.

"Well," I demanded, "what do *you* think of it?"

"Good!"

I wasn't prepared for that answer.

"You mean that you approve of what I've done?"

"Sure."

In the uncomfortable Sahara of dissenting voices I had found an oasis. Al shifted his huge six-foot-three frame and spoke the longest sentence I've heard him speak in all the years of our friendship: "I think you did a wise thing, Doc, because people up here in the Bronx know you're to be trusted; and if they don't know they can find out; and if there's anything I can do any time, all you've got to do is let me know."

"Thanks," I said—and meant it.

The newspapers, during the case and after, referred to Al as my bodyguard. He never has been. But if I wanted a bodyguard Al would get first consideration.

He used to be a boxer. A good one. In 1913 he won the Metropolitan Association, New York State, and National amateur championships in the heavyweight division. He has a stout heart. I recall one night that I watched him fight. He piled up a good lead in the early rounds and then took it easy—too easy. The crowd jeered. He finished out the scheduled number of rounds, and was booed every step of the way back to the dressing room. When I got back there, he was sitting on a table looking at his hands. Both were broken.

I asked Al the other day who the fellow was he fought that night. He shrugged, gave me one of his rare smiles as he replied:

"Some bum. You always break your hands on bums."

ON the night of March 9 I reached my home a few minutes after ten. I had been away from home since early morning. I went into the dining room to get my mail from beneath the bronze Tiffany clock. There were about twenty letters there. They seemed routine enough.

Suddenly I halted.

I could feel the rush of blood from my face, an emptiness in the pit of my stomach, and a heavier hammering of the heart than is good for a man in his seventies. One of those envelopes, addressed to me in ink, held me spellbound.

Every scrawled bold letter and numeral on it was—*printed.*

I think that the moment that my fingers, clumsy with nervousness, tore open that envelope was the most thrilling moment in my life.

Somehow I got it open, read:

> Dear Sir: If you are willing to act as go-between in Lindbergh cace pleace follow stricly instruction.

I was too excited to read further. This letter, then, *was* from the kidnaper. While the world's millions wondered feverishly concerning the identity and whereabouts of the man who had abducted the Lindbergh baby, I sat in my home holding a letter from him in my hand. The incredible realization made my knees weak.

> Dear Sir: If you are willing to act as go-between in Lindbergh cace pleace follow stricly instruction. Handel incloced letter *personaly* to Mr. Lindbergh. It will explain everything. Don't tell anyone about it. As soon we find out the Press or Police is notifyed everything are cansell and it will be a further delay. Affter you gett the mony from Mr. Lindbergh put these 3 words in the *New-York American.*
>
> *Mony is redy.*
>
> Affter not we will give you further instruction. Don't be affrait we are not out fore your 1000$ keep it. Only act strickly. Be at home every night between 6—12 by this time you will hear from us.

The letter to me was in a long, plain white envelope. It was addressed: "Mr. Dr. John Condon." Its postmark showed that it had been mailed from Station T, New York City, at noon of that day.

Inside was a smaller envelope, plain white, on which was printed:

> Dear Sir: Please handel incloced letter to Col. Lindbergh. It is in Mr. Lindberg interest not to notify the Police.

STUFFING the letters into my coat pocket, I hurried from my home to find Al Reich. And I knew where to look for him. A trolley took me to Max Rosenhain's restaurant at 2469 Grand Concourse. I looked for Al's auto outside but didn't see it.

Inside, I called the jovial Rosenhain over. "Where's Al? I've got to find him."

Rosenhain had no idea. "If there's any message—"

I shook my head.

"Listen, Rosie. I've got a reply from the kidnaper of the Lindbergh baby. There's no time to be lost."

My mind worked fast as I watched his eyes widen in disbelief. I wanted, desperately, some impartial person's reaction to the letter. And I needed some one's assistance in getting to Hopewell. I decided to show Rosenhain the letter. My fingers dug into my pocket.

"Look at this!"

He studied the letter. "There's something to this," he declared. "What do you want Al for?"

"He's got a car. I've got to get to Colonel Lindbergh. Now."

"Milton Gaglio's the man for us, Doc." He hesitated. "That is, I'd like to go along, if you don't mind. I can get Gaglio right away. He's got a good fast car."

"Wait," I requested. "I want to speak to Colonel Lindbergh by phone first."

I squeezed into a booth, pulling the sliding door shut. There was a delay in getting Hopewell. Finally the connection was made and a sharp masculine voice said:

"This is Colonel Lindbergh's home."

"I have a message," I said, "which I would like to give to the Colonel personally."

"Just a minute," the sharp voice answered.

A second masculine voice answered.

"Is this Colonel Lindbergh?" I asked.

"This is the one in charge of the telephone for Colonel Lindbergh."

"I have a personal message for Colonel—"

"You may give me the message."

"I am sorry," I persisted. "I must give it to the Colonel in person."

"Who is speaking?"

"Professor Condon of Fordham University."

"I'll try to get the Colonel for you."

A third voice sounded. This one was quiet, modulated,

The crib—"I put my hands around a rung of it," says Jafsie, "and prayed"—and the Lindberghs, with their Hopewell home. The ladder is below the nursery window.

but crisp: "This is Colonel Lindbergh. What is it?"

"I have just received a letter, Colonel, which may be important to you. Shall I read it?"

"Who is speaking, please?"

"Professor Condon of Fordham University."

"Yes, Professor Condon. Please read the letter."

I carefully read aloud the letter addressed to me. Finishing, I said:

"Accompanying this letter, Colonel, is an enclosure which I did not open. It is addressed to you."

"Kindly open it and read it to me."

I tore open the second envelope and read:

> "Dear Sir, Mr. Condon may act as go-between. You may give him the 70,000$. make one packet the size will bee about . . ."

I paused, studying the crude drawing which followed these words.

"There is the drawing of a box here, Colonel," I explained. "Its dimensions are indicated. They are seven by six by fourteen inches. Shall I continue reading the letter?"

"Yes."

"The rest reads:

> "We have notifyd you already in what kind of bills. We warn you not to set any trapp in any way. If you or someone els will notify the Police ther will be a further delay. Affter we have the mony in hand we will tell you where to find your boy. You may have a airplane redy it is about 150 mil awy. But befor telling you the adr. a delay of 8 houres will be between."

"Is that all?" asked the Colonel. He seemed suddenly without interest.

"There are two circles intersecting—"

I could literally feel the tension of his voice as he shot staccato repetitions of the words back at me:

"*Circles? Intersecting?*"

"I would call them secant circles, if I might be permitted—"

AGAIN the staccato rush of words:

"Yes, yes, I understand!"

"There are three dots or holes across the horizontal diameter of the intersecting circles. The circles are tinted—one red, one blue. Now that I have explained the contents, Colonel, is this letter I have important?"

"It is *very* important, Professor Condon. I shall come at once. Where are you?"

I recalled Milton Gaglio and his car.

"Suppose I come to you, Colonel," I suggested. "You have anguish enough and you are needed at home. I can come to Hopewell immediately."

"Very well," he agreed. "It is kind of you. You will come at once?"

"At once," I promised.

It was midnight when we left Rosenhain's. Gaglio, a young clothier and a good driver, held the car at fifty. None of us had ever been to Hopewell. Twice we took wrong roads—side roads—and lost time. We were excited. It was two in the morning when we reached the Baltimore Lunch at the crossroads of Hopewell. I went into the lunchroom. There was a group of men there.

"Can any of you gentlemen tell me where I can find Colonel Lindbergh?"

There was a second of silence. Then somebody at a back table laughed. "Not a chance in the world. The road to his house is loaded with guards. You can't see him."

"I'll see him within the next hour," I replied. "I have an important message for him."

There was a roar of laughter at all the tables as I turned to leave. Rosenhain, at my side, blushed.

"They think you're crazy, Doc," he muttered. "For two cents I'd—"

"Come along, Rosie. We've got to hurry."

Outside, a Hopewell policeman named Murray was more cordial. "I can take you to the bridge," he said. "That's as far as my beat goes."

He took us to the bridge, wished us good luck, and left us. We drove down Featherbed Lane until a barred gate stopped us. From out of the semidarkness came an erect man in a dark suit.

"Doctor Condon?" he inquired.

"I am Doctor Condon."

"You have a letter for the Colonel?"

"I prefer to deliver it to him personally," I replied.

"Quite so. The Colonel is expecting you."

The gate was opened and he rode the running board as we drove toward rectangles of yellow light in the big house ahead of us. He found a parking space for our car.

WE entered the house through the kitchen door. A Scottish terrier—the missing baby's pet—came to us, wriggling a friendly silent welcome. I could understand, at that moment, why the dog had given no sign of the kidnaper's entrance on the night of March 1. This black shaggy little fellow was, for all the world, like the dog belonging to a famous editor friend of mine, Fulton Oursler. Mr. Oursler, with good reason, has named his dog "the Burglar's Friend."

The question has been raised—it persists to this day: Why didn't the Lindbergh dog bark?

I feel that it is definitely answered for all time in the foregoing. I was a stranger to that dog. So were Gaglio and Rosenhain. Yet the dog did not bark at us. On the contrary, he came running over to us, wriggling delightedly, eager to make the acquaintance of three persons he had never before seen.

Though he belongs to the terrier family and is of a breed considered excellent as a watchdog, it must be remembered that much depends on the individual nature of any dog as to whether a given reaction is to be expected. And the Lindbergh dog happened to be a friendly little fellow.

In the kitchen, the well dressed gentleman who had been our guide turned to us.

"Breckinridge is my name," he said.

I introduced myself and my two friends. Colonel Henry C. Breckinridge, Colonel Lindbergh's close friend and adviser, nodded. "The Colonel is waiting to see you," he told me, "if you are ready."

I followed him upstairs to a bedroom which, I learned later, was his. He said, "If you'll pardon me—" and left the room. A moment later he came back accompanied by a tall, slender, clear-eyed young chap dressed in brown trousers and a short jacket. I recognized the famous aviator immediately.

"Good evening, Colonel Lindbergh."

He crossed the room, shook my hand cordially.

"It was kind of you to come out here. I hope I have not caused you too much trouble, Professor Condon."

"No trouble whatever," I assured him. "I want you to know now, Colonel, that my only purpose is to serve you. I am completely at your disposal. I mean that sincerely."

I took the letter from my pocket and handed it to him. We sat down—the three of us—on the bed. The two colonels studied the enclosures intently.

"This letter is genuine," Colonel Lindbergh said. "The interlocking circles are the symbol agreed upon. They match perfectly the symbol on the original note."

"May I ask you some questions about yourself, Professor Condon?" inquired Colonel Breckinridge.

"Anything you wish."

"Where do you teach?"

"I am Professor of Education at Fordham and principal of Public School Number Twelve in the Bronx."

"Have you been teaching long?"

" For fifty years." I smiled. " I'm rather proud of the fact that in that time I lost only nineteen hours."

" An excellent record indeed. And your birthplace? "

" The most beautiful borough in the world. The Bronx. I've lived there all my life."

Colonel Breckinridge nodded.

" In itself an excellent recommendation. Any other interests besides teaching? "

" Athletics of all kinds, music, children, and—I hope I do not seem immodest—helping others."

" Not at all. You have a family, of course? "

" A wife and three splendid children."

He turned to Colonel Lindbergh.

" Professor Condon has my vote. He's earnest, frank. The letter he bears is genuine and suggests him as intermediary. I think we should arrange to give him the fifty thousand dollars asked for in the original note and see if he cannot obtain your child."

" I don't like that arrangement," I interposed. " After all, I am a stranger to you. I would much prefer that you first verify my standing."

" I am sure," Colonel Lindbergh said, " that you will be able to assist us. You'll stay here tonight, of course? "

" I'll be glad to, if it can be arranged for me to return to Fordham by four this afternoon. I have a lecture then."

" You'll be there by four," he assured me.

His smile, gentle, warm, drove from his face the haggard drawn expression that the past nine nerve-racking days had given him.

He came downstairs with me, and I introduced Gaglio and Rosenhain. They left beaming, promising to say nothing of the night's events. I returned upstairs with Colonel Lindbergh.

" If I might," I told him, " I would like to meet Mrs. Lindbergh."

We went into her room. I saw her, a tiny childlike pretty creature, sitting on the edge of her bed. She was dressed in a simple dark frock of some sort. In a few months she would again be a mother, but at the moment her thoughts were with her first-born.

" This is Professor Condon," Colonel Lindbergh said.

Evidently she had been told why I was there, for she stretched out her arms toward me instinctively in the age-old appeal of all motherhood.

" Will you help me get back my baby? "

" I shall do everything in my power to bring him back to you."

As I came closer to her I saw the gleam of tears in her soft dark eyes.

I was thankful, at that moment, for the gray hairs of my seventy-two years; for the lifetime spent in learning the ways of the young. I smiled at her, shook a thick reproving forefinger at her. With mock brusqueness I threatened Anne Lindbergh:

" If one of those tears drops, I shall go off the case immediately."

SHE brushed away the tears. When her hands left her face she was smiling, sweetly, bravely.

" You see, Doctor, I am not crying."

" That is better," I said. " That is much, much better."

In the corridor outside her room Colonel Lindbergh turned to me and paid me the finest compliment I have ever received:

" Doctor Condon, you made my wife smile tonight for the first time since our baby was taken." He paused. " Thank you." For a moment he was silent. Then, almost abruptly, he said, " I am sorry. You must be very tired by now. I cannot even offer you a comfortable bed, I'm afraid. Every bedroom in the house is occupied. There is so much confusion, so many—"

" I quite understand," I assured him.

" If you can manage camp style—"

" Perfectly."

He led me toward the south end of the house, put his hand upon the knob of a door.

" This is the only room in the house," he said, and the words caught for a second in his throat, " that is not occupied."

He opened a door and switched on lights. The first piece of furniture I saw in the room was an empty crib.

My first night under the roof of the Lindberghs was to be spent in the very nursery from which the child had been kidnaped.

Colonel Lindbergh excused himself, left the room, returned shortly with an armful of army blankets.

" These are my own. No one else has ever used them. The bed I shall make you will be camp fashion, but I'll try to make it comfortable."

To say that I felt honored as I watched him make me a bed of his own blankets would be putting it mildly. The determination to stay on this case until it was finished surged overwhelmingly within me.

" Colonel," I told him, " I want to tell you again that, from this moment on, my one steadfast purpose will be to serve you. I want to get your baby back. Nothing that you may wish to ask of me will be too much. My very life —it has not too long to run—is at your disposal. Please believe that."

QUIETLY for a moment, his grave eyes looking steadily into mine, he stood there.

" You have been most kind," he said. " What you hope to do—and what you have already done—is thoroughly appreciated by both Mrs. Lindbergh and myself." He patted my arm gently. " Good night."

I turned out the light when he had gone and began to undress. I crawled beneath the blankets spread at the foot of that empty crib. Mixed emotions, born of that startling night, played within me. All of the sorrow of the Lindberghs was in my heart—and beside it the wild, eager resolve to help them.

Often, when I am alone and my heart is full, I speak aloud to myself. In the darkness, now, my own voice spoke quietly:

" Condon! "

" Yes? "

" Don't you need help? "

" Yes."

I got out from beneath the warm blankets. I put my hands around the rung of the missing Lone Eaglet's crib. On my knees I prayed:

" O Great Jehovah, assist me in the work which I am about to carry on in Thy honor and that of the most glorious Blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of the Son of God, whose anguish, too, was great, as her divine Son suffered crucifixion. Divine Mother, assist me in my cause! "

Solemnly, hands clasped, my eyes deep in that empty crib, I took my oath:

" By Thy grace, and that it may redound to Thy credit and that of Thy immortal Son, I swear that I shall dedicate my best efforts and, if necessary, the remaining days of my life, to helping these unfortunate parents."

I finished with a fervent petition: " Let me do this one great thing as the crowning act of my life. Let me successfully accomplish my mission, to the credit of Thy holy name and that of Thy divine Son. Amen! "

I returned to my blankets on the floor. I did not know, as I dropped into a deep peaceful sleep, that in that empty crib, within reach of my hand, was mute evidence awaiting its one ghastly interpretation.

Had I found and interpreted it correctly that night, I would have known then that my mission was useless. I would have known then what the shocked world was to learn later—that the curly-haired scion of Charles and Anne Lindbergh had been murdered.

Next week Jafsie will answer—for the first time—these vital questions: How did the kidnaper know where the baby slept? Did he have a confederate? Why was he not heard in the nursery by Colonel Lindbergh? How was the symbol signature to the ransom notes made, and what was its origin? Jafsie will also reveal the nature of the mute evidence of murder that he found in the empty crib!—though he will reserve his interpretation of that evidence until the point in the story where he actually arrived at it. And next week's installment will include an amazing disclosure concerning his first telephone conversation with the kidnaper! And remember—NEW EVIDENCE amounting to a bombshell awaits you in a later installment!

"My dad says 'complete' means CHEVROLET!"

com-plete′ (kŏm-plēt′) a. 1. With no part, item, or element lacking; free from deficiency; entire.

—*Webster's Dictionary*

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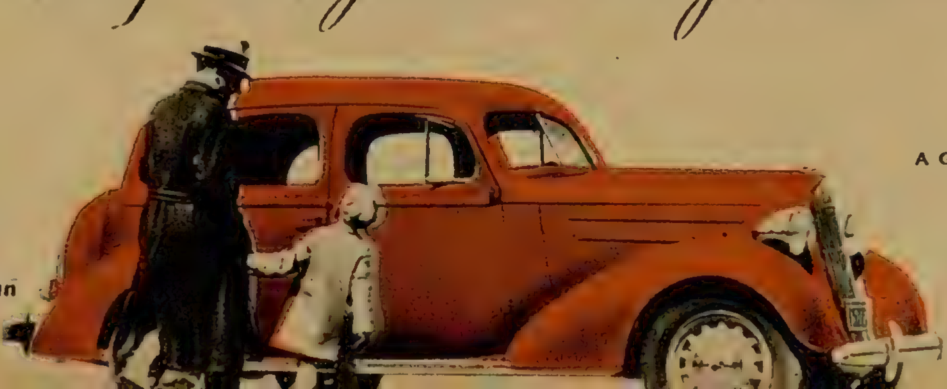

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THE WIDOW'S WALK

Tender, Poignant, Alive with Feeling . . . A Tale of Things True Love Must Learn of the Lure of the Sea and Sky . . . of Courage as Old as the Ocean, as New as 1936

by

ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD

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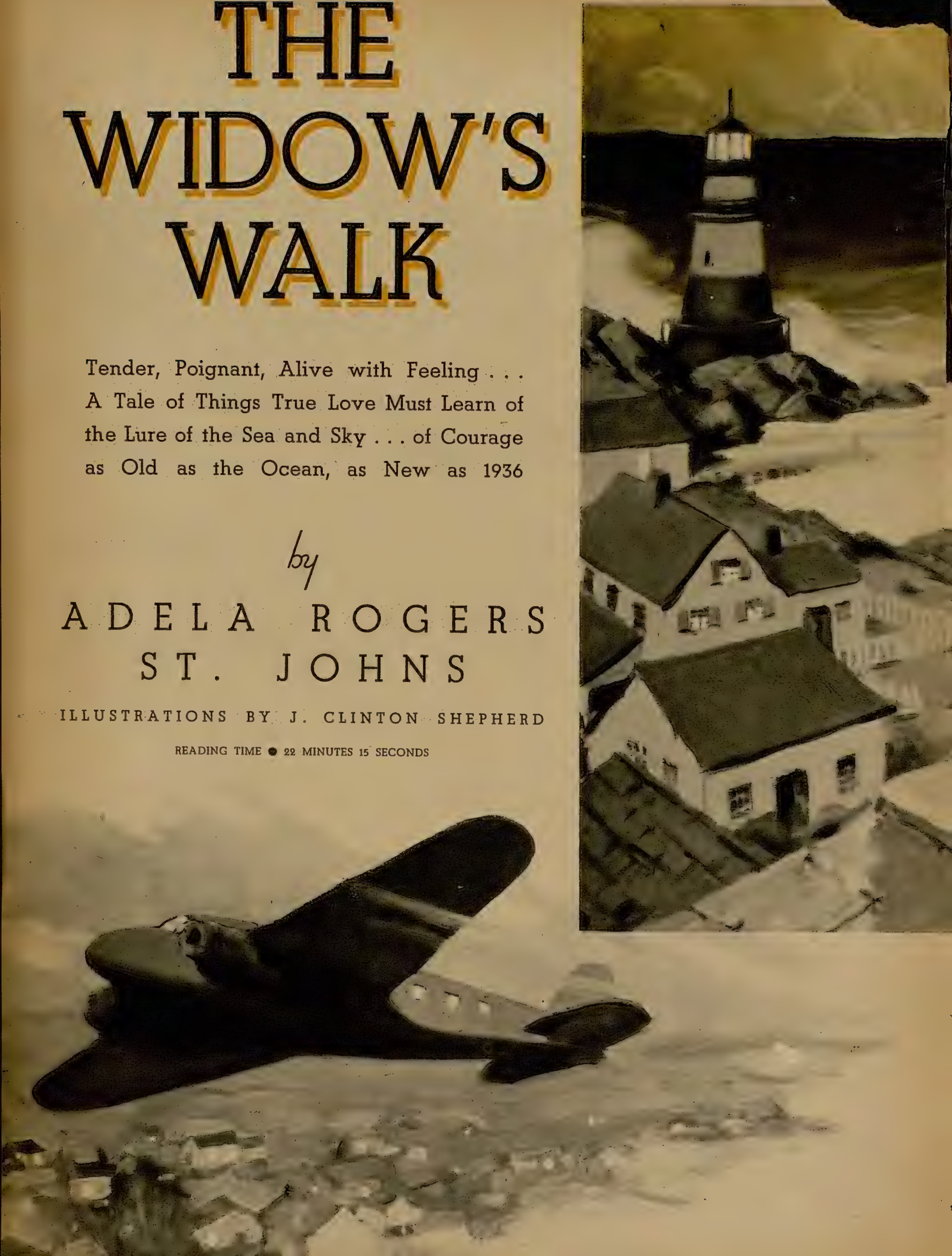

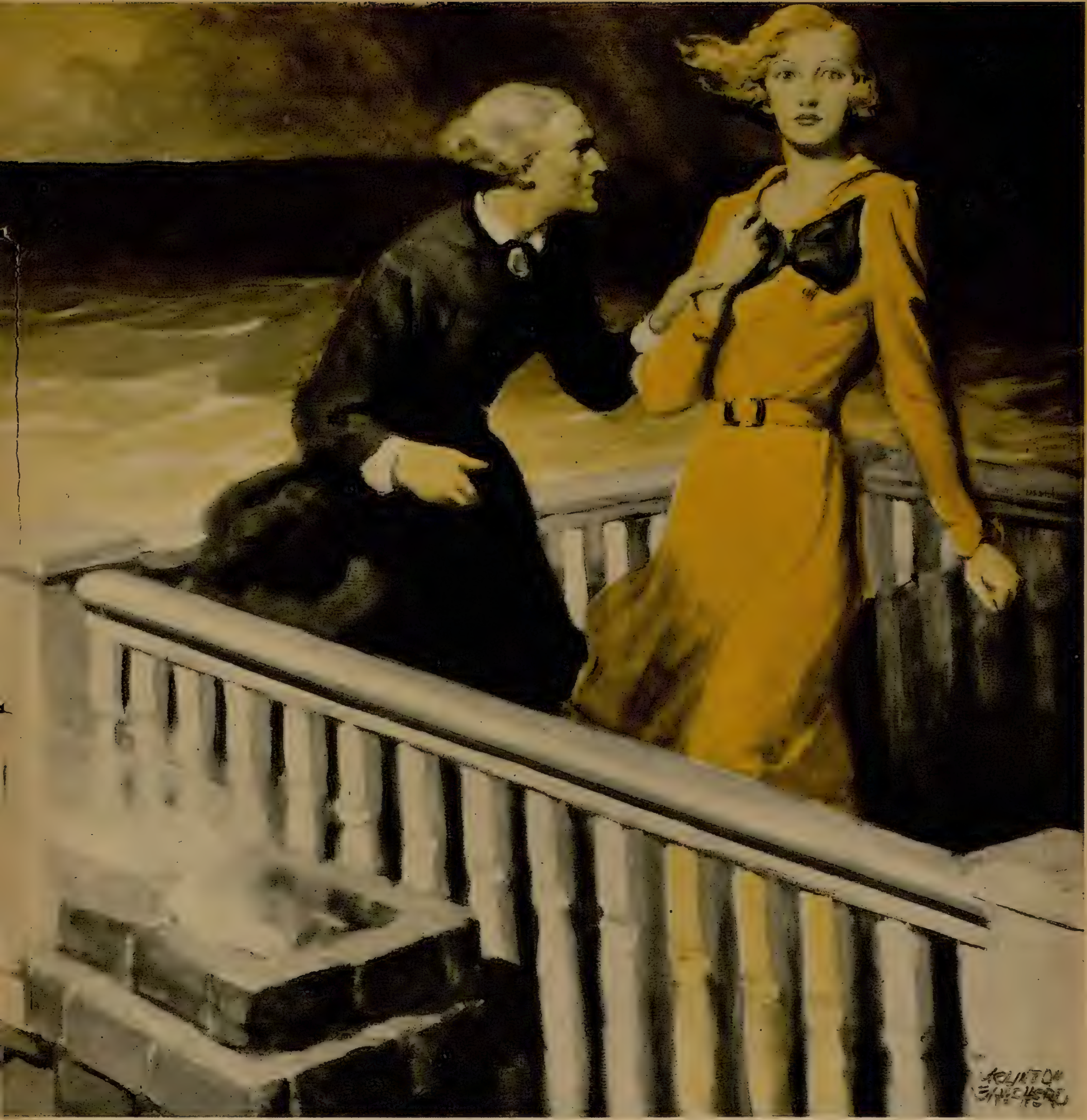

The little old hand jerked her back. "Do you know what they call this? They call this the widow's walk."

THEY had dropped in at the Ritz Bar for cocktails on their way back from the field. It was two days before Clay had to fly again, so it was their night to celebrate.

"If we hadn't gone in there and met Larry," Trudi said bitterly, much later that night, "I don't suppose I'd ever have known anything about it."

But they had gone. The bar was bright and gay and happily crowded. Trudi's eyes, under the shadowy lashes, flared to it. They did have such fun, she and Clay.

His pride in her always made her swagger a little, made her carry high the deep gold of her head. Once she had said to him, "Would you love me if you didn't like to look at me?" And he had looked at her—at the slim lines of her body, the golden face with its gypsy cheekbones—and said briefly, "No."

They stood a moment in the doorway and she let her shoulder rest against his, and the same throb went through her she had felt the first time he touched her.

Then Larry saw them and yelled. Larry always yelled at people he liked, no matter where he saw them. It was a pleasant welcome, and charm was part of Larry's job with the air line.

"Come on over here, you pirates!" he shouted. "I'll buy you a drink."

They sat down at the polished red table, and the pretty girl with Larry glanced speculatively at Clay, as women always did. Trudi knew all about that. She'd felt it herself from the first moment she saw him, when he came out of the cockpit and strolled indifferently down the aisle of the big Boeing. It takes, Trudi had said to herself, quite a guy to stroll down an airplane aisle—and began to wonder how she could see more of him after they landed. There had been difficulties. But in the end she had her way.

When Clay told her that she usually had her way, she laughed and said, "But my way is more becoming to me, stupid."

Larry ordered drinks and said, "You look better every time I see you, Beautiful. How in the world did Clay ever take you out of circulation?"

Clay turned his head and looked at her and smiled—that breath-taking smile that always did things to her.

"When'd you get in?" Larry said.

Clay said, "Four fifty. Few minutes early."

"Old early bird himself," said Larry. "Good trip?"

Clay nodded. "Had to go up twelve thousand after we left Cleveland. It was smooth up there. Brought a chap over from Chicago that's invented a new kind of steel plate. You make it softer in the middle—very interestin'."

"Those scientific guys all fly," Larry said. "Any first-timers?"

"Old lady, eighty-five," Clay said, and grinned suddenly. "She was disappointed. She kissed me good-by at Newark and said she hoped next time it'd be more exciting."

The pretty girl said, "Are you a pilot?"

Clay said he was, in a flat voice.

"On Larry's line?"

Clay roared. "Own it now, Larry? Good for you!"

Under the table he reached for Trudi's hand, wrapped it close in his as though he took all of her. It was a trick he had. Every one had told her that with time, with marriage, with custom, this splendid madness would stale. But it hadn't.

The pretty girl sulked. "Well," she said, "it's the line Larry works for, isn't it?"

"You call it work if you want to," said Clay.

"You stick by me, Toots," Larry said, "and you won't get worse than the electric chair. And don't go for any of these pilots. They're either as cold-blooded as virgin sturgeon or they've got a girl in every airport. Sure he's a pilot, but he wouldn't be one long if I had my way or he had a brain in his head."

The pretty girl wanted to know why not.

"Because I'd take him into the office with me and make a man out of him," Larry said, spearing a sausage with a toothpick from the hot oven a waiter offered him. "The future of the flying business is on the ground, my pretty maiden. I used to fly one of those great big beautiful airplanes myself, but I smartened up. You can always get plenty of pilots to fly planes—it's getting folks to ride in 'em that's important right now. What do I want to work myself to death for and never know what's going on in the world? If I had a wife like Trudi, you don't think I'd leave her alone in New York three nights a week while I flew somebody else's love letters to Chicago, do you?"

THERE was a funny little silence; but Larry, mixing a Scotch and plain water, didn't seem to notice it. "More dough, more future, more prestige on the ground. Be an executive! Tell the other fellows how to fly and where and when. Thought any more about coming in with me, Clay? I could sure use you. You know a lot of people and you've got a way with you. How about it?"

Clay's voice had ice on it. He said, "No, thanks. But I could use another drink."

The shadowy lashes had lifted from Trudi's eyes. Clay knew that she was very angry. He had been afraid of this thing—for a long time. Afraid she would find out.

They had another drink. People stopped to say hello to Larry. He knew everybody. He lunched at 21. Headwaiters at the Stork Club and at Leon and Eddie's broke their necks for him. He belonged to the Dutch Treat Club. Had an apartment on Park Avenue. All that was his business. Yet behind it Larry was always thinking of the line and how to get people to fly on it, how to give them better service when they did.

He wanted Clay to stop flying and come in with him. Suddenly Trudi was shaken with jealousy—with jealousy of Clay's ships, as though they were live things that menaced her hot happiness.

They dined with Larry and went to a show and danced. While they danced, Trudi was desperately conscious of how much she loved Clay. Whatever he wears or says or does, she thought, every little thing, every big thing, is perfect with me. Yet all the time, underneath the music and the lights and the laughter, Trudi's resentment went on beating like a tom-tom. He hadn't told her—he hadn't even intended to tell her—that he'd had an offer to stay on the ground.

SITTING up in bed, her heavy gold hair flung back against her shoulders that were still pale gold from summer suns, she said, "If we hadn't gone to the Ritz and met Larry, I don't suppose I'd ever have known."

"I don't expect you would," Clay said pleasantly. "Why should you?"

"I happen to be your wife," said Trudi.

"No happen about it," said Clay. "I did it on purpose."

Her bare shoulders rippled a little, as though she squared them against his attack upon her heart, her senses, her desires. His eyes had that look of wanting her that she had never been able to resist. But she resisted it now.

"I've a right to know important things like that," she said slowly.

Within her, chilling her with determination, she could feel the blood of her Cape Cod ancestors rising.

"Wasn't very important," Clay was saying, lightly enough. But there was a note of warning in his voice.

Very softly she said, "Clay—come up here—by me."

He came and sat on the bed beside her. She curled herself around him and snuggled her head into the hollow of his shoulder and then lifted her face to burrow her nose against his cheek.

"Very dear and best beloved— " she said.

Her head dropped back and the shadowy lashes lifted and the eyes were pure gold, enticing, promising.

"You smell lovely," Clay said, and kissed her. She liked the way his kisses began, hovering a little, touching her gently, going mad against her lips.

"If you took that job with Larry," Trudi said, her cheek against his, "you'd be home every night. We could be together all the time and live like other people."

"I don't want to live like other people," Clay said. "I want to live the way we do. You're very nice to live with—did I ever tell you that, my blessing?"

Suddenly she was sobbing against him, holding him with frantic hands. "I can't bear it! You don't know. I'm afraid all the time. I'm afraid every time you go away and all the time you're away and right up to the moment you climb out of the ship. I'm afraid to turn on the short-wave radio for fear I'll hear some one say, 'Where the hell is Clay? He didn't check in at seven fifteen. Has he called you?' I lie here at night seeing things that could happen to you—night after night—and I know it'll go on and on, and day after tomorrow you'll take out trip 21 and Saturday you'll take out trip 7, and—then I think of what life would be if you didn't come back. I think of the nights you're away and the—other women—the women that hang around airports—and how women look at you. Now it's winter again. And there'll be ice on the wings and the fields will be closed in, and you'll be hours late."

He held her until the golden hair across his shoulder was still as a mountain pool at twilight.

Then he said, "I married an idiot." His voice was tender. "My precious little half-wit, how can you carry on like that? Don't you trust me to get a great big two-motor ship that's just about foolproof from here to Chicago and back? I'm a pretty fair-to-middling flyer, honey."

When she didn't answer, he said a little sternly, "You know how safe flying is today. Nobody knows better than you do that—that we put safety above everything. Trudi, you married

(Continued on page sixteen)

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No change in the package... BUT BOY! wait 'til you taste these *DOUBLE-MELLOW* cigarettes

(Continued from page fourteen)

an air-mail pilot. You knew about that, didn't you?"

She drew away from him, holding herself upright with her hands behind her on the bed. "No," she said bitterly, "I didn't. No woman can know unless she's been through it and loves a man—the way I love you."

His eyes were grave and they drove her. "Clay, listen. Everything Larry said today was true. You know that. He likes you. He's offering you a real chance. It isn't as though I was asking you to give up flying—"

Her voice broke with a snap that seemed to resound through the quiet room. She had said it. She'd actually said the words she'd been afraid to say so long. His eyes, accusing, reproachful, met hers across the gulf the sword of her words had opened between them, and her anger flamed again.

"It isn't as though I just asked you to give up flying—because I'm afraid. It isn't as though I asked you to do something that would make me happy, so that I could have you with me—decently, like other wives. But now—it's better for you. It's the best thing for you. You'll thank me."

He said, "But you see, Trudi, it isn't like that at all. I want to fly airplanes. I don't give a damn about working in an office or getting to be an important executive."

He went around the room twice with that long swift stride of his. Then he came back and sat down, not touching her, looking at her almost shyly.

"When I was eleven," he said, "I stole five dollars to take my first ride in a plane. I'll never forget that plane. How they got the thing off the ground and kept it there I—" He broke off and smiled, and for a moment, she thought, he didn't look much more than eleven. "But that doesn't matter now. I knew then what I wanted to do—what I was going to do. It wasn't—easy. I lived on eight dollars a week so I could take flying lessons. Then I barnstormed, and finally—I got into the army and they taught me to fly. I don't know whether they made me an officer and a gentleman, but—they did make me a pilot."

"For your whole life?" said Trudi in a cool deliberate little voice. "You're going to stay a pilot forever?"

"I've got to make you understand," he said, "and I'm no good at words. I think it all but I'm ashamed to say it. I feel like a fool."

It was an appeal for help, an appeal for understanding without words; but she gave him none, her face still and cold in the frame of the golden hair.

"They talk a lot now," Clay said, "about—well, the boys on the line. They kid about it. We're no better than engineers and anybody can fly a transport plane and the good old days of adventure are gone forever."

She had never seen him look just like that. It was partly the way he looked when he told her he loved her, and partly something else, whiter, finer, stronger.

"But all that's just an act, Trudi. I couldn't say it to any one but you. It's still romance, it's still adventure. It's still flying. And it's not so long that man has flown, is it?" Doggedly he waited, and then was swept into a hot young passion. "I love it!" he said. "Leaving the earth flying with the snow driving me, listening to the stars talk to each other.

"It's mine. It belongs to me. I've lived for it, fought for it and—a couple of times taken my chances of dying for it. I'm a taxi driver, am I? Running on tracks—just a robot. All right. Let 'em fly a Boeing into that moon river over the clouds, watch the world dropping away under you, fight a lightning storm, ride the wind some night when your ship's like a leaf on its last waves, see the hail when it turns blue and the rain when it's all silver, and you—what is it the poem says?—'see the hosts of God face to face'—"

The blood that was pounding in his heart dyed his face.

He said, "They'd call me a lily dipper if they heard me talk like that. But—they feel it, too. Sure. The fun's in the beauty and the conquest and the never-failing fact that you, the earthworm, born without wings, are flying—in the magic of melting time and distance—"

His wings, the golden wings that said United States Air Mail, lay on the little table beside the bed where he had tossed them when he unpacked. He picked them up and stared at her. Fury shook him.

He said, "You want them?" and held them out to her. "You want them? Because I love you, you want me to give them to you?"

Golden wings that he had worn so long over his heart, that he had never spoken of before, that were just ordinary everyday things, part of his uniform.

Cymbals in the room had changed that one half-tone from the minor key of love to the major key of hate.

Her hand stretched out slowly, and their eyes held. Slowly the slim fingers moved toward the golden wings, crept up on them, almost touched them.

And just then his hand closed.

"No," he said, and shook his head at her and laughed. "No. Never! Not you nor any other woman ever created."

"Clay," she said, and reached out her arms toward him. "Oh, darling—"

But in the darkness that surrounded them she knew

Not one in a thousand KNOWS . . .

You Eat About 92 Billion Ergs a Day!

by E. G. CONKLIN

THAT is, of course, if you are only a moderate eater. Anybody who really likes to establish intimate relations with a lot of food will tuck away something like 126 billion of these "objects" every day of the year. And don't think you will ever be able to see an erg. You can't. Because an erg doesn't exist—as matter anyhow. It's just something a group of scientists thought up to make things difficult for us laymen, and equally to make them easier for the scientists to figure out.

This modern age is all fussed up over how many calories one should eat each day. Books are filled with calorie counts and the like; and all the thinning diets constantly talk about less calories and less calories. But you can't see a calorie either! In the old days people used to eat until they weren't hungry any more, and let it go at that, without worrying about invisible details like calories and ergs.

But the modern dietitian and his conspirators the physicist and the chemist have got us to worrying about a lot of things we never knew of before. It is all probably for our own good, too, even though we may not think so.

An erg really has something to do with a calorie. And everybody seems to know about calories even though they don't know what they are. I'll tell you. A calorie is a measure of energy. Technically, enough heat (energy) to raise one gram of water one degree centigrade. Don't bother about figuring that out; all you need to know is that it's a rather small amount of energy. The average man eats about 2,200 calories a day whether he knows it or not.

And a calorie is made up of 41,800,000 ergs! And an erg is the amount of energy needed to lift one dyne (about the weight of a mosquito) one centimeter, or approximately two fifths of an inch. And 2,200 calories times 41,800,000 ergs equals the daily energy we need to keep going.

There—that's enough for now. It all amounts to the same thing: steak or ergs. And you can take the steak and leave the ergs to take care of themselves!

Next—Where NOT to Be in a Thunderstorm.

that nothing had been settled, knew that she meant to go on, knew that she meant to bring him to earth somehow—because she loved him.

The papers next morning headlined an army crash, and she read it aloud, each word distilled in poison.

The next day he was taking out the early trip—No. 1.

She watched him slip into his uniform coat. Against its olive green his hands were lean and brown.

"Are you going to see Larry?" she said.

"No," he said.

But she knew now that he was terribly afraid, terribly torn—that he was afraid of losing her. All the golden youth and sweetness of her. All their nights and days together.

Her feminine will to conquer the man she loved, to destroy all other gods, to bring him to her feet, grew hungrier.

"I won't be here when you get back," she said.

He waited, saying nothing.

"I'm not coming back until you want me."

"I want you now," he said, and his face was hard and haggard.

"Clay," she said, "I can't go on this way. Maybe other women can. I'm a coward—for you. I love you too much. It would be better to give it up now than to go on and on, quarreling, waiting, suffering, coming to hate you. You haven't any right to ask me when—there is so much else for you to do. When you see reason I'll come back. I'm going up to the Cape, to Aunt Victoria. When you—want me, you can send for me."

His face was blank now, eyebrows up. No sign of the things between them.

He said, "O. K., Toots," and went out.

THE roadster skidded a little on the thin ice. Trudi swore as she righted it. She had forgotten how cold that icy wind on the Cape could be.

She hadn't been back to the Cape since she was a little girl.

The little common was just as she remembered it, exquisite as a bit of Chinese porcelain, trim as a Dutch garden. Another world. She loved it but it frightened her. It seemed to care so little.

Aunt Victoria had changed as little, she thought, as the common. Yet she must be well past eighty now. The Cape Cod blood was fine blood and strong. It had withstood the rigor of many winters.

"You're very welcome, my dear," Aunt Victoria said, and kissed her.

Her hair was black and silver, not gray. And the beaked nose stood out between the black eyes that were the only life left in the ivory face.

She is too old to care, Trudi thought. The fever of living is past. But something in the peace and the quiet strengthened her. She would not go back.

And a night and a day passed—a sleepless night and a long day that brought no word. Suppose something

To fight a Cold

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CLEAN OUT
THE INTESTINAL
TRACT
COMBAT
ACIDITY

Sal Hepatica does BOTH!

TODAY, medical authorities agree that there are two important steps to take when a cold threatens:

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And Sal Hepatica does *both*. Not only does Sal Hepatica cleanse the system—quickly, gently, thoroughly—but in addition, Sal Hepatica produces a definite alkaline (anti-acid) reaction . . . to help your system return to its normal alkaline reserve.

Unlike ordinary laxatives

When you consider that colds take hold and hang on best in an over-acid system, you'll understand why this anti-acid action of Sal Hepatica gives it a great advantage over ordinary laxatives in fighting off colds. For ordinary laxatives are not designed to correct acidity.

So at the first sign of a cold, take 2 teaspoons of Sal Hepatica in a glass of water. In addition, get plenty of rest and quiet (go to bed if your cold is severe)—watch your diet and drink plenty of liquids. That is the scientific way. Get Sal Hepatica today!

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THE MINERAL
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had happened to Clay. She hadn't seen a paper. No one knew where she was. Pretty soon he'd be starting back. The weather was foul. It would be bad over the mountains, with ice on the wings. The fields would be closed in. Already it was growing dark.

Aunt Victoria said, " We'll have a fire," and with stiff fingers lighted the grate. Her old black eyes watched the girl.

She thought: I have seen this before—many times before. Outside she is all soft and golden, and that's the way men will think about her. But inside she is different. She is like her father and her grandfather. They will have their way in spite of hell and high water—no matter what it costs, no matter if it kills them.

A very old lady, she moved across the room and began playing with the dials of her radio. The radio made strange sounds, like the roaring of a zoo, like a storm smashing steel and stone apart. Out of the inferno a voice said, " Evans, 336, to Newark. Evans, 336, to Newark. Still in the overcast at 2,000. How's your ceiling now?"

Trudi was on her feet. " No, no," she said. " No—I can't stand that. Turn it off!"

The old lady looked at her a moment. Her fingers, that were like little ivory sticks, moved, and the sound vanished.

The tall golden girl had her back to the fire now, and its flames mirrored in her hair.

" Why did you come here?" Aunt Victoria said.

" To—see you," Trudi told her.

The old lady shook her head and laughed. " Oh, no. No lies, my girl. I can't stomach a liar. Out with it!"

" I've left my husband," Trudi said.

The old lady studied her. A pretty piece. Good bone behind that painted face of hers. For all she was so thin, a good body for childbearing. A good jaw.

" Why'd you leave him?" Aunt Victoria said, and listened while the endless flood of hot words poured out, stark and raw, filling the small prim room with primitive things of passion and jealousy and hurt and sex.

" I won't go back," Trudi said. She was crumpled on a low stool before the fire now. But her jaw had that chiseled look that Clay knew, and her eyes were hot. " I'm right, great-aunt. For myself—for him. You don't know what it's like to be a pilot's wife."

Her head flung back with surprise at the clear high sound of the old lady's laugh; but Aunt Victoria said, " Money. Success. Safety. That's what you want for him—and yourself. There are women like that."

Trudi came back from the confusion of her own emotion under the whiplash of contempt in the old voice. The old hands closed about her young shoulder and jerked her to her feet, and the old voice said, " Come with me."

It wasn't possible for those ivory hands to have so much strength. But Trudi followed her up the narrow stairs to the second floor, up a still narrower flight, through a slanting door on to the roof. The wind struck them with cold fury, but the old lady never faltered.

It was a small square flat space on top of the house, with a neat little white railing around it. From its height you could see the great gray stretches of wild water, the great black rocks of the rock-bound coast; you could see the sea and feel the wind gone mad.

A little whimper sounded in Trudi's throat. She had come for sympathy, for the warm fire, for the loyalty of a blood kinswoman. And here the wind was very cold. She turned back toward the door.

But the little old ivory hand at her wrist jerked her back.

" Do you know what they call this?" said the old voice. " They call this the widow's walk."

The black clouds pressed down about them. They were alone in the world, and the sound of the sea and the wind roared menace.

" The widow's walk," Aunt Victoria said. " I walked here many a day. And you'll walk here tonight and wait for your man to do his job, as a decent woman should. Do you know why they called it the widow's walk?"

She dragged the tall young girl to the railing and pointed out to the ruthless sea.

" That's where our men went. To sea. In sailing ships. To the sea, that was as ruthless and as trackless as the air. And we watched and waited and walked, staring out to sea, hoping for the flash of white sails that told us they'd come home again. But often and often they didn't come home—and that's why they called it the widow's walk."

The old voice seemed part of the wind now.

" Once I waited two years," Aunt Victoria said. " And he came home. But the next time—he didn't. But he was a man and he loved the sea. Do you think I was slut enough to ask him to stay on land and frowst by the fire and loll in my bed for my comfort and my satisfaction? Answer me! Will your man come back to you and do what you ask him?"

Trudi found her voice in the tight aching throat. " Yes," she said. " In time he will."

" And hate you for the harlot you are to the end of your days," said the merciless voice. " Hate you for robbing him of the work he loves. The call of the air is like the call of the sea. I've listened. I've heard their voices coming out of the air at night, those airmen. They're like sailormen. Yes, you can tear off his wings."

The girl made a quick shuddering movement. She couldn't be saying that, this old lady who had lived all her life on Cape Cod, who had never flown, who knew nothing of airmen and their ways. But Aunt Victoria had walked the widow's walk and she knew many things.

" You can make him soft and safe and have him every night in your bed and see him dance the little dance of pleasure and grow dull-eyed and dull-witted like other men."

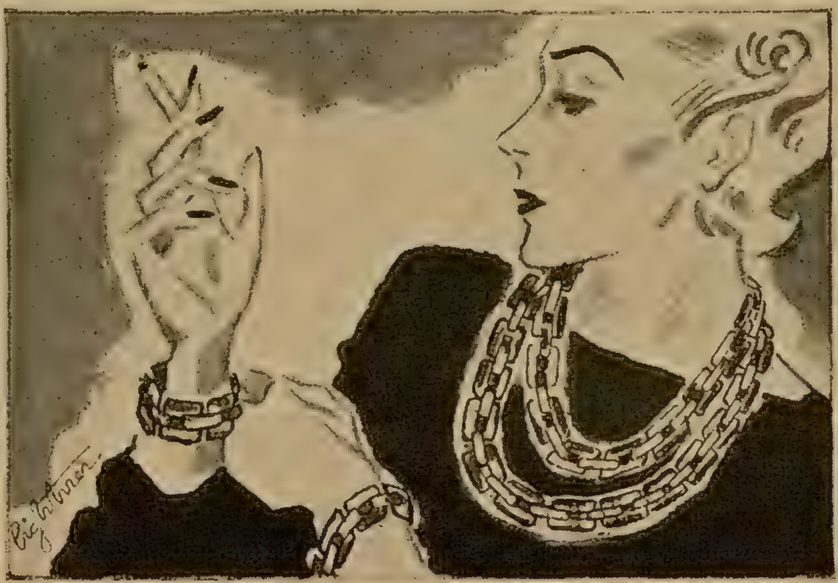
One brutal little hand took the girl's chin and turned her face, that was gray and pinched with cold, and the old, old black eyes met the young golden ones.

" But if you do, you'll rue it the longest day you live. I don't know what it's like to be a pilot's wife? No. But

FASHION FLASHES From PARIS

While gold is leaving the Banque de France, women are simply glittering with it—or something resembling it. Extremely popular are heavy chains like convicts' shackles worn on both wrists and around the neck, the latter as often over simple wool day dresses as with evening gowns. Another fad are huge gold pendants, rectangular, round, square, monogrammed or with a bird or other decorative motif, worn swinging from black cords around the neck. Add to these rings, clips, buttons, buckles, tiaras, hat trims, hair barrettes, brooches—all gold or imitating it. And don't forget gold-heeled strapped slippers and gold-threaded materials. The precious metal is more than ever seen as a decoration since it has deserted our pocketbooks.

DORAMILLER.



I knew what it was like to be a captain's wife. Where you've known minutes of waiting—little minutes—I've known days and nights. Weeks and months—and years—yes, years! I've known the sea with its storms and its gales and its calms. Bah—you little women! You're not wives; you're not fit to be mated with decent men. Break 'em, drag 'em down to the soft safe ways. Smother 'em with your rotten love.

"You're afraid of death and of danger. What's a woman for but to give a man courage to face death and danger? What's a woman for but to teach a man pride in the only thing that makes us know about God—his own unconquerable soul?

"You've never walked the widow's walk, have you, my girl?"

Trudi shook her head. Her blood was boiling.

"HOW many hours have you got to wait until—his ship comes in?" said the merciless old voice.

Chicago—Cleveland—New York. Trudi counted.

"Four and a half—about," said Trudi.

"Four and a half *hours?*" said Aunt Victoria, and laughed; and the wind caught the laugh and banged it against Trudi's ears.

"Well, you'll wait them here. You'll walk the widow's walk with the other women of your blood, with the ghosts of women who have stood here. And then maybe you'll know what courage and justice mean—and faith. Maybe you'll know they ain't anything lower in the world than a woman that'd take the sea away from her man, or the air, or the thing he was put into the world to do. Maybe you'll be a fit mate for a man like you got, and not a cheap little slut."

She let go the girl's wrist and moved to the door, and stood, looking back. But Trudi didn't move.

"Commercial airplanes?" said Aunt Victoria. "My man sailed commercial ships, too, and brought back his cargo. Think a little, my girl. Think of the cargo he carries—the lives and the mail. Maybe you'll find some fittin' pride in you while you walk. Maybe you'd rather be the widow of a dead man that was a *man* than the wife of a man that's half dead and ain't a man at all. You'll wait *here.*"

The door shut. It was grayly dark now, and the wind whipped against the girl, drove her into a corner of the railing. Once she sobbed.

And then, above it all, she seemed to hear the sound of wings beating in her ears. But she couldn't tell whether it was the sound of distant wings coming toward her through the air or the beating of her own heart praying. But in the darkness and the wind she flung up her arms, reaching for them; and her lips, cold and blue with the wind that came in from the sea, said, "Give me wings, too. Wings for my spirit. O God, give me wings, too!"

THE END

HALF & HALF MAKES ONE SWELL SMOKE!

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No Bite!
Still no Bite!

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M-G-M

KATE CORBALAY

20th Century-Fox

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RKO

ELIZABETH McGAFFEY

20th Century-F

MARGARET MINNIG

WOMEN Behind the Scenes

They're Important . . . but How Many Do You Know? Here's an Introduction

READING TIME ● 7 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

MOVING pictures used to be almost exclusively a man's business. When I first went to Hollywood, in 1921, there were women writers, but few women in other important jobs. The men were distinctly disagreeable to the women who succeeded in getting in. A male writer asked what my salary was, and, unaware of the existing antagonism between the sexes, I told the truth. "Ha!" he sneered. "You women have so much more to offer the directors, it's no wonder you get higher salaries than the men." There was no doubt about the implication, and I soon found that other men were thinking the same thing. It was the only way they could soothe their injured vanity. In a long acquaintance with professional women, I have met very few who felt the necessity of using sex for professional advancement.

Women make up more than half the picture audiences, and perhaps that is why they have always been able to write scenarios that could be made into successful pictures. Frances Marion, Jeannie MacPherson, Olga Printzlau, and the late June Mathis were among the earliest to gain recognition in the new art. Gradually the necessity for the feminine touch began to spread to other departments, and every year has seen more and more women holding key departmental jobs in the studios. The men have had to "take it and like it."

In most studios today there are women heads or assistants to the heads of the reading and editorial, the stenographic, research, film-cutting, film-inspecting, and film-editing departments. There are script girls, assistant directors, publicity writers. Two women are directors; and at least one is a producer. The dressmaking department is almost invariably headed by a male designer!—although most of the sewing is done by girls.

What are these women like who have won important places? Are they clinging little creatures who appeal to male strength and chivalry for advancement? Or are they tweed-garbed feminists stridently asserting their own independence? Neither. They are normal conventional women in looks, clothes, and manner, differing only from their unprofessional sisters in the air of confidence that self-support gives. They came to the picture business from various walks of life and, having some particular talent, managed to struggle on to success.

Before a picture can be made, a story has to be found. Kate Corbalay, in charge of the story department at the Metro studio, started out as a free-lance writer for magazines, and kept at it until the problem of raising four children necessitated a more regular income. She got a job in a studio as staff scenario writer, but proved so valuable as a story diagnostician that she was transferred to the editorial department. With a large group of readers and synopsis writers under her, she now covers about twenty thousand stories a year.

To the producers who are too busy to read full-length plays or novels, Kate Corbalay acts as a modern Scheherazade, relating in her soft mellow voice the dramatic high lights of a story and drawing a vivid picture of the characters and setting. She is a fine-looking woman with blue eyes and closely bobbed white hair. Thanks to her ability, perseverance, and courage, she has been able to give her daughters every advantage.

Today, as in the early days of the motion picture, there is a preponderance of women scenario writers in the studios. Sonya Levien, a dark-haired, dark-eyed Russian, has written the scenarios for some of the best pictures of recent years. Her father was a revolutionist in Moscow who spent eight years as an exile in Siberia before he escaped with his family to America. Living in extreme poverty in New York's crowded East Side, he nevertheless managed to give his children a good education. Sonya graduated from New York University and took a job on a magazine. She became assistant to the editor, Carl Hovey, married him, and has since been equally successful in the home and in the studio.

Writers, directors, and art directors need authentic information on manners, customs, history, geography, religion, etc., to be used in the story they are working on; and to supply it every studio maintains a research department. Elizabeth McGaffey, better known as Bessie, originated the idea for such a department when the Lasky Company was a thriving infant. Bessie had been an actress, but an aptitude for finding the right facts for people led her from the stage to the library. She has the most amazing fund of information at her fingertips, and at a moment's notice can tell you how to address the King of England or the Sultan of Turkey, what an Egyp-

M-G-M

MOTHER" LUCIA COULTER

Paramount

ANNE BAUCHENS

Columbia

DOROTHY ARZNER

RKO

JANE MURFIN

IN HOLLYWOOD

by CLARA BERANGER

tian princess wore on her way to the bath or what a Park Avenue debutante should wear to an afternoon wedding.

There is, as you can imagine, a vast amount of typing to be done on preliminary sketches, treatments, and final drafts of stories, and it is handled by a department ruled over by an efficient intelligent woman, usually a stenographer risen from the ranks. Margaret Minnig, who might easily have become an actress had she not preferred a typewriter to the screen, started out as secretary to a writer. Now she not only supervises all the manuscripts typed at the Fox studio, but is personally responsible for the whole army of secretaries assigned to writers, directors, and executives.

A dear little old lady with a perpetual smile and twinkle is known on the Metro lot as "Mother" Lucia Coulter. Assistant to Adrian, the head designer, she has charge of the character wardrobe and oversees the cutting up of thousands of yards of material every year. It is her boast that she can make anything that anybody would ever have to wear in a picture, from a pair of pants for a mouse to a coronation robe for a king.

A MOVIE director would be helpless without his script girl. She holds the manuscript of the scenario and makes notes of every line the actors speak, every move they make, every order the director gives. Occasionally she does the cutting of the film, but more often serves as helper to the cutter. Trudy Wellman, a Boston girl educated in the arts, moved to Los Angeles with her family. To supply an immediate financial need, she studied stenography and got her first job as a studio typist. Later she became an expert script girl, making notes for many of the famous directors.

The cutter, or film editor, has the tedious work of reviewing over and over again the thousands of feet of film that has been shot and from it assembling a clear coherent story. Before the addition of sound, the cutters were mostly women. But the complicated business of cutting both a pictorial and a sound track gave the males in authority a chance to remove most of the women cutters, on the excuse that the work was too hard for them. Anne Bauchens survived because her director, Cecil De Mille, was powerful enough to impose his will. Anne had served in the De Mille family a long time, first as secretary to William De Mille when he was a playwright in New York, and later as his script girl and assistant cutter in Hollywood. She was probably the first girl to hold that particular job. After William had trained her in dramatic values, brother Cecil borrowed her and forgot to give her back. Anne is still Cecil De Mille's most valued assistant.

There have never been many women directors, possibly because few women have the requisite physical endurance, and possibly because most men resent having a woman boss. At the present time there are two women directors in Hollywood—Leontine Sagan, who made Maedchen in Uniform, and Dorothy Arzner.

Dorothy is slight, wiry, and dynamic. She has the rare distinction of being a native Californian, having been born in San Francisco. She moved to Los Angeles to study in the University of Southern California, and took up stenography with the definite intention of using it to gain entrance into a picture studio. From the very beginning she knew exactly what she wanted. With her eyes always on her goal, she laboriously climbed up the path, being in turn typist, assistant cutter, script girl, assistant director, and finally director. She only weighs 115 pounds, but she knows how to conserve her strength and impress her authority on actors and men of the crew who work for her.

As far as I know, the only woman producer in the business is Jane Murfin. She was well known in New York as a playwright before Hollywood called her to write movie stories. Her ability in adapting the plays of others and in writing originals for the screen, together with her natural tact and executive ability, fitted her to join the company of the potentates who not only decide what pictures are to be produced but also are responsible for their success or failure.

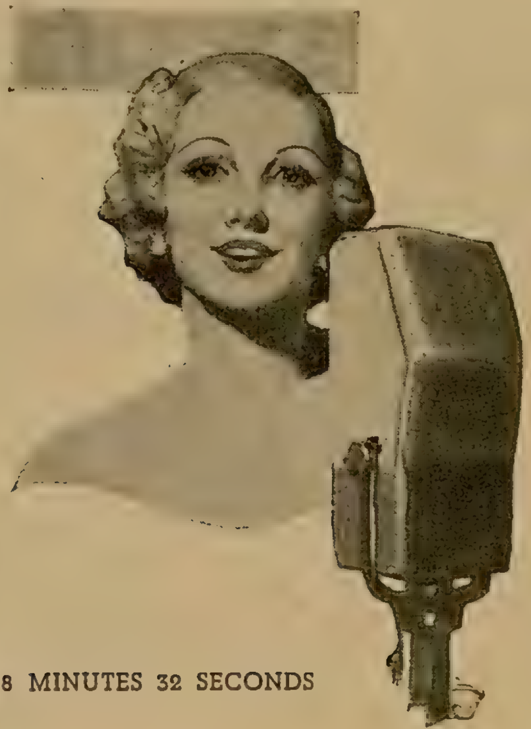
After a long close acquaintanceship with the women in the picture business, every one of whom efficiently sets and maintains a professional course with what their superiors are pleased to call "masculine integrity," I have come to the conclusion that women are as honest and efficient as men—and I must also admit that I have found men to be as sensitive and intuitional as women.

THE END

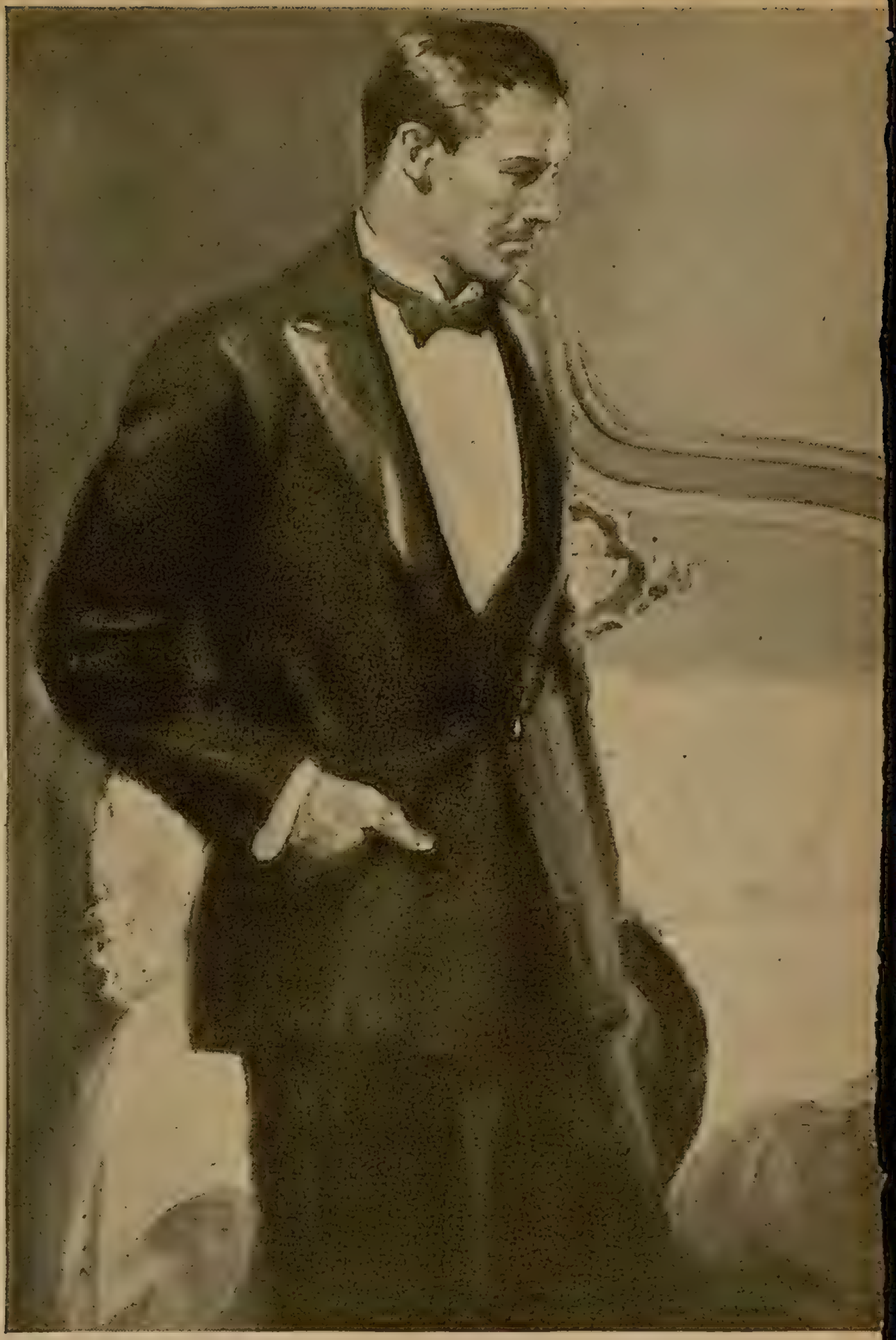
A Lively Story of Radio's Nemesis . . .

the Gong that Tolls the Knell . . . and a

$1,000 Masquerade that Ended in a Kiss



READING TIME ● 18 MINUTES 32 SECONDS



Shocked into silence, she sat there, cowed. "Listen,"

Amateur

JOHN KERRIGAN, Broadway's top-flight merchant of talent, returning from a pleasant and profit-promising afternoon in Lora Volti's dressing room backstage at the Empire, paused for a moment at his secretary's desk.

"Any calls, sweetheart?" he asked. He must raise her pay ten dollars a week, he reflected. Fine girl! And with that new Volti contract sure to be closed—well, why not?

"She's inside," announced the secretary.

"She? Who?" he queried.

"Doris Devon, in person!" The secretary's tone could have served to announce royalty.

"Doris—here now?" Kerrigan exclaimed. "Wonder what's up."

"She didn't give me any hint," said the girl. "She seemed nervous, though."

He strode into the Georgian splendor of his office, hands extended, the charming Kerrigan smile rivaling the radiance of the white-parchment-shaded lamps. "Doris darling, what a surprise! And how is the First Lady of Radio today? You turn this dismal December afternoon into a day in May. In other words, glad to see you, honey. And what's on your mind?"

That something besides her blue and perky Reboux hat and the shining helmet of golden hair rested upon her mind was more than evident. She reached for a cigarette, and her nervous fingers fumbled with the wheel of the gold desk lighter. After two failures, Kerrigan took it from her and flicked it into flame. As he touched the end of her cigarette he remarked:

"Doris, I've never seen you smoke before, although personally I don't think moderate smoking would hurt your voice. Tell me, is something upsetting you?"

"John, I don't know how to say this, so I'll just come right out with it. John, we're through!"

"Through? What do you mean?" he asked.

"Well, your five-year contract as my agent is up the 10th of the month. I've decided to let Crandell handle me."

Kerrigan sat down heavily upon the deep white-leather desk chair. Crandell, his lifelong competitor!

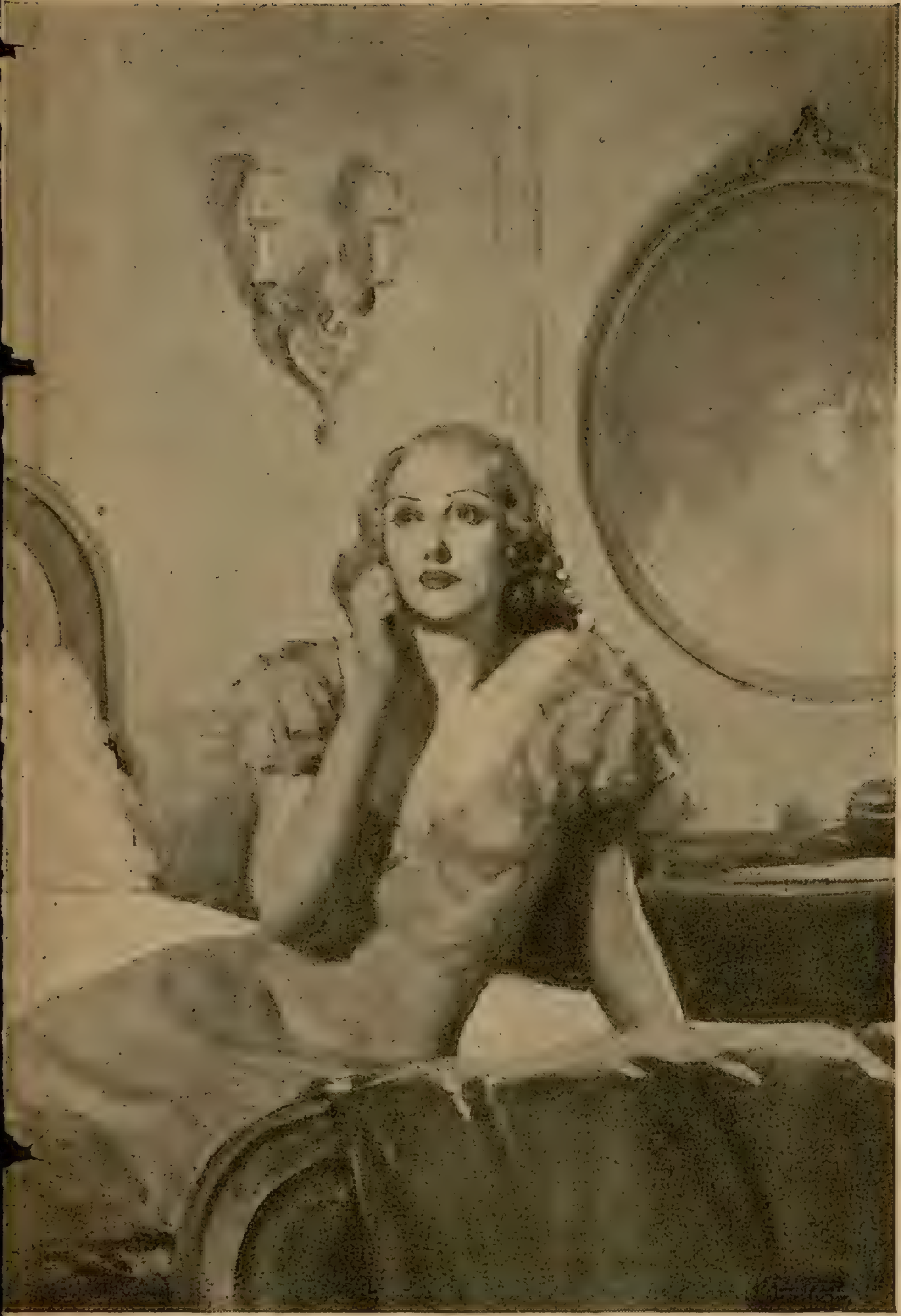
"Doris," he said, "I don't understand. What's happened? I've always thought we were teammates for life. What's wrong?"

"Business is business, John," she answered. "For five years I've been paying you twenty-five per cent of my earnings. Crandell has offered to handle me for the usual ten."

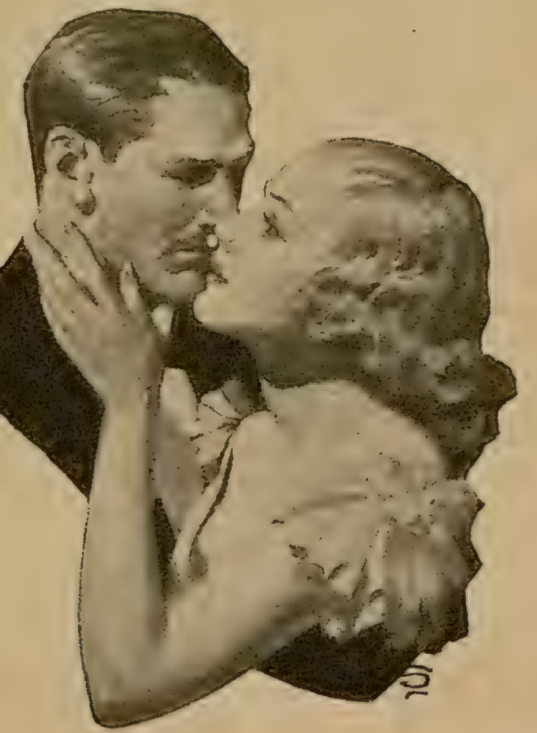
Accustomed as Kerrigan was to the rank ingratitude of ego-ridden performers, this pronouncement smacked into his consciousness with the shock of a dumdum bullet. His mind raced back over the career he had built for her since that fateful moment when he first heard her sing at a third-rate night club.

"So Crandell will handle you for ten," he said, his voice tinctured with acid. "And isn't that just dandy! Who built you, Doris? Who made you the highest paid singer on the air? Who took an ordinary voice and gave it style, distinction, a flair? Who created the image the public has of you? Who changed your very hairdress, your clothes, your whole personality? Who staked you for a whole year so you could study, and even supported by JULIAN FIELD

ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. CLINTON SHEPHERD



he repeated. "Interrupt me and I'll slap you down."



Nightingale

your whole family? Who got you your first audition? Who plastered your face in every newspaper and newsreel the world over? Whose idea was the Doris Devon Clubs? Who invented the mother's-girl myth that made every sloppy sentimentalist in the country practically melt into tears every time you warbled a note? Hell, you're not a person—you're just an idea I invented that swept the country! And now you're going to walk out on me because my competitor offers you a better deal. Why, without my build-up . . ."

Doris stood up abruptly. Little red storm flags of anger flew warningly in her cheeks. "I'm sorry, John, but that's that. If you're through talking, I'll go. The fact is, John, brutal as it sounds, I just don't need you any more. I've thought it all over, and this is good-by."

"Wait a minute, please," he said. "I'm sorry. I lost my temper. Please!" For a moment the harsh abrasive of his anger had clogged the smooth machining of his jewel-set mind. It clicked into gear again. He smiled. "Give me a moment to think," he begged.

Do something quick, his mind told him. Stall her. Spar for time. You can't let her go now. You can't let this news get out. Volti wants you to manage her because of your great success with Devon, and Volti means at least seventy-five thousand dollars a year to you. If you lose Devon now you'll never get Volti. Crandell's fighting to get Volti too. Will you lose 'em both to Crandell? Smile, you fool! Be friendly. Disarm her long enough to figure an out. You're not licked yet. Stall. Spar. Play for time!

"Doris," he said, "what can I say? I've loved working with you. I'll hate to see this long and profitable association ended. But 'the Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away,' I suppose. Do me one favor, though. Don't let the news out just yet."

"I'll hold off a week," she said. "But my mind's made up."

"O. K." He smiled. "No hard feelings?" He held out his hand.

"No hard feelings," she said.

"Let's have a cocktail on that," he suggested.

"I would, but I have to run and dress," she said. "I have to be at Margot Keane's for dinner."

"Margot's!" he exclaimed. "Marvelous. I'm dining there myself. See you later, then. Good-by, honey."

A second after the door clicked shut he was on the telephone telling Margot that she was inviting him to dinner that night, and liking it. And as a matter of fact she did like it; for every one but Crandell liked Kerrigan very much.

So, for the second time that day, Doris and Kerrigan sat opposite each other.

"Cigarette?" asked Margot Keane, holding out the jade box to Doris Devon.

"Smoke? But never!" said Doris, her voice edged with reproof. "My voice, you know."

Margot knew. No one could help knowing. If you didn't know that Doris was one of radio's brightest stars, she'd tell you anyway, lest you forget it for a moment. She'd tell you, at the slightest pretense of polite interest, about her voice, her career, her penthouse on Park Avenue, her two Scotties, Sharp and Flat, her Louis XVI boudoir, and her milk baths. She would tell you that she

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had a ruby set and an emerald set, and that she was putting her brother through military school, and that her mother was really more of a sister and a pal than a mother; that she was an honorary Girl Scout; that a count, four millionaires, a famous Argentine polo player, and even an Indian maharajah, all had proposed marriage to her. Doris was becoming an animate scrapbook of her own press clippings, rapidly reaching the point where she believed everything Kerrigan's skillful press-agentry had caused to be printed about her.

It was just this penchant of hers for oral autobiography that annoyed Maurice Kates beyond even his remarkable endurance. Being quite a young man about Manhattan, he ran into Doris at party after party. Remarkably early in his youth he had learned the priceless lesson that people find you clever, even brilliant, if you talk little and listen much. But tonight Doris began to be too much for even his trained patience.

The talk swung, as it always did when Doris was present, to the subject of radio. Some one happened to mention that Lila Lang, the famous operatic contralto, had finally been lured to the air.

For years, it seemed, she had stonily spurned all offers. She realized that the microphone, though miraculous, was still faulty and could never capture the fragile nuances of her silvery voice, and that a full fourth of her technique would be lost somewhere between her larynx and the loud-speakers of the land. But five thousand per broadcast speaks with a softening eloquence. Lang's artistic integrity and Teutonic peasant shrewdness battled within her for days. Finally the peasant won.

"OF course Lila will click on the air," said Maurice. "She could get up to that mike with acute laryngitis, she could be half tight and flat all over the place, and the populace would still shout bravos; the columnists would rave; your radio publicity boys would go into ecstasies about the new high standards of art the industry is achieving. She could be downright lousy and get away with it. It's all in having a name!"

"Ridiculous," Doris decreed flatly. "It's talent that counts."

"Sure it counts," said Kates. "But without all the ballyhoo and publicity it wouldn't get very far."

"Nonsense," said Doris. She sensed, resentfully, that her status as a personage was being reduced. And now of all times, with John Kerrigan there, she particularly didn't want to be limned in any such manner.

"It's pure nonsense," she insisted.

A sudden thought exploded like a flashlight in Kerrigan's brain. Everything was brilliantly clear. What an idea!

He spoke casually: "Of course it would be natural for me to agree with Maurice. Ballyhoo is a big part of my job in life. Tell you what I'll do, Doris. I'll bet you a thousand dollars that you couldn't appear on an Amateur Night program under an assumed name, and click. You'd have to wear a brunette wig, too, of course, so that the disguise would be complete."

"Don't be silly," she said, but her laugh was threaded with annoyance. "You're joking!"

"I'm not joking," he challenged. "I'll write out the check here and now. Margot can be my stakeholder. I really believe you couldn't click as an unknown."

The murmur of conversation humming through the party had faded to tense and complete silence. Everybody sensed a combat and concentrated on the gladiators.

IT was Margot who, in one justifiably feline swoop, decided the issue. "Better retire gracefully from the battle, darling," she purred. "John seems to have you somewhat on the spot."

This was too much. "Very well," said Doris defiantly. "I'll show you —all of you. One thousand dollars it is!"

"And you're all witnesses to this little wager," drawled Kerrigan to the room at large.

And so it happened that two nights later Doris Devon, under a brunette wig and the name of Mary Grant, sat in the candidates' room at Station WQW, surrounded by the strangest collection of human oddities she had ever seen gathered together.

Beside her sat a weather-beaten old countryman with a cigar-box fiddle and an unbelievable Adam's apple. Four youths, slick-haired and city pale, but dressed in the flaming shirts and heavy chaps of Wyoming cowboys rodeo bound, fingered their piccolos with which they hoped to charm the listening world that night. A serious and bespectacled young man recalling the glee-club days hoped that the boys at the Amherst Club would be listening in. A sad and moth-eaten carpenter polished up his musical saw. A quartet of hillbillies chattered in a corner, their diction far more suggestive of the Flatbush section of Brooklyn than the Ozark or Blue Ridge hills. A ten-year-old girl, dressed to look like six, sat, poised and smug, beside her elocution teacher. And a very comely young woman, though shabbily dressed, had a look of quality about her, an inner light that some day might blaze to glory. Another me, maybe, thought Doris.

A brisk young man dashed into the room, script in hand, each upper vest pocket so bristling with pencils as to suggest a Cossack arrayed for battle. In quick sharp sentences he fired his last directions at the candidates, and led them into the studio.

Doris stirred impatiently on the hard wooden chair. Damn John Kerrigan—this *was* a bore. Almost better to have let him win the beastly thousand, except that the whole party had observed the challenge and her pride was involved. Her fellow candidates, who at first amused her, now began to fray her nerves with their own nervous fidgeting. Her wig felt hot and stuffy, and the half-veil she wore kept tickling the end of her nose. The audience in the studio stared at the candidates as though they were some strange new species of fauna in the zoo.

The comfort and privileges of stardom had been a routine with her so long that she had ceased to be aware of them. But sitting here now, an unknown among unknowns, she was suddenly swept with a belated wave of appreciation for the suave and multiple attentions showered upon her whenever she appeared at a studio—as Doris Devon. Every appearance savored of a royal reception: The arrogant glide of her Rolls-Royce to the stately entrance of the Colossal Broadcasting Building. The awed groups of glamour-struck autograph hunters. Tonight, to be further sure of avoiding recognition, she had arrived in an ordinary taxi. The Colossal elevatorman's respectful bow and the swift nonstop flight from lobby to studio. Tonight as she tried to crowd into a full elevator, the operator swung the door shut in her face with an icy "No more room in this car—step back, please." The page boys' eager deference and the incense smoldering in their simplest words—"Yes, Miss Devon; no, Miss Devon; thank you, Miss Devon." The only attention she had received on this accursed evening was a page's impatient "Step along, please, lady; you're holding up the people behind you."

Being a princess incognito had its disadvantages. When would they get this stupid program under way? John Kerrigan, sitting in the last row, fiddled impatiently with his hatbrim and wondered the same thing.

FINALLY an illuminated glass sign flashed on: STAND BY. Thirty seconds of breathless silence, then another: ON THE AIR.

It was a full hour's program, and a full thirty minutes of it crawled by as Doris fretfully waited for her call. Amateurs sang Mother Machree, recited Gunga Din, whistled the sailors' hornpipe, tortured musical saws, cigar-box fiddles, piccolos, and ocarinas. The benign voice of the master of ceremonies soothed, encouraged, sympathized, bantered, and advised. The audience laughed, hooted, applauded, groaned, and bravoed. "Get the hook!" had become "Ring the gong!" Otherwise it was the same Amateur Night your grandmother attended in the reputedly Gay Nineties.

There was a hush over the audience, and then crashing applause as the comely girl Doris had observed finished her song.

And then, "Mary Grant, please—Miss Mary Grant." Doris made her way to the platform.

She started her song—Parlez Moi d'Amour—just as she had started it at a score of microphones a score of times before. Confidently—care-

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—excerpt from "The Common Cold"; based on interviews between the editors of Fortune Magazine and prominent U. S. physicians.

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lessly, even. But before her voice had drifted through the first eight bars of the song she sensed that something was wrong. No beautifully embroidered orchestrations here to harmonize with her voice, so that you heard an exquisite musical whole, yet gave credit for its exquisiteness to the voice so adroitly emphasized in the melodic foreground. No lacy nuances, no subtle counterpoint, no sudden vigorous flares, no well timed crescendos to cover up her vocal deficiencies. Just the bald unadorned beat of the piano for accompaniment. And, just as a woman of only the purest beauty can be beautiful in a harsh glare of light, so only a voice of the purest beauty can be beautiful without orchestral "make-up," so to speak—soft, sympathetic "musical lights" to create the illusion of loveliness.

A current of restlessness swirled through the audience. Some one coughed. A paper crackled, feet shuffled. Some one giggled. Suddenly Doris realized that this was not her usual audience—worshipful, expectant, eager to be pleased—but a cold, critical audience who would guffaw at the sound of the gong and gleefully turn her performance into a Roman holiday with herself as the sacrificial Christian.

She struggled into the chorus, cold panic clogging her throat. Her fingernails, mandarin-pointed, bit cruelly into her palms; and fear laid clammy hands upon her forehead and a bitter sweat ran down her cheeks and into her struggling mouth. A high note—and she flatted!

Bong! The hammer struck the gong. The great impresario of amateurs had "rung the bell" on the great, the only Doris Devon. Blindly she started toward the stairs.

"JUST a moment, Miss Grant," purred the kindly voice behind the hammer. "Just a moment, please."

She stood there, mute, humiliated, miserable beyond description.

"I'm sorry, my child," he said kindly. "It wasn't bad, you know, but just not good enough. Don't be discouraged. You seem to have some talent. Study hard, acquire the technique you need, and, if you'd like, come back and try again sometime. You're always welcome. Next!"

An hour later a sleepless Doris punched her tear-wet pillow viciously and for the fiftieth time. Every ghastly, horrible moment of the evening stung and rankled and lived itself over and over again. The impresario's kindly advice kept beating in her brain—a merciless refrain. "That damned smug oily old man," she muttered. "And damn John Kerrigan, too! Damn him, damn him, damn him for this!"

Her maid slid a cautious and exploratory glance into the room. "Oh, you're awake, ma'm'selle? Monsieur Kerrigan, he is here. He insist he see you. He say—"

"Get out," screamed Doris. "Get out of here!"

"But he say," protested the maid—"he say that—"

She dodged as a satin mule with a vicious little spike heel sped by her. It struck against Kerrigan's chest. He picked it up and sauntered into the room, casually, as though he were coming for tea.

"Your mule, darling. You dropped it," he said, and held it out to her.

She struck it from his hand to the floor.

"Get out of here, damn you. I hope you're satisfied now with all the mess you've made. God, I hate you—I hate you! Get out of here! I never want to see you again." Her voice shrilled to high hysteria.

Kerrigan's hand flashed out, slapped her cruelly across the face. "Shut up," he commanded. "Shut up and listen to me."

SHOCKED into silence by the sting of his slap, she sat there upon her satin-quilted bed, cowed, obedient.

"Listen to me," he repeated—"to every word I've got to say. Interrupt me just once and I'll slap you down so hard you'll bounce. I was in the back row tonight. I saw and heard every minute of that whole stupid performance. I put you in that spot, and I'm glad I did. I'd do it again, under the same circumstances. Now all I have to do, my fine little ungrateful friend, is to pick up that telephone and call Tommy Trent of the Star, and the story will be the top line in his column tomorrow. Every paper in New York and the whole world will carry the story within twenty-four hours. Every news broadcaster on the rival networks will flash it on the air—and, boy, how they'll love such a heaven-sent crack about Colossal's pet star! The great Doris Devon gets the gong in an Amateur Hour. Zowie! Will they eat it up! A laugh will go up that will be heard around the world.

"It doesn't mean a black eye for me now when you run out on me. Everybody'll say I wouldn't be bothered handling you after you made such a fool of yourself. And would I like to see the faces of your previous sponsors when they hear the news! Will they be happy about that four thousand dollars a week they're paying you! And can't you imagine how eagerly they'll reach for their fountain pens when renewal time comes around? And picture to yourself the rush of other sponsors who'll be wanting you when the present boys don't renew your contract. The line forms to the right—only, it will be leading *away* from Doris Devon. And what will Crandell do about that?"

He paused. She looked up at him dully. Beaten—and, to give her credit, she knew it. "You win," she said. "You win. There's the phone over there."

He didn't move. "Go on!" she cried. "What are you waiting for? Go on! Don't gloat over your victory. You've won. Now get it over with."

"Not so fast, Doris," he said. "There's something else you haven't heard.

"Suppose I didn't pick up the phone," he continued. "Suppose the story didn't get out. Suppose I just told all the gang who were at Margot's house the night we made the bet that we decided the whole thing was silly and called it off? Would that interest you?"

"There's a catch in it somewhere," she said. "I know you, John Kerrigan."

"Right!" he said. "Of course there's a catch. A renewal of your contract. For as long as you live."

"What can I do?" she replied. "You win."

"But not on the same terms as the last contract." His hands were gripping her shoulders now, biting into creamy flesh below the chiffon film of her nightgown. "I never realized before tonight, when I saw you taking it on the chin up there on that platform, how much you need me, and, damn your eyes, how much you mean to me. You can't do without me, baby, and I can't do without you, I guess.

"So I'm getting a new contract—only it's called a marriage license. Hell, I've got to marry you, if for no other reason than to keep you from making a damned fool of yourself. Besides—doggone you—I love you, even though I only realized it tonight. Now get into your clothes and let's get going. My car's downstairs and we can make Greenwich in an hour."

"O. K., boss," she murmured, and lifted her mouth for his kiss. . . .

And so you can hear Doris Devon on the air any Monday or Thursday night now, swathed in orchids, page boys, and admiration. You'll love her performance. Her voice is smooth and clear and it sparkles like a diamond inset among the musical jewels of her accompaniment.

Her fan mail is bigger than ever; her sponsor has just signed a new contract for seven years.

Mrs. Kerrigan is doing very nicely, thank you. And Mr. Kerrigan too—with the management of two such distinguished artists as Doris Devon and Lora Volti exclusively in his hands.

THE END

TWENTY QUESTIONS

Liberty will pay $1 for any question accepted and published. If the same question is suggested by more than one person the first suggestion received will be the one considered. Address Twenty Questions, P. O. Box 380, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

1—He lives at Ossining, is a renowned champion of amateurism, and is a dreaded soloist with an Oriental form of bell. Can you name him after studying this early photo?

2—When hiking, does one conserve energy by taking long steps?

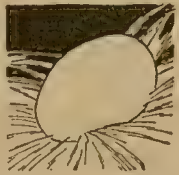
3—Which city is famed for capons, pepper pot, and scrapple?

4—What is hoarfrost?

5—Who first soloed by plane from Hawaii to the United States?

6—Does the cow tree give milk?

7—What was wives' poison?



8—Vincent Massey, Canada's first Minister to the United States, was received by which President in Washington?

9—The obverse is which side of a coin?

10—How much do the contents of the average hen's egg weigh?

11—To what uses does a beaver put its tail?

12—Did Joe Miller write a joke book?

13—What food is known as "meat of the Orient"?

14—How much sleep does a newborn infant require?

15—Which composer is dead: Bruckner, Richard Strauss, Ravel, Rachmaninoff?

16—Is it true that the light for reading should come over the left shoulder?

17—How many moving-picture theaters were there in the United States in 1900?

18—In London, England, where is the home of grand opera?

19—About what percentage of the 12,000,000 dogs in the United States are pedigreed?

20—Who was the best beloved of pioneer American naturalists?

(Answers will be found on page 45)

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GENERAL BUTLER'S

"Tell the Voters the Truth!" . . . A
the Front in France Presents the Other

by JOHN

READING TIME ●

JOHN ERSKINE

EDITOR'S NOTE: Mr. Erskine was chairman of the Army Education Commission, A. E. F., in 1918-19, and was educational director of the A. E. F. University at Beaune, France, in 1919. As a result, France made him a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor, and his own country awarded him the Distinguished Service Medal.

I HAVE read with great respect General Butler's argument on behalf of the bonus. My respect is for the General, not for the argument.

The General knows better than most of us the variety of hell which those suffer and inflict who engage in actual fighting. For our soldiers who were actually in the trenches he feels the country hasn't done nearly enough. I don't see how any one could disagree with him.

But his argument for the bonus has a shotgun quality. He feels, for example, that the utmost haste is necessary if justice is to be done, because the veterans, in the normal course of nature, are dying so fast that soon there will be none left. He also fears, or threatens, that if we do not pay up the bonus at once, the question will be taken into politics.

I think the General ought to know that the bonus is already a political issue. Some of us think it always has been. And if the experience of our other wars may guide us, of the Civil War, for example, we have the right to expect that the beneficiaries of bonuses, pensions, or what have you, will increase in number for the next fifty years.

This isn't our last chance to pay bonuses. The opportunity will improve as time goes on.

I shall try to point out what seems to me the flaws in the General's argument. But I'd like to say first that I don't put the blame on him. Feeling as he does that something should be done for the soldiers who really made sacrifices, he supports the bonus, which is the only plan before the country. It was a clumsy expedient in the first place, and it's now grotesquely out of date; but it's already too deeply embedded in politics for us to substitute anything sensible.

The bonus plan makes no distinction as to service rendered and none as to financial need. You can say, if you like, that every soldier who put on a uniform theoretically risked his life; but in practice this is nonsense and it involves us in many absurdities. The bonus, I understand, is not for civilians who did war service. The personnel of the Red Cross, the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare organizations, and the Y. M. C. A. will not enjoy its benefits. The bonus is only for the fighting men. This distinction seems to me entirely sound, yet some of the civilians in the course of their duty were under fire at the front, and many of our soldiers, equally in the course of their duty, were safe in the rear. The bonus advocates, however, assume—General Butler assumes—that all the soldiers were in the trenches.

War is a grotesque performance, full of contradictions and paradoxes. I can offer an illustration from my own experience. In the World War I was not a fighting man but a civilian employee of the Fifth Section of the Staff. My brother and my brother-in-law were in the army, one of them having trained conscientiously at Plattsburg. As it turned out, however, neither saw any fighting; and one, being ordered to serve at home, never got to France. But I, the civilian, had several months in the front line with the Second French Army. From what I saw of actual war I formed a conviction with which I should think the General would agree, that even though the whole army was willing to endure hardship and face danger, our debt is the greatest to those who actually did suffer.

I don't see how we could pay our debt to those who were killed. If their relatives are in need, we ought to take care of them. I don't see how we could pay our debt to those who survived but were mutilated. If I were in Congress I would vote almost anything for them. But to those who came home in good health, or who never got to the war at all, I can't feel that we owe the same debt.

The bonus advocates, however, usually bolster up their argument by assuming that all the men in the army were poor. The assumption is an insult to our intelligence, but even General Butler makes it. This assumption has been aided, of course, by the bonus marchers upon Washington. We all know that if these marching veterans, whose poverty seemed beyond question, had persuaded Congress to hand over the bonus money at once, a lot of it would have gone to men who are wealthy now and who were well off when they went to the war.

I think it would have been rather handsome of General Butler to notice this fact. He might even have admitted that many veterans are strongly opposed to the bonus as a means of aiding those ex-service men who are in need, and a not inconsiderable group have pledged themselves to accept no bonus even if it is granted.

IT is true that the enlisted man received a dollar a day, while many manual workers at home during the war inflation earned ten dollars a day or more. The soldier at one dollar a day receives, of course, many things he doesn't have to pay for. When your food, lodging, clothing, transportation, reading matter, and entertainment are provided for you free, you can save most of your dollar. On the other hand, the workman who earned ten dollars a day, or fifteen, or twenty, in most cases saved very little. Rents and all other prices were abnormally high, and every one was under pressure to subscribe for the innumerable war charities.

Yet, admitting that the soldiers' pay was low and wages at home were high, it doesn't at all follow that all the men in the army were poor. Many wealthy men were drafted and a still larger number of the well-to-do enlisted. I think it's a bit cheap to claim that the rich bring on wars and stay out of them, whereas the poor are for peace but have to do the fighting. I didn't expect General Butler to lend himself to this claptrap.

Undoubtedly there were war profiteers; beyond question, many industries made money out of the world agony. But not all rich people are selfish and mean, and the majority of them had little to do, directly or indirectly, with war profits.

I am thinking of the type of man who because of his cultural opportunities was sympathetic with the Allied cause, unwilling to see Great Britain or Belgium or France destroyed. That type of man felt also that our own country was inadequately prepared even for defense. That type of rich man went to Plattsburg and to other camps. What the well-to-do contributed in personal service in the army in France, General Butler knows as well as I.

When he pleads, therefore, for the bonus seekers on the ground that they are all in need, I just don't know where he gets his facts. When he says that most of the veterans are broke, I doubt whether they are any more broke, on the average, than other citizens in these days. The sob stuff ought to come out of the argument alto-

BONUS CLAPTRAP

Distinguished Author Who Served at Side of a Much Debated Question

ERSKINE

11 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

gether, or it should be aimed straighter. It should be saved for those veterans who are really in need.

The voters of the United States ought to be told the truth about the veterans, and nothing but the truth.

If General Butler will admit that not all the veterans are in dire want, I wonder whether he would argue that the bonus should go to every ex-soldier whether he needs it or not. I can understand how such an argument might in all sincerity be made. You could easily persuade yourself, if you were a rich veteran, that the government owes you quite as much as though you were poor. That must be the process of thought by which many wealthy ex-soldiers of the World War have already accepted benefits from the government. One New York paper, the World-Telegram, published in 1932 a series of articles by Talcott Powell giving a list of the prosperous who as a result of their war service were enjoying benefits from the public treasury. The list was long, and the articles ran from April 7 to April 19.

In presenting Mr. Erskine's answer to The Bonus—Or Else! by Major General Smedley D. Butler, Liberty does not take sides but does carry out its policy of giving both sides of every controversial public question. General Butler's article was published last week.

There is no guaranty that the bonus, if now paid in cash, would not be accepted by many who are even in these days well off. They may be right to accept it! I am merely objecting to an argument for the bonus which assumes that all the veterans are poor.

Unless the reader follows carefully, he may get the impression that I think all the veterans are rich. I think some of them are rich, and in those cases I am not eager to pay them a bonus. I know that a large number of them are poor and out of work; but since the unemployed at the moment are estimated in many millions, I am not at all convinced that the poverty of the poor veterans was caused by the war.

In the camps at home and in France it was found necessary to teach at least half a million young American men to read and write. Many more than this half million were quite unequipped for any craft, trade, or profession. We know that the men selected for the army were rather better than a strictly average cross section of our people. The educational deficiencies of our country are therefore probably greater than the army statistics would show. A truly enlightened plan to relieve national distress would go much further than the bonus proposal.

ALMOST every one who talks against war speaks of the dislocation in the lives of the soldiers. A man is taken out of his profession or trade, we say; he is marched off to a training camp, sent to the front, and returned to peace conditions, if at all, only after his place in the world has been seized by others.

So far as America is concerned, I doubt if this holds true in general. I am suspicious of the argument because it starts with the assumption that the average soldier when he went to war had already a trade or a profession. I doubt if our army records would bear this out. It seemed a grotesque irony that just because we were at war we were teaching hundreds of thousands of young men to read and write and training them in some useful craft. But it seems absurd to argue now that the army training, especially of those soldiers who never reached the front, spoiled their lives.

I think we have to face frankly the choice whether we should argue the bonus question any longer as part of the unfinished business of the war, or whether we should try to relieve all the distress of our citizens, of which the distress of some veterans is only a part.

General Butler explains that the bonus is, according to his opinion, not relief nor charity but back pay. This interesting suggestion has many possibilities. I wish all the soldiers in the world would simultaneously refuse to fight for less than a hundred dollars a day. That would end war promptly. But as a matter of fact the pay of soldiers is everywhere small, men having a singular readiness to kill and be killed at low rates. Teachers, ministers, many a doctor and most firemen and policemen are underpaid. Does the General think they have a right now to demand back pay? For how long back?

I don't ask the question in any facetious mood. If the General is arguing for a thoroughgoing rectification of economic injustice, I shouldn't disagree with him. In another decade, perhaps, nobody will. But you can't be socialistic in a limited way, reserving the advantages only for the group you favor. You have to go the whole distance and take in everybody.

General Butler tells us with considerable vigor that nobody objected when the war profiteers raided the national treasury. At the end of this very eloquent arraignment of war profiteers of all kinds I expected him to suggest some punishment for these people; but, to my surprise, that isn't his line at all. His point is that if everybody else is lifting some money out of the American people, the veterans might as well get in and lift their share.

I entirely agree with the General in his condemnation of war profiteers, but I am amazed that he should seem to put the veterans in the same class.

If the bonus is to be paid now, where is the money to come from? General Butler, if I understand his argument, feels that having spent so much money, we ought to be able to spend a few billions more in a good cause. Personally, I am not inclined to quarrel with him here. If the cause really is good, and if the money is to be wisely spent, I imagine we could raise an extra two or three billion. The General thinks the bonus money would so promptly be put into circulation that the country would immediately profit. Somewhere we have heard that argument before, and probably there is a measure of truth in it. Whether the individual citizen would profit faster than his taxes would go up, I don't know how to figure; and there is always the danger that after these billions are appropriated, some other group of men, or even the veterans themselves, will feel the pinch of poverty and demand additional back pay.

All this is rather theoretical; but since we are approaching a Presidential election, the practical aspects of the matter begin to appear. The bonus question is already a powerful political weapon. Most of the House of Representatives will probably feel obliged to pass a bonus bill, and perhaps the Senate will concur. The Republican members of Congress will make this result possible. The President probably will veto the bill, and the Republicans will then help pass it over his veto. They will then go home and assail the administration for having spent too much of the people's money.

How will they justify this contradiction?

If you watch the speeches of those who are grooming for the Presidential race, you can guess the answer. Colonel Frank Knox, for example, is against the outrageous expenditures for relief, but he is in favor of the bonus. It would take a brave man not to be, in the face of such a threat of votes. He would satisfy his ideal of economy by paying the bonus out of money already voted for relief work, which he doesn't believe in.

That is, the bonus is to be paid at the expense of the nonmilitary poor.

THE END

READING TIME • 28 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

SHAN

STOP

by FREDER

A STIRRING STORY OF WA
THINGS DANGER DID TO TH

HER head turned sharply to the right. Her eyes snapped in their sockets and fastened with the brilliance of sudden fear on the drawn window curtains. The reiterated hacking of the distant machine gun seemed to set the beat of her trembling hand. She swallowed stiffly, feeling the pressure against her eardrums.

When the firing ceased abruptly as a chopped scream, she swiveled on the cushioned bench and swept her glance into the dressing-table mirror as though half expecting to find a stranger there. It was only her own image. She was in negligee: some liquid saffron-colored silk rippled from her shoulders, wide bell-like sleeves floated round her elbows.

Somewhere near, a telephone rang. Outside, a horse's hoofs clattered on the pavement, and far away the sound of voices was rising like the hum of insects in the jungle.

Hilda stood up. There was a distant detonation, hard and heavy as thunder; the pulsations of it shook the small perfume flasks, made them tinkle on the rectangular glass tray. She moved slowly across the room. Drawing aside the heavy curtain, she stared down into the street.

A lorry rumbled past, its complement of helmeted figures swaying slightly in unison—bayonets standing straight upward. The violent blast of a shell racked her body like a sob. A red glow was waving in the dark sky. She bit into her lower lip, and her tall body, tapering from shoulders to waist, from hips to ankles, stiffened on an indrawn breath. As her head went up the radiance from the chandelier moved across her yellow hair like a wave.

She pushed rather than drew the curtain back into place; grimaced, but only for an instant; she set her lips and went swiftly across the room to the telephone.

"Hello! . . . Is Dr. Callahan there? . . . *Callahan!* . . . Where, do you know? . . . Oh. Oh, I see. Thank you."

Another number.

"Is Dr. Callahan there?"

Another.

"I want to talk with Dr. Callahan. . . . Do you know where he is? . . . You *think* he is? . . . Thank you very much."

A fourth.

"Does not answer? . . . Do you know if communication has been cut off? . . ."

She slipped the receiver back into the prong with an air that was almost surreptitious. Her shoulders began to sag, but with a sudden movement she straightened them. She had been holding herself together for days, lacing herself tightly against her fears; sometimes it made her reach for breath.

On her dressing table stood a small lapis clock. She murmured the time; dressed. Her gown was black, with breastplates of silver mesh. She rubbed a little color into her pale cheeks, regarding her image in the mirror with vacant eyes. Whenever a shell exploded, remote as it was, the muscles of her mouth contracted. Blood was flowing tonight in Chapei and death hung over the waters of the Huang-pu. . . .

Sorenson rang at eight thirty and she told him to come up.

"How beautiful!" he said sonorously when she let him in. "You know, Hilda, you're damned beautiful." He bent over her hand and pressed it hard against his lips, then stood erect, tossed aside topcoat and hat, and flicked a cigarette deftly out of a platinum case. He nodded toward the windows, said, "They're going boom in the night again," and lit up; inhaled pleasurably, savoring the tang of the tobacco behind full arrogant lips and then letting it drift unhurried from his long, pointed nose. He was a thin man, very tall, chesty, with bold eyes that struck at whatever he looked upon. In tails he cut an impressive figure.

Hilda made cocktails. The sound of the guns had petered away to a remote dry rattle.

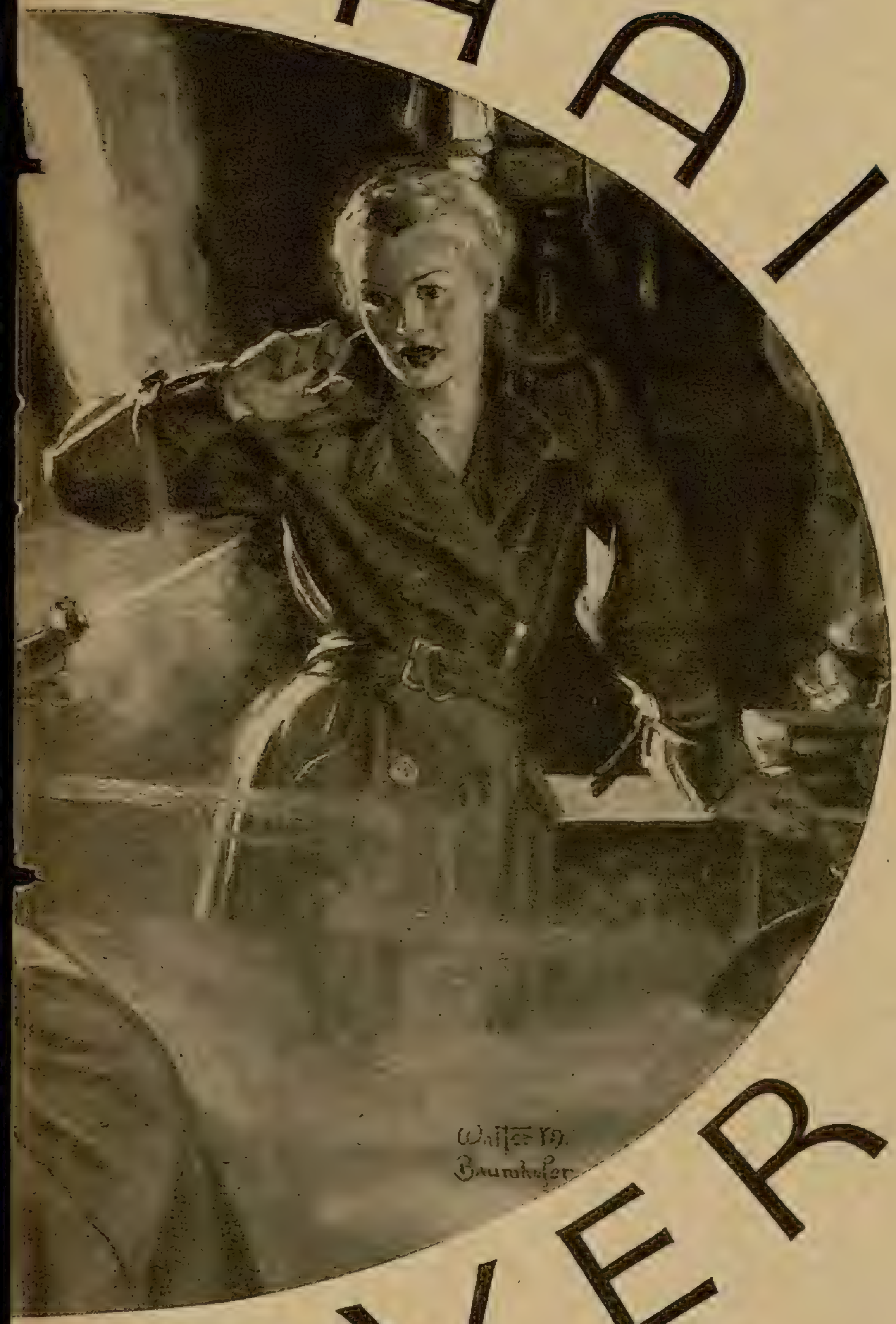
"Chill?" asked Sorenson, squinting.

"Just a little," she said offhand; and then, "Anything new?"

"A clash near the Grosvenor between British bluejackets and some Japanese students. Simple hysteria." He shrugged. "It was smoothed over. Inconsequential. The treaty powers are determined to maintain order

GHAI

OVER



The rifle flamed as Callahan dived for the soldier's legs, brought him down.

ILLUSTRATION BY
WALTER M.
BAUMHOFER

CK NEBEL

ND A WOMAN, AND THE
OVE THAT WAS IN HER HEART

within their province. Chapei, I understand, is rapidly becoming a shambles."

She looked down into her dry Martini for an instant, her eyes growing wide.

"By the way," he said, flexing his lips briskly, "I met a Dr. Braithwaite at the embassy today. In charge of one of the hospitals. I didn't know you knew him."

"Oh, yes. He used to be Alec's mentor back home. In fact he put Alec through his first year in college."

"Did he? M-m. Well," he said, looking at his watch, "we ought to run along."

"Is it far?"

"Not very. The Siamese Cat."

She put down her empty glass and stood up. "I'll get my things. Pour yourself another cocktail."

"We'll have some at the bar," he said.

He stalked to an oval mirror which hung on the wall above an occasional table; regarded his face approvingly from several angles; patted the wings of his tie; turned and cleared his throat smartly and straightened his stiff white cuffs in his coat sleeves. He hummed lightly to himself. Distant explosions made the light bulbs quiver in their sockets. He went on humming and using his fingertips to flick specks of lint from his trousers. "'I'll kiss your little hand, madame' . . . da-da-de-da-de-dum . . . 'because I feel gallant, madame—' Gorgeous, Mme. Callahan!" he said as Hilda came back into the room.

She made a mock curtsy. "Thank you, milord."

HIS limousine was black, gleaming. They purred through tense streets. Police were breaking up a minor riot at an intersection. Hats flew and one man was running bent over, his arms clamped against his head. A couple of United States marines swung past. There were British bluejackets standing by barbed-wire entanglements. An ambulance unit. Yonder, the sheet lightning again.

Hilda's throat was dry.

In a few minutes Sorenson said, "Well, here we are."

They sauntered through a garden among spindle trees. The big house looked warm, carefree. It had nothing to do with what was going on in the Chinese-administered district. A jazz band was playing, the traps prominent. Delbanca met them in the lobby, bowed unctuously from a corseted waist: an elegant perfumed man with soft treacherous eyes and dazzling buck teeth. A Chinese girl took Sorenson's hat and coat. Hilda went to the dressing room.

Delbanca dropped his voice close against Sorenson's shoulder: "I hear the betting's swung hard against the Nineteenth Route."

"You didn't think it wouldn't, did you?"

"What do you think the treaty powers will do about it?"

"Exchange notes. Exchange more notes. Still more notes. The more the merrier. That big fellow you hear every now and then is a railway gun."

"Oh, is that what it is? Ten to one the concussion will spoil my best vintage wines."

"I don't mind a bit," said Sorenson.

Hilda reappeared.

"Ah—m-m," he murmured, striding possessively toward her.

"Do you mind if we skip the bar, Cass?"

"Not at all."

A small bulletheaded man came drumming his heels out of the bar, carrying his nose glasses between thumb and index finger. He was sixty-odd, but solid, alert.

"Dr. Braithwaite, how are you?" Hilda said, stoppin

"Eh?" he grunted, putting on his glasses; then: " yes. Oh, Hilda." He clapped a chubby hand over hers, s tautly out of the side of his mouth, "How about Alec

Her mouth drooped. "I was about to ask you."

He shook his head. "I said all I could, child. It seems to be out of our hands." He pressed her hand, released it, stepped back. "How do you do, Mr. Sorenson?"

Before Sorenson could reply Braithwaite turned rudely on his heel and trotted off.

Sorenson chuckled dryly. "The man doesn't like me. Strange!"

"Not you, Cass. What you stand for: your business."

"Oh, the sentimental ass!"

When they were seated in an intimate alcove off the dining room with cocktails between them, Sorenson said, "You're not yourself tonight, Hilda."

"Silly."

"Silly yourself." He leaned on his elbows, searching her face with a touch of anger in his eyes. He muttered, "Alec?"

Her face looked cool, beautiful. Her shoulders were white, soft, and she had an exquisite back. She turned her profile toward him, saying, "The guns frighten me, I suppose."

FREDERICK NEBEL

likes the theater, tobacco in all its forms, brunettes — preferably well dressed — good food, and breakfast by himself. He dislikes literati, intense Christians, and rudeness. He loves the ridiculous and bad puns. He started to write at twenty-two, ten years ago. This and world-wandering have kept him busy ever since.

His mouth hardened. "I don't like having this ghost between us, Hilda. He takes a runout powder on you, and still you—" He broke off with a small exasperated growl; added, "I thought you had pride."

Her eyes moved coolly across his face and wandered on.

"Your profile is lovely, my dear," he said, "but I much prefer you fullface."

She looked fullface at him but without expression.

His nose hung like a knife blade between his sultry arrogant eyes. "Men like Alec," he said, "are not meant for women like you. You're too sumptuous. You're not meant for a man with schoolboy ideals."

She said quietly, "Do you mind dancing with me, Cass?"

They waltzed. Sorenson, holding her close, said into her ear, "Only a short time ago you said you were through with him."

"That was the night I almost went to your apartment with you, too. Can't you understand a woman's madness?"

He pressed her hand. "I bought a marvelous piece of jade today in the Avenue of the Two Republics. I'd like you to come up later and see—"

"Cass, you're holding me too tightly—really."

"Say it's all over with him."

She sighed. "I wish I knew my own heart."

Near by, at one of the tables, she heard a man's low voice say, "Why, that's Cass Sorenson. You know—Sorenson Arms and Ammunition. One of the sons. This little war's making him a millionaire and—" The cymbals crashed. "She? Hilda Callahan. One of those social butterflies. I hear her husband left her. The doctor. They were on a round-the-world trip."

Hilda didn't bat an eye.

Delbanca came up to Sorenson's elbow and said, "I'm sorry to interrupt you, Mr. Sorenson, but there's a man wants to see you."

"Who is he?"

"I don't know. Small man. Red hair."

Sorenson danced with Hilda back to their table. "Excuse me, darling," he said. "I won't be a minute."

SHE hardly heard him. There was a hard constricted feeling in her chest; and though her head moved from time to time and her eyes seemed to take an interest in the dancers, she actually saw nothing—only a vibrant haze. "One of those social butterflies." She drew her wrap round her shoulders. "I heard her husband left her." Her heart seemed to turn over slowly, heavily, like a log in water.

The distant guns had started again and she was aware of the small table lamp shivering. The band increased its tempo, trying to drown the sound of the guns. The dancers quickened their steps.

Hilda felt her scalp tighten. She rose suddenly and circled the room and went across the lounge and into the dressing room. Her lips broke, shook, as she took hold of the telephone.

When Sorenson returned to the table, his face white, there was a glassy look in his eyes. The color had drained from his cheeks and his chin appeared to have receded. He reached for his cigarette case, which lay open on the table; knocked over a tumbler of water. He recoiled as though struck. It was not until then that he realized Hilda was not at the table. He sat down, lit a cigarette. He looked at his hand. It was shaking.

Delbanca came over, said, "Mrs. Callahan left."

Sorenson looked up, his eyes out of focus.

"Left—she left," repeated Delbanca slowly. "Hadn't you better follow? The streets are no place for a woman at—" He stopped: it was some strange twisted look in Sorenson's eyes that stopped him. He saw moisture on Sorenson's lower lip.

"Bring me a double Martini," said Sorenson.

Delbanca closed his face, put his heels together, dipped his head. He strode off, his eyes sliding across Sorenson's head. To the barman he said, "Double Martini, Guido. He'll need more than that." . . .

Hilda was cold with fear. But it was the kind of fear that hones the senses to abnormal sharpness. Ultimately she must get to her husband; arrive on her feet, unharmed.

She had not seen him in five days. At that time she had come by this same route, riding on the seat of an ambulance, in broad daylight. And she had seen him from a distance, from a shadowy doorway. But her nerve had failed and she had gone away without speaking to him. Merely to have seen him alive, standing, had helped her.

NOW she wore an old belted slicker, its collar turned up and strapped across her mouth, and a beret, with her hair crammed inside it; breeches and riding boots. It was a half-hearted attempt to disguise herself as a man. Futile. Her woman's shape refused to submit to such artifice.

The dark Chapei alley down which she crept was choked with debris: shattered house walls, glass. She gained a wider street and saw far down at the end of it tongues and balloons of flame. The clop of hoofs drove her into a broken doorway and she saw a file of horsemen weave past, their sabers flashing. Thunder bounced in the street and the concussion hit her in the chest like a blow and knocked her down. Soot and plaster fell upon her face. She sat for five minutes in the doorway, stricken.

When she crept on, her eyes bright and watchful as a cornered cat's, the tongues of flame were leaping higher. Somewhere beyond the near walls a machine gun cut loose with sound like a tin boiler being violently drummed upon. She drew her breath up into her throat, stepped gingerly over a dead man.

Down at the end of the street people were streaming past. Rickshas bounced. The glow of the flames laved the surging crowd. Dogs yelped. Hilda was caught up in the boiling stream, snapped and whipped along in its undercurrent for terrifying seconds; until, knowing not quite how, she found herself inert against a broken wall. A grimace froze on her face as she watched the horde sweep past. Not all of them looked horrified. Many appeared numb, detached, carrying their possessions on their backs, unmindful of being knocked about.

But this was the street. Hilda remembered it now. She moved on, struggling to keep to the outer eddies. She came to the narrow side street. Yellow soldiers in bulky misshapen uniforms were barring the side street, waving the crowd on. But Hilda got through.

There was an ambulance parked in front of the umbrella shop. She had been terrified lest she should find it in ruins. Through the doorway she caught a glimpse of Alec's face as it dipped beneath a lantern. She entered slowly, a strange peaceful mist in her eyes. Before her appeared a small man in civilian clothes—Chinese, his black hair clipped close to his head, his eyes curious behind gold-rimmed spectacles. She remembered: Dr. Tsao.

Then Callahan saw her as he was lighting a cigarette. His eyes looked bloodshot in the flare of the match. The stubble on his big face was black and wiry and his hair was matted and unkempt. He was a burly man with heavy powerful arms. He got his cigarette going, took it from his mouth in order to blow out the match, and continued to regard his wife as though she were a puzzle that aroused his reason, not his emotions. She came up to him and put her hand on his bare forearm and gave a small happy sigh. She looked down at his arm and patted it, rubbed her hand up and down it dreamily.

His Adam's apple moved in his throat but his face did not change expression. He shifted, took hold of her arm and guided her among the wounded, through a door, into a cubbyhole where a lantern stood on a littered desk. He kicked some books off a chair, turned her round and set her down. With his right hand he brushed rubbish off a corner of the desk and sat there, one leg planted against the floor, the other dangling. She caught his hand as it swung round and kissed it, making a small sound in her throat.

He muttered, "How'd you get here?"

"Walked."

"Where from?"

"The hotel—the Settlement."

He jammed his chin down hard against his chest and rubbed the back of his neck slowly with his hand. He brought his hand up over his head and down across his face, raising his face at the same time and wagging his head hopelessly.

"You crazy, Hilda?" he asked suddenly in a low bitter voice.

She bent over and laid her cheek on his knee and stared at the bottom of the door. "I should have gone mad if I hadn't come. I can't help it if I love you so, Alec. What's happened to you—or me?"

"Nothing to you."

"Why did you leave me?" she sighed.

"I came where I felt I was needed. I needed this."

"It wasn't Cass Sorenson?"

"No."

"I've been going places with him, Alec."

"I know."

"I took his part that day at the party when you told him he was a scavenger."

"I said his trade was a scavenger's."

"But you never liked him. Was it only because of his business, Alec?"

"I suppose that helped. Mainly I didn't like his guts."

"YOU knew he meant nothing to me." She was silent for a moment, and then she said on a new breath, "Alec, for over a year now, almost two, there's been a part of you missing. I know you had that breakdown, but I thought this round-the-world trip was pulling you together again. And a month ago we came to Shanghai. We were to have left a week later, and then suddenly you felt this—need." She sat up and stared soberly at him.

He nodded.

She said, "I begged you not to do it—it was so dangerous. I said I couldn't understand your wanting to come over here among these people. No one in the International Settlement who knows us can understand it."

"No one would," he said grimly. "It was something I had to do, Hilda. Reason has nothing to do with it. I didn't love you less when I did it."

"Oh, how much I love you, Alec! How much I don't want you to be killed because I love you so!"

He rose abruptly, his lips lashed tight together. She rose too, facing him.

"My love gets in your way!" she cried.

His hands clapped down on her shoulders. "Don't say that!" he ripped out. Instantly his voice dropped. "Don't say that, Hilda. It's not true."

"It is. Sometime, somewhere, I've done something—"

He shook his head. "Nothing, Hilda. Come. I'll try to get an escort together—get you back."

"NO." She put a hand against his chest. "Listen, Alec. I shouldn't have come to you like this if I didn't feel you loved me as much as I love you. Alec, listen. Tonight I was at the Siamese Cat with Cass. We were dancing. People were talking about me. I heard them. Do you know what they called me? A social butterfly. They said—"

"Nonsense," Callahan grunted.

"No. Not nonsense. True. And it went through me like a knife. And I remembered the day three weeks ago when you came to me and said you were going over and work among the wounded. I blew up. Do you remember how I blew up?" She gripped his arm. "And now, this is honest: At the time I didn't think particularly of your being killed. I had no idea what conditions over here were like. I assumed you'd be in a regular hospital which the guns never fired on. I didn't know. So help me, Alec, this is true! I went into a transport of rage because, for what seemed to me then to be a silly, stupid reason, you were deliberately breaking up our plans: the social engagements in Peiping, Tokyo, Kobe, Manila. I hated you when you walked out on me. I almost threw myself at Cass Sorenson. And that chance remark at the Siamese Cat—No, I didn't realize all this instantly. But that remark was the spark, the one thing necessary to set me off—for its truth—its utter shocking truth."

He shook her. "No, sweetheart. No."

"Yes," she said quietly, gravely. She shook her head. "But it's not true of me now; it hasn't been, really, for days. I've been in agony, darling—worrying about you!"

"There's no danger, Hilda."

"I have eyes to see. I've heard things."

"You must go back. I'll get an escort."

"No, Alec. I came here to be with you, stay with you."

"Hilda, you can't."

"I'm here, Alec."

He looked into her face. He did not smile. Presently he dropped his eyes, crossed slowly to a corner, and put on his overcoat. From a pile of steel helmets on the floor he picked two, put

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one on his own head, one on Hilda's saying: " A little protection anyhow."

" Where are we going? "

There were several automatic pistols lying on the desk. He took one, made sure it was loaded, and thrust it into his overcoat pocket. He also took a flashlight.

" Come on," he said, and opened the door.

He led her through alleys with which he had become familiar during his many searches for the wounded. Fallen timbers and great mounds of debris clogged the alleys, and when he meant to carry her she shook her head. They huddled in a hallway while waiting for a squad of drunken soldiers to go by. The soldiers were robbing the dead. Callahan crouched with his gun in his hand. You could never tell. When he saw the way was clear, heard no near-by sound, he led Hilda out. A block ahead there was an explosion that knocked them down. He picked her up, asked, " All right? " She replied, " All right." They made their way past burning buildings, dodging the embers. Turning a corner, hands still clasped together, they came upon street fighting. Callahan pulled Hilda back, walked fast with her a matter of ten paces, and snapped on his flashlight.

" In here," he said.

They pushed into a shop; crouched side by side, wordless. Stray bullets were clipping into the building on the corner. Presently they saw dim figures reeling by. There was a pause, then other figures appeared, firing after those who had fled. Callahan waited five minutes.

" I'll look," he said, rising.

As he stepped to the door, his pistol in hand, a soldier reared before him, raised his rifle. Callahan pressed the trigger, but his automatic did not go off. The second time he pressed it, the trigger jammed. The rifle flamed as Callahan dived for the soldier's legs, brought him down, fell heavily upon him, and knocked him senseless with a blow of the automatic.

Rising, he swung around. He saw Hilda lying in the doorway and rushed toward her, his boots scraping.

" Oh, Alec—"

He sprayed the flashlight's beam on her face. He cried in a low voice, " All right? "

She shook her head weakly. " No."

He moved her into the shop, propped the flashlight on a bench, and unbuttoned her slicker. There was blood on her blouse, near the waist.

" My darling," he mumbled.

She nodded faintly. " My darling—"

He did what he could to stop the flow of blood.

" I won't faint, Alec."

She fainted.

He picked her up and carried her out of the shop. He did not rush headlong, he did not stumble. His big feet fell into a measured deliberate gait. He knew where he was going and meant to get there.

He carried her into the hospital in the International Settlement, and Mackinson turned from the desk, fixed him with a formal clinical stare.

" Mackinson—get Braithwaite."

Mackinson's eyebrows shot upward in explosive recognition. " My dear Callahan! Why, my dear fellow! "

" O. K. O. K. Get Braithwaite."

Mackinson, a tall purse-lipped man who seemed habitually on the point of falling over backward, pointed and chirped, " But who—who—"

" My wife, you damned idiot! "

" Oh, really! Braithwaite! Yes, of course! "

" Good cur-ripes! "

Callahan's legs were giving way and Hilda was slipping from his arms. Two orderlies appeared and took her from him. He let himself bang down upon a chair and his knees fell outward, his boots resting clumsily on the outer edges of their soles.

BRAITHWAITE came drumming his heels across the floor and carrying his nose glasses between thumb and index finger, shoulder-high. He put them on and leaned far over to peer at Callahan.

" Eh? You hurt? "

" Hilda, Sam. I think she got it in the gut. I'm no good. Take her."

" Right! "

Mackinson ran after Braithwaite, returned in a few minutes to lean over and say to Callahan, " Would you like a drink? "

" Thanks, no. I— Yes, I would."

" How about my office? "

Callahan growled, " What's the matter with here? " And then he got slowly to his feet, laid his heavy hand on Mackinson's shoulder. " I'm sorry, Mack. Of course—your office."

Mackinson, full of popeyed concern, led Callahan into his small neat office, steered him anxiously into a comfortable chair. Saying, " You'd better—" he removed the helmet from Callahan's head. Then he poured four fingers of Scotch into a tumbler, handed the tumbler to Callahan, and poured two fingers for himself.

Callahan sloshed the whisky round in the glass, raised it, said, " To you, Mack."

" To—if I may say so—your wife."

Callahan smiled grotesquely at his glass. " You're right. To Hilda." And under his breath, " God love her! " He drank the whisky neat and said, " How about another? I never used the stuff, Mack—much—until now. Ergo, an anodyne—maybe."

" It helps."

" Let's see."

He was alone an hour later when Braithwaite drummed in, polishing his glasses.

" H'm, there you are, Alec."

" How's she? "

" The chances are even."

" Cagey, you are." Callahan withdrew the automatic which had failed him and Braithwaite pounced upon it.

" Alec! "

" Don't misunderstand me, Sam. I've a good one at home if I need it." He pushed away Braithwaite's hand and said, " This pretty piece of junk caused it."

" No. It was a rifle bullet."

" Of course. But had this worked I'd have put two bullets in the fellow before he could have fired once. It

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conked." He slapped it into his left palm and a small sliver of metal fell away. He stared down at the engraving on the barrel, chuckled sardonically. "Sorenson Arms. Cheap. Spurious. Somewhat like the son." He glared up at Braithwaite. "Don't think the Chinese haven't found out. I saw a hundred of them slaughtered because the guns they were using cracked up on them, or the cartridges failed to go off. Sorenson's guns and ammunition. While the old lecher is photographed among his famous peonies and his son struts around Shanghai laughing at sentiment! How I ever came to pick the gun up, I don't know. If Hilda dies—"

"Sh! She won't. Depend on me."

Callahan laid his head against Braithwaite's arm. "God knows I do, Sam," he said in a guttural voice. He rubbed the back of his hand across his nose, shook his head. "No use blaming it on Sorenson. About the gun, I mean—and Hilda getting shot." He poked himself in the chest. "My own fault."

"Alec, Alec!" Braithwaite murmured.

"No kidding. She came after me tonight, Sam. Through all that hell in Chapei. Me. After me. Listen. Do you think I went over there because I held any profound love for the heathen Chinee? That's what *I* believed. No; made myself believe. But it wasn't that. Hell, no."

He scowled up at Braithwaite. "It was my conscience, fella. I felt I had to punish myself for something—something—" He broke off and stared morosely at the floor, then went on slowly: "Something gets all of us at one time or another, I guess. And it doesn't have to be a big thing. Sometimes it's something so small that other men never know, they never realize. I can tell you this because you're like my brother, Sam. I've got to tell you. Maybe I should have told you a long time ago."

"ALEC, why don't you lie down?"

"You or some one equally close. Not Hilda. Never Hilda." He scoffed at something still unexpressed. "Overwork never caused my breakdown. Listen. I had a rendezvous with Hilda. She'd been away a month and the night she came back I wanted to be with her. She'd called me on long distance and said, 'Alec, tonight must be ours.' You don't know how she can say a thing like that, Sam. . . . So, as I was just about to leave for the train to meet her, the phone rang. I knew it wasn't Hilda because she was on the train, arriving. I knew what it was: the hospital. And I looked at the phone and let it ring. I figured McCall was there. 'Why, of course,' I told myself, 'McCall's there, if it's a major.' So I let it ring. I left and went off to be with Hilda."

He stood up and spread his heavy legs and hung his thumbs on his belt and stared hard at Braithwaite. "Next day I found McCall hadn't been there. Bright was there—a mug if ever there was one. He bungled the job. The lad died. It was a lad I'd known all my life, and he'd begged them to get me, and they tried and tried and I let the phone ring and went off to be with Hilda. You can lie to all the people in the world, Sam, but you can't lie to yourself. So it got me. It knocked the props from under me. It simmered inside me on this cockeyed nervous-breakdown sedative called a round-the-world trip. And then I got here—just for a stopover. I saw those poor slobs over there dying by the hundreds for lack of medical aid. I took to it like a drug."

BRAITHWAITE said with a half-smile, "Did it cure you?"

"Uh-uh. Not that. Tonight—Hilda's getting shot. I was doubting whether she loved me enough, whether her love was worth what I did that night a couple of years ago. I know now. It is. Stick with her, will you?"

"What a question, Alec!" Braithwaite took hold of his arm, wagged it. "Now why don't you go home?"

"I'll hang around. Only"—he hefted the automatic—"I'd like to bash in Sorenson's smug face."

Braithwaite shook his head. "No need. He's upstairs. He was shot four times by a couple of students outside the Siamese Cat tonight. None fatal."

"Pity!"

"I spoke with Delbanca."

"Hilda was there with Sorenson. It must have happened afterward."

"It did. I met them there. I'd dropped in for a highball on my way here. Delbanca told me that one of Sorenson's men came there, and that whatever he told Sorenson—well, Delbanca said you never saw a man go so dead white. It was while Sorenson was closeted with his man that Hilda sneaked away. When Sorenson returned to their table she was gone. Delbanca told him that Hilda had left, and suggested he follow and escort her, because of the danger in the streets. Delbanca said to me, 'I looked into his eyes and saw clean down to his boots. There was nothing inside the man.' Sorenson was afraid to go out because he had been warned some men were lying in wait to kill him—because of the rotten materials he'd been selling the troops. Later, drunk to the ears, he crept out. They nailed him. Curious—isn't it, Alec?—that if he hadn't funked he might have followed Hilda and prevented her from blundering across into Chapei. And finding you."

"Curious."

Callahan did not see his wife until noon next day. He sat down on a chair beside the bed. Hilda smiled and moved her hand across the coverlet. He took it in his left hand and placed his right on top of it. The shadow which had masked his face for so many months appeared now to have gone away.

He was saying, "I'd kiss you, sweetheart, but Braithwaite says no can do—yet."

"Kiss me anyhow, Alec."

THE END

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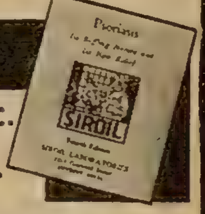

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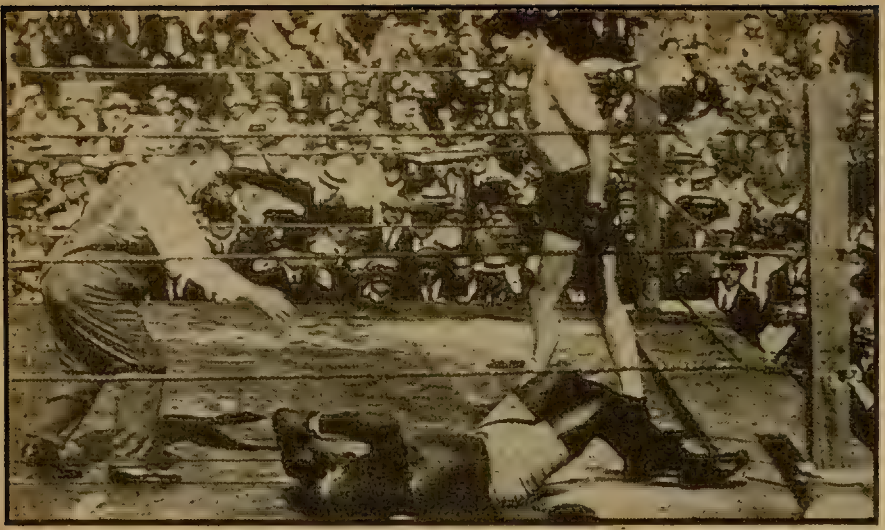
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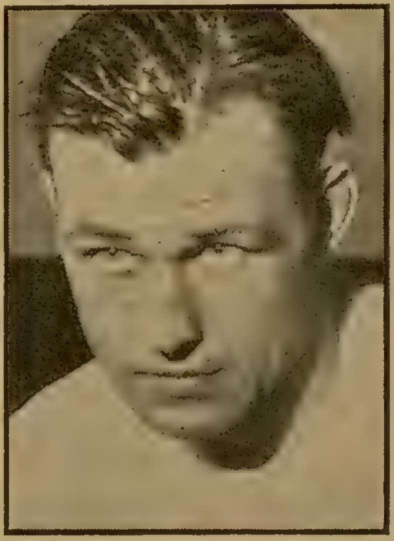
Jack Johnson—"lying comfortably, his gloves shading his eyes from the sun"—loses his title to Willard.

Jim Braddock "will make us proud to have known him."


Jack Sharkey "was the type to make Carnera look good."

IF Jack Johnson doesn't like that crack I made recently in Liberty about him "retiring" to Jess Willard, let him take the matter up with Jack Curley, who arranged and promoted the fight that Good Friday afternoon of 1915 in Havana. It's Curley's story, not mine.

He had seen the great Negro so unmercifully beat up Jim Flynn at Las Vegas that the police had to jump in and stop it to save Flynn. Yet, when the pair were broken out of their final clinch, it was Johnson, the winner by a technical knockout, who stood on tottering legs and stumbled on his way to the corner.

"That was enough for me," Curley said later. "I knew Johnson's legs were gone and he was ready to be taken by any young big man who could stay with him long enough to wear his feet out. After canvassing the field in my mind, I finally sent a wire to Jess Willard on the Coast."

Jess offered to come halfway for a talk, so they met at Kansas City—on the platform of the railroad depot. There the contract was signed on a baggage truck!

"I told Willard I could get him Johnson," Curley recollected. "We shook hands on it in a few minutes; then Willard turned around and took the next train for California without even waiting for a sandwich and coffee."

Telling Willard that he could have Johnson was one thing. Getting Johnson was another. Curley had to go all the way to London for a talk with him. They met in a hotel suite as Johnson was just sitting down to one of his favorite meals, with pork chops the principal feature. He wanted to know what Curley had on his mind.

"I have a guy who can lick you, Jack," Curley said quietly—then sat back and waited for the explosion.

It came in a resounding guffaw. Johnson thought his friend Curley was telling one of his funny stories. When he heard the man was Willard, he was sure of it.

That's all Curley wanted. He knew Johnson wouldn't take any match he figured might run him out of the title. They haggled for a while, but by that time Johnson was lost. He thought that if he took this fight the charges against him would be dropped and he could come back to the States to live.

The fight never got near the United States, there being no chance to convince the government that Johnson was just a big misunderstood boy, or something. It finally landed in Havana—and Johnson finally landed on his elbow in the twenty-sixth round, a tired old man who could go no further.

All along he had been confident that the big white man was a soft touch. But at the end his sublime faith began to waver a little. Maybe Curley's repeated warnings had something to do with this. "This fellow's going to beat you, Jack," Curley kept telling him right up to the morning of the fight; and suddenly, only an hour or so before noon, Johnson directed that his guaranty be paid over at once—and to his white wife!

"She'll take care of it," he said hurriedly. "Give it to her now—in cash. No cash, no fight!"

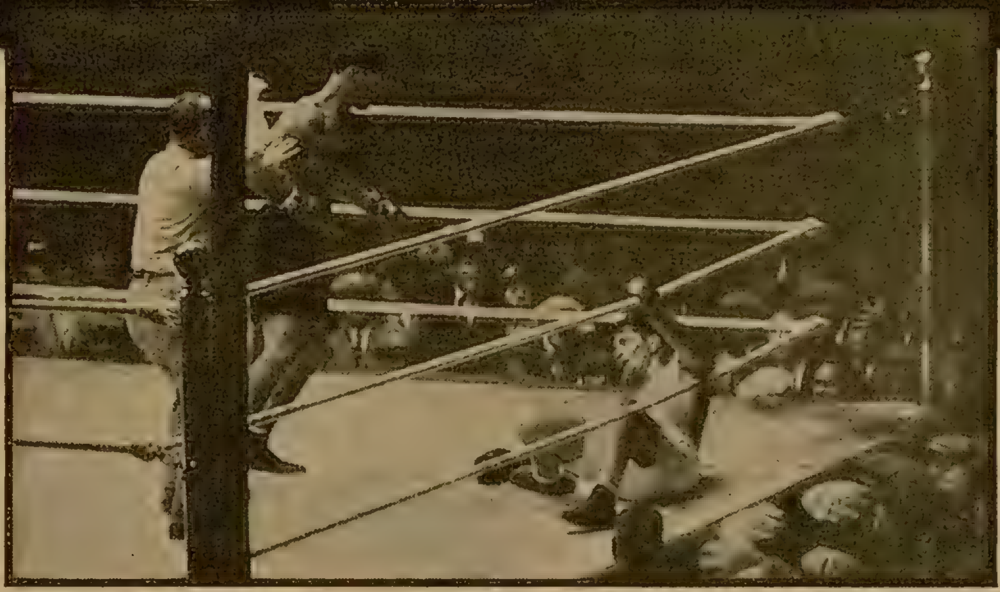
She sat at the ringside that day with all the money on her; and when, along about the twentieth round, Johnson saw he was through, he signaled for her to leave. Less than twenty-five minutes later he was lying comfortably on the ring floor, with his huge gloves shading his eyes from the tropical sun—and the honor of the white race had been avenged.

The average heavyweight champion lasts about five years, and Johnson had been around a long time. Anyhow, don't tell me he dived. He himself has said so in a book he was supposed to have written. But nobody is crazy enough to go all the way through twenty-six tough rounds before losing by prearrangement. He'd do it in the second or third and get it all over with.

Willard turned out to be a pretty good fighter but a bad champion. He made one fight with Frank Moran in New York—and then, on July 4, 1919, at Toledo, he came

Jack Dempsey met Luis Firpo in "the greatest branniganeverstaged."

Joe Humphreys raising Max Baer's hand after Baer K.O.'d Schmeling.



Tunney floored by Dempsey for the famous long count. "Why wasn't something done about it at the time?" Joe inquires.

up against a young stroke of lightning by the name of Jack Dempsey.

Willard hardly got his hands up before he was mowed down six or seven times. The bell saved him in the first round, but the Dempsey people didn't hear it and left the ring thinking they'd won. But by that time Willard's face almost looked like nothing human. He refused to leave his corner for the fourth round.

Dempsey was the kind to stop traffic wherever he went. He still is. There's something magnetic about the man; you're glad to see him and he's glad to see you—and, oh, how he could punch!

WHY, if he hadn't been careful that day in 1921 at Jersey City, he might have killed Carpentier. The Frenchman never had a chance. A little man weighing not more than 175, and fragile except for his well developed legs, he had left his best fight back there along the trail when, as a kid, he was fighting Willie Lewis, Klaus, Jeannette, and other tough ones.

Jack Dempsey, "with a pulled punch," knocks out Carpentier.

They say Rickard asked Jack to go easy and "give the folks a run." As to that I can't say. I can and do say, however, that Dempsey knocked out Carpentier *with a pulled punch.* He caught it just in time, so that it didn't have everything behind it. Otherwise, I'm convinced that Carpentier would have been killed.

That would have been a superb thing, wouldn't it, in front of that 90,000 crowd? Dempsey was in far from a comfortable spot as it was. There had been draft-evasion charges against him, while Carpentier had been a soldier of France—and don't forget that people were still a little hysterical about the war in 1921.

So the 90,000 cheered Carpentier and roundly booed the champion—and his camp actually blamed me for it! They claimed that I had been too generous and too flattering in my introduction of Carpentier and that this had stirred everybody up. Actually I gave both men a fair shake, as I always do.

Dempsey wasn't tested a minute that day, even by that right hand he blocked neatly with his chin in the second round. Neither could Billy Miske, a dying man, give him much of a workout in Michigan. So we all got to thinking he was unbeatable. But I wonder now if, all the time, he wasn't on his way downhill from that high peak at Toledo. He had to go twelve rounds before he could stop Bill Brennan at the Garden and almost got one ear torn off. He went out to Shelby to fight Tom Gibbons, strictly a nonpuncher, and the fight went the limit of fifteen rounds.

Oh, I know there have been stories that Gibbons was "carried"; but, believe me, Dempsey never carried anybody. The stories just went to show how we felt about him. If his opponent didn't go to the hospital, we thought it was a phony.

Less than three months later he was in the midst of the greatest brannigan ever staged under the statutes of the late Marquis of Queensberry.

The place was the Polo Grounds, New York; the time, September, 1923; the opponent, Luis Angel Firpo, a fearsome-looking guy from the Argentine who had so much hair on his chest that it looked like a beard.

But before this drama could be enacted there had to be a progressive build-up from the time Firpo, a bottle washer in South America, arrived here. One by one he stretched out a succession of opponents with his terrible right to the chin. Bill Brennan was one, and he was a good fighter. He would have been considered almost great today. Old Jess Willard was another.

As Brennan so aptly put it in describing Firpo's toughness: "I couldn't do a thing with the guy. Why, he's absolutely *inhuman* to punishment."

So this was the bloke, in a bathrobe with checks as big as a chessboard's, that Dempsey came into New York to fight a few weeks after the Shelby meeting with Gibbons. And it was in those weeks that Dempsey and Kearns split out, never to be reunited.

The Firpo fight has been described and redescribed in hundreds of thousands of words. But a few of mine won't be amiss, since what I have to say is appearing in print for the first time.

A certain boxing commissioner, with authority to do exactly as he wished, planned to *stop that fight at the end of the second round.* He admitted as much later.

He felt, he said, that a riot would ensue if the berserk business was allowed to proceed. So he meant to have me step up there in the ring at the end of two rounds,

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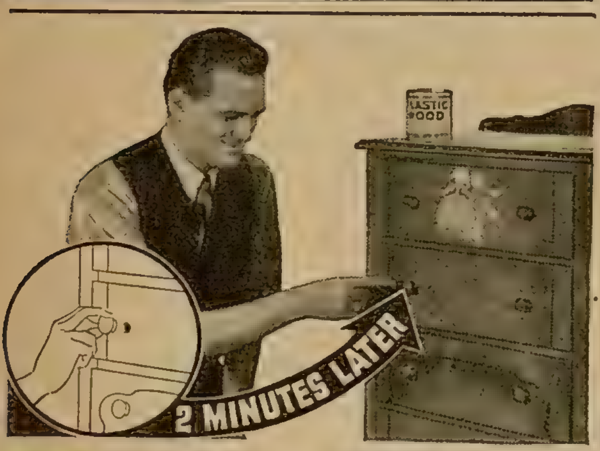

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PLASTIC WOOD

with 90,000 raving people and more than a million dollars in the house, and tell them that there wasn't going to be any more!

You can imagine the full-fledged riot we *would* have had following an announcement of this kind:

"The fight is over, folks. You're out there blathering like a lot of maniacs, and we admit this is the greatest fight of history. But it's all over. We're doing this for your good."

So Dempsey not only saved himself that night: he saved a lot of us. He simply walked out at the start of the second round and went over Firpo like an estimate, Luis being down once and down and out the second time in less than a minute.

But what a minute that was! As Dempsey scored the first knockdown of this round—and his eighth of the fight—he was so weak and dazed he turned his back on Firpo and went reeling along the ropes, staring out over the crowd with sightless eyes. He was a mark for a knockout himself, and I can still hear Jim Corbett's alarmed shout from the press row: "Look out, Jack! Look out! He's getting up."

I doubt if Dempsey heard it, but fighting, with Jack, was instinctive. He turned in time to meet Firpo's rush, landed a left and right—and it was all over.

Everybody, of course, knows that Dempsey was on his knees for a flash knockdown with the first punch of the fight; that he then knocked the Argentine down seven times and was himself knocked through the ropes just before the close of the greatest round in history. What they don't know is that Dempsey barely left his corner for the second round. The minute's rest was almost up before he came out of his stupor with a start.

"I LOOKED across the ring," he said later, "and there I saw this big guy stretched out and staring up at the stars. He looked like something that had climbed down out of a tree, and, groggy as I was, I knew I had to go out there and finish him quickly—or be finished."

On the way up the aisle afterward, Kearns was jubilant. "Great fight, Jack!" he hollered in Dempsey's ear. But Dempsey was still pretty much in the ether. "Who won?" he asked dully.

The next time he fought, he didn't have to ask. All he could do, in fact, was ask Gene Normile, his manager at that time, to lead him out to the center of the ring so that he could congratulate Gene Tunney, the new champion. He was practically sightless from Tunney's punches.

Gene Tunney had made himself a great fighter through sheer force of will. He was only a preliminary boy on the card the day Dempsey knocked out Carpentier, but slowly and doggedly he overcame the handicap of bad hands and a physique that had been originally intended for a light-heavyweight.

His last important gesture before the Dempsey meeting came that hot summer night in 1925 when he knocked out Tom Gibbons. There have been stories about that fight, but they run down the middle of the street with me. Tunney was a perfect fighter that night.

We didn't know it, though, until he licked Dempsey twice. I won't say he knew he was going to do this. I will say that no man ever calculated the thing more sanely or reduced the chance of failure to a lower minimum.

"Dempsey's style convinced me that I could beat him," Tunney explained later. "You see, I figured the others had made a mistake. They all tried to hit him on the chin, and that was almost impossible. He kept his chin buried down under his shoulder and fought from a crouch. This naturally exposed the top of his head, and I figured that ten punches on the temples were worth more than one missed punch for the chin. The temple, you see, is a very vulnerable point. If you hit a man there enough times, he'll go out just as though you had hit him full on the point of the chin. I didn't hit Dempsey quite enough times—but almost."

DEMPSEY probably will agree to that. Those fights in Philadelphia and Chicago grossed more than $4,000,000 and there was at least two million more coming up for the third meeting. But it never took place. All the millions in the world couldn't pay Dempsey for his eyesight. Those temple punches were almost as definitely dangerous to the vision as a flask of vitriol.

Of the twenty rounds fought, Dempsey could only reasonably be given two—the fourth in Philadelphia and the seventh in Chicago. The fourth in Philadelphia caused a lot of noise. People said Dempsey had nailed Tunney on the ropes with a punch that landed on the Adam's apple—and then had stepped back. They thought this meant that Dempsey was "carrying" Tunney.

Carrying a man who was stabbing your eyes out and leaving one side of your head looking like it had finished fifth in a collision with a paving block? Dempsey stepped back, yes; but I know why he did. Tunney's knees were almost on the floor, and Jack was afraid that if he kept punching he'd lose on a foul.

The Chicago fight the following year was not to be a repetition of this one if Dempsey could help it. He was going to gamble everything on one punch! By this time the Silver Fox, the late Leo P. Flynn, had him in charge, and together they plotted Tunney's undoing. Dempsey was to lay back and make Tunney lead. Tunney was bound to lead with a lot of straight lefts.

The Dempsey punch was to be a slightly downward right cross to the chin over Tunney's left. It came in the seventh round, and Gene was definitely hurt. Before he could recover, six more lefts and rights drove him into the ropes and finally to the floor.

The rest is a matter of record. Tunney seemed all out at "five," but Dempsey went to the wrong corner and while Referee Dave Barry was straightening him out a lot of time was lost.

As a matter of fact, when Barry finally was ready to count, he started at "one."

This naturally did Dempsey no good. But give Tunney credit. Any man hit that number of times on the chin with Dempsey's Sunday punch might figure to be out for fourteen minutes! And give him credit for this, too: The first punch, after he got off the floor, was struck by Tunney. It was a right uppercut that halted Dempsey in his tracks.

Both men, in fact, have a lot of argument on their side. It is a fact that Barry gave Dempsey none the better of it at any time, especially in the seventh round. It is also a fact that Tunney leaped pretty nimbly off the floor at "fourteen," or whatever it was, and was in complete possession of his faculties. At "ten" he might have been almost as good—but who knows what "almost" would have meant?

ANYHOW, if that count was so glaringly wrong, why wasn't something done about it at the time? Dempsey had one of the smartest men in boxing in his corner, but if Flynn raised a rumpus nobody heard him and there was no evidence of a protest between rounds.

As a matter of fact, there is every reason to believe that the famous long-count controversy only arose hours later, and, except for an incident in the dressing room, might possibly never have arisen at all.

A reporter, having cleaned up his story, went to Dempsey's dressing room for a statement, but found only Flynn and a few hangers-on remaining. There was ten to fifteen minutes of prattle about the fight and Dempsey's "tough luck" before Flynn seemed suddenly struck with an idea. "Sa-a-y," he broke in, looking at his listener in an appraising way. "Didn't you think that was a long count?"

The reporter said he did, and had written his story that way. That settled it! Flynn had found a confirming voice for an idea that had apparently been struggling for utterance. If it had occurred to him more promptly he would have canvassed the ringside, dinning it into reportorial ears.

As it was, he now lost no further time in rushing out on Michigan Boulevard to pass the good word along. Of course the reporters stressed the long-count angle, but it was Flynn who really made it stick. Yet I wonder to this day what would have happened if he had tried to take his man out of the ring in the seventh round!

Naturally, nobody thought of any such thing. I doubt if they even thought Barry's arithmetic was important; for few expected Tunney to get up—his eyes seemed so dead and glazed while Barry was ushering Dempsey from one corner to another.

Later, to hear them tell it, they were all so cool. Some even claimed to have pulled stop watches in order to tab the count. In a case like that, you might as reasonably expect a man to take out The Lives of the Saints and begin reading! Tunney, to his credit, was cooler than anybody else. He was there to take the full benefit of the count, whether it was fourteen seconds or fourteen minutes.

This was the second controversy in which Dempsey was involved within a matter of months, the other being the fair-or-foul thing with Jack Sharkey in New York. Sharkey had been winning for five rounds, but Dempsey began to come on in the sixth, and in the seventh he chugged a few right-handers at, near, or under the foul line. Your opinion is as good as mine on that point.

The next thing we know, anyhow, Sharkey had dropped his hands, ignoring one of the basic principles of the boxing code which says "protect yourself at all times." He even turned his head to protest to the referee—just as Dempsey's left hook landed on his chin.

That was all. But the whole town was agog with the question: Was Sharkey fouled or wasn't he? The referee did nothing but count him out—and right there you have one of the daffiest ideas ever presented.

Some of the reporters the next day said that Bill Duffy,

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REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

then a night-club proprietor, had won the fight for Dempsey; that Duffy had caught the referee's ear and made him instinctively obey by shouting in stentorian tones: "Count that man!" Do you suppose, with 80,000 people going mad, that the referee was able to hear Duffy? Not if he shot off a cannon!

If Sharkey felt he was victimized that night, he had more reason to complain a couple of years later when, in a championship fight, Max Schmeling subsided on the floor under a body punch in the fourth round and was declared the winner on a foul. Perhaps he was fouled; but the important thing was that the psychology of the claim was perfect.

There had been an epidemic of foul claims—this was the Phil Scott era—and the general uncertainty on this question was something that Joe Jacobs, Schmeling's manager, was glad to capitalize on.

A few years later the situation was reversed. This time—in my opinion—Sharkey lost but still won. Two out of three votes gave him the decision and the heavyweight championship he had chased so long.

After reading the slips, I headed toward Sharkey. He knew he had won then, and, always a highly emotional fellow, he collapsed into the ropes. Then, as I grabbed his hand to raise it in token of victory, he mumbled happily, "I've been waiting nine years to hear you say this!"

A year later he was champion no longer. He was knocked out by Primo Carnera with a right uppercut. I know a lot of writers didn't like this result, but maybe—I say maybe, because after sixty-odd years I'm not like a writer; I'm not sure of anything—they overlook the important angle of comparative styles.

SHARKEY was just the type to make Carnera look good. More than that, the final punch was a good one. Carnera, muscle-bound, might not be able to slug for his size. But one thing he could do. He could punch upward. All guys of that kind can. All their weight is below them.

It was a clean knockdown all right. Whether it was a clean knockout, only Sharkey and the Almighty know.

One year later Carnera was through, too. He met a fighter who didn't conform to his copybook style—a fighter who did things his own way. I'm talking about Max Baer in tones of extreme respect. At his best, I'd have rated him well up among them in any of the generations.

To famous heavyweights I've seen and known—up to but not including Joe Louis—my awards would go as follows: Jeffries was the fastest big man. Corbett and Tunney were the best boxers. Dempsey was the finest hitter and the most exciting to watch. Fitz was the perfect combination of hitting and boxing. Sullivan was a good tough heavyweight who could punch—and Jack Johnson was the peer of them all!

Believe me, he was. He was ten years past his prime when he used to work out with Firpo—and Luis hasn't hit him yet! At his best he was too good for boxers like Corbett and Tunney. Fitz was too small for him. About Jeff at his best I don't know. Willard, of course, was merely too young for the old champion. Dempsey would have kept him busy—but boxers always halter the Dempsey attack. And Johnson was a master. Tunney might have outboxed him. I doubt it—and if he hadn't it would have been just too bad.

The rest, outside of Baer, don't matter. Baer gave me one of my greatest thrills when he knocked Carnera down twelve times.

FOR the first time in years, a heavyweight championship fight was held without me when Max Baer and Jimmy Braddock met at the Garden Bowl in June. It seemed like the end to me. Illness had me flat on my back, and when the hour for the big moment arrived and I thought of the crowd and the lights and the noise, I admit that I felt a little choked up. So, I guess, the old fire horse must have felt the first time they sounded the alarm and then rolled off in a motortruck without him.

"Joe, old boy," I said to myself, "you're down—but maybe we'll get up before the count of ten."

Well, I did. Three months later I was back in there to introduce the principals in the Baer-Joe Louis fight at the Yankee Stadium. And I saw quite a fighter, on the order of the old-timers—a man who has brought the art of feinting back to boxing. Louis looked like a perfect fighter that night. He had every punch and knew exactly what to do with his hands, which is easily understandable. The man who made him, Jack Blackburn, is of the old school, and seems to know answers that a lot of us have forgotten through the years of humpty-dumpty fighting.

Baer? I think a lot of people blamed him unnecessarily. In the first place, he had left his fight back there among the primroses. In the second, it was silly to ask him to stand there and slug. Baer wasn't that kind of a puncher. He had to nail 'em from outside with that long right, and if he did—good night, Tosti.

He almost clipped Louis with one in the first minute, and it was his only chance. Twice when he tried to stand and slug, it was ruinous. The bell saved him in the first round, and he finished the third on his shoulder blades—licked by a better man.

Even Jim Braddock, the gallant old war horse, was a better man three months before. From all accounts, he made a mess out of Baer—and that should have been the tip-off on the Louis meeting.

For Braddock I can only say that I got the kick of a lifetime out of his winning of the title. His career is a Horatio Alger tale, and whatever the finish may be, he will make us all proud to have known him.

THE END

A Chorus Girl's Lectures on Etiquette

In This Issue: How to Keep a Roof Over Your Head and Have a Nice Place to Live Happily Ever After

by DOROTHY DAY

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 10 SECONDS

WHERE to live will always be a problem as long as it is considered conventional to live in a house (if you happen to be an Eskimo, igloo to you). Even the Indians had their tepees, and they used to throw housewarming parties every time they moved into a new one. Always good traders, the Indians originated the idea of these affairs, inviting their friends to come and make whoopee (this is the Indian word for Good Time, and is still used in some remote sections of the United States), and to bring with them some little present to help furnish the house.

We moderns still employ this method of obtaining trifles for the home. Hardly anybody ever brings a piano as a housewarming present, which is rather unfortunate if you happen to need a piano. But you can manage that too, if you are smart. When a gentleman asks you what you would like as a housewarming present, you can always say you need an egg beater or a piano. If you're very cute about it, the chances are he may bring the egg beater in person and send the piano around the next day.

Every time my gentleman friend called I would be in the garden among my flowers.

But first, let us take up the subject of getting a place to live before we have a housewarming. If you follow the dictates of etiquette, you may find yourself in a veritable palace, queening it over the other chorus girls who, crude lassies that they are, have to put up with a small penthouse at best.

I have given this from-garret-to-castle idea much thought and have worked it out practically and, since the proof is in the pudding, I will tell you what happened to me.

When I first came to New York I took a little room in a hotel. I was miserable. The fact that we used to have hot water at home only when we heated it ourselves didn't make any difference. I had taken on city ways the moment I hit Grand Central.

The first gentleman I met happened, of all things, to be in the real-estate business. I told him of my little hotel room and how I longed for a tiny apartment with maybe a little balcony where I could get some fresh air. He knew just the place in one of the apartment houses his firm owned, an odd coincidence, but then I'm always running into things like that.

I told him I was afraid I couldn't afford it, but he said he could get me a professional discount (I had a job in the chorus by that time, and people are always glad to give girls in the theater a professional discount), so the apartment didn't cost me any more than my hotel room. In fact I saved money, as my maid (I had to have a maid now that I had an apartment) could get my breakfasts for me, which was really cheaper than ordering them in the hotel!

But I grew restless—it's the gypsy in me, I guess—and soon discovered that I would like to live on the east side of town, which I had learned is considered more exclusive than Riverside Drive, and a girl cannot be too careful about having a good address anyway.

By this time I had met another gentleman who was crazy about raising flowers and was touched by my pathetic attempts to grow geraniums in the little boxes on my balcony. (The florist had to keep changing them for me all the time, by the way, which ran into money.) I discovered an apartment over on Sutton Place that had a little garden—a lovely apartment—a duplex this time. It was an old-fashioned house which had been converted, and the ground floor, with garden thrown in, was the downstairs of my future home.

I wistfully recounted what I could do with that garden, and my gentleman friend, loving the Burbank in me, was bound possessed I should have that garden. I said the idea was fantastic because I simply couldn't afford such a place. He insisted that if you kept wishing hard enough for anything it would come true. So I kept wishing and wishing, and sure enough he was right, because one day he arrived waving a piece of paper. It was a lease on the Sutton Place apartment—a little gift from one lover of flowers to another, he said.

Well, there I was with a garden on my hands, and I had never so much as raised a buttercup. So I telephoned a landscape gardener on Long Island, and he came in to see what could be done.

He was a very nice man too—for a tradesman—and I asked him in for a cocktail and to discuss the price of the job. Over our double Martinis I told him I guessed I would have to forego the pleasure of a garden as the amount he mentioned was far beyond me. But before we had finished the cocktail shaker full, he had decided that it could be done for my price, which was very reasonable, you may be sure. I think men are too, too smart, don't you?

Every time my gentleman friend called I would be in the garden among my flowers. I never mentioned the landscape gardener to him because he got such delight out of thinking I did all the work and I didn't want to spoil his fun. I really was never any good at digging anyway—at least not at digging in the ground.

When the lease was up my friend had a brilliant and charming idea. He knew of a little house in the country

ILLUSTRATION BY RUSSELL PATTERSON

which wouldn't cost any more than the apartment, with a beautiful garden, including everything from soup to nut trees.

I clapped my hands like a delighted child—and then my face fell apart. How would I get back and forth to the theater where I earned my daily bread? I always get trainsick, so I couldn't commute that way.

He, being a man with a marvelously quick mind, decided to pick up a little roadster for me the next time he went shopping. It was a lovely little imported number.

I enjoyed the simple country life, and I shared it with my poor tired sisters of the chorus every week end. We had some marvelous house parties, and such fun.

But I finally had to give it all up because my gentleman friend got to wanting to be there practically all the time. I was quite embarrassed about it, because, after all, it was his idea—the house was I mean, and the car and the garden and the swimming pool—but the trouble was with him; he kept getting ideas all the time and I just couldn't cope with him. So—back to New York.

After the house I found my small but smart apartment on Park Avenue very crowded—particularly when I would want to have a house party. It was almost indecent to have to pack one's guests into a place like that.

What I really needed was a Town House—an establishment, as they say abroad. And although I was acquainted with any number of gentlemen of wealth, naturally they did not carry houses around in their pockets like they could diamond bracelets and rings, to be presented with the dessert as a little token of their esteem. When they would say to themselves, "What can I give Polly?" they probably would never think of a house. So there I was, up against it. Anyway a house is really too large a present for a lady to accept, but she may accept the use of a house with perfect decorum. And that is where Mr. Merryweather comes in.

Mr. Merryweather was very recherché (which is ultra-swank to you) and lived in one of those fine old houses in the upper Sixties just off Fifth Avenue. Every time I went there for dinner I was impressed. I never saw so many butlers all at once outside the second act of a musical comedy.

I got to going there pretty regularly for dinner, because when I like people I like them, and Mr. Merryweather was the same way. One evening he told me he was going for a trip around the world. I was naturally very unhappy that our little tête-à-tête dinners would be no more. Of course you couldn't really call them tête-à-têtes, not with all those butlers hanging around and that portrait of Mr. Merryweather's grandpa staring down at you, but it was the only word I can think of at the moment.

Then I added that since I would miss him so much I would probably lose my appetite anyway and wouldn't be eating dinners. I was so good at my point that for an awful minute I was afraid Mr. Merryweather wouldn't go at all! I changed his mind for him though by telling him about all the fun I had in Paris the last time I was over, and it seems I had seen a few things he had missed.

Well, when it was decided again that he would really be going, I said what a shame it would be to have to close up his beautiful house. He told me he wouldn't close it up, on account of he had to have some place to store the butlers while he was gone.

"I'd feel just like a princess if I lived in a house like this," I said wistfully. "My poor little apartment is so tiny. Space—freedom—in fact a house would be my idea of Paradise."

THEN Mr. Merryweather jestingly said that he would lend me his house, only he didn't want me to become an angel just yet. But could I take a joke? Not I. "I promise you I won't become an angel," I said, giving him a resounding kiss on the ear. "Do you really mean that I can have the use of the hall and all the henchmen while you are away? That's too, too sweet of you. How can I ever thank you!" I then gave him a kiss on the other ear.

But I had not yet won my point. I might as well be frank and honest with you. Mr. Merryweather had to be persuaded that he really meant me to have the house. After dinner that evening I asked to be shown through it, and was all ohs and ahs every time we came to another salon, and before he knew it himself he was insisting that I take the whole thing over bodily while he was gone.

I demurred. If you haven't learned to demur you're way behind in these lessons. It is one of the first rules of etiquette. You must learn to say no and have it mean yes. To be a good demurrer takes practice and patience.

I said I didn't think it would be proper—that I couldn't think of such a thing. The more I protested the more insistent Mr. Merryweather became.

So, not wanting to make too much of a point of it, I gave in, and moved in the day he left.

I got to liking the place so well that the thought occurred to me that being Mrs. Merryweather and making this my permanent address might be a sweet idea. It's the home body in me, I guess.

Mr. Merryweather returns next month. His room was all hung with worn-out tapestries, faded with age, and I thought a gentleman with his money could afford something better. So I got a decorator in and had it all done over in nice new cretonne. Mr. Merryweather will see, as soon as he discovers this lovely change, that I am a good housewife, and if that doesn't give him the idea, well—I'll just move out on him. After all, a girl has to maintain some decorum!

There really is no excuse now for any of you ladies to be without homes of your own if you have studied this lesson carefully. I have proved that it can be done. It may take a little practice, but if you put your heart into it there is every reason to believe you will have a nice place to live happily ever after.

Another lecture by this experienced authority on social deportment will be published shortly.

GOOD BOOKS—by Oliver Swift

★ ★ ★ ★ WORLD FELLOWSHIP: Addresses and Messages by Leading Spokesmen of All Faiths, Races, and Countries; edited by Charles Frederick Weller. Liveright Publishing Corporation.

A collection of 242 addresses delivered by 199 spokesmen of all faiths, races, and countries, in 83 meetings held during the Chicago World's Fair under the auspices of the First International Conference of the World Fellowship of Faiths. An extraordinary summary of enlightened world opinion on the problems of mankind reflecting a world-wide movement toward universal brotherhood.

★ ★ ★ ★ EDNA HIS WIFE by Margaret Ayer Barnes. Houghton Mifflin Company.

Edna rides to a party on her bicycle and meets Paul. They elope. Paul climbs to great heights in Chicago, Washington, and New York, but Edna remains placid through the years. It is a compelling, exciting, and satisfying story of how little wealth may mean to a lonely woman.

★ ★ ★ ★ KING JASPER by Edwin Arlington Robinson, with an introduction by Robert Frost. The Macmillan Company.

A narrative poem by one of America's most distinguished poets. He expresses his ideas of this puzzling world in lines of great beauty and penetration.

★ ★ ★ TEN YEARS BEFORE THE MIKE by Ted Husing. Farrar & Rinehart.

A most interesting ten years filled with glamour and excitement. Anecdotes both comic and tragic fill its pages. Husing is one of our finest sports announcers—you will enjoy his book.

★ ★ ★ BENJAMIN FRANKLIN: A Biography in Woodcuts by Charles Turzak. Covici, Friede.

A handsome volume with eighty woodcuts illustrating important episodes in Franklin's life. A paragraph accompanying each picture gives a brief account of his life and adventures from early boyhood to the framing of the Constitution.

ENIGMATIC, EXCITING, EXOTIC

Miss Loy Returns to the Screen in Something to Keep You Guessing; a Robust Crook Play Mingles Thrills and Laughs, and a South Sea Idyl Proves Both Lovely and Compelling

by BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

4 stars—Extraordinary
3 stars—Excellent
2 stars—Good
1 star—Poor
0 star—Very Poor

★ ★ ★ WHIPSAW

THE PLAYERS: Myrna Loy, Spencer Tracy, Harvey Stephens, William Harrigan, Clay Clement, Robert Gleckler, Georges Renevent, Paul Stanton, Wade Boteler, Don Rowan, John Qualen, Irene Franklin. Directed by Sam Wood. Story by James Edward Grant.

Spencer Tracy and Myrna Loy in a scene from Whipsaw.

THE studios are in a breathing spell this week. Having sent forth practically nothing but epics for the last few months, Hollywood is currently offering a batch of little presentations that are quite unashamedly just plain "movies."

Even Myrna Loy returns, after having patched up her artistic and financial squabble with M-G-M, in a slight affair. This doesn't mean that Whipsaw isn't a worth-while picture. Under Sam Wood's alert direction, Miss Loy and that grand actor Spencer Tracy make this game of cops and robbers into something much more alive and real than any synopsis of the highly involved plot would imply.

The intrigue that goes on in Whipsaw is too tortuous to be neatly set down in a short review. The story skips about the pursuit of a fabulously valuable set of stolen pearls with three factions hot after the jewels: Miss Loy's gang, a rival mob, and G-man Spencer Tracy. The thing that lifts Whipsaw above pictures of this sleuthing type is that the schemers are really so smart that the audience cannot readily anticipate their next moves. It is, in short, a film to keep you guessing.

Miss Loy and Tracy enact the melodrama with such casual restraint and such quiet effectiveness that the busy antics are not only believable but invested at times with much charm. There are sharply etched supporting parts by Harvey Stephens, William Harrigan, Paul Stanton, and John Qualen.

VITAL STATISTICS: A few years ago Myrna Loy, freckled daughter of a Montana farmer, was washed up Hollywoodenly. Of simple Welsh character, she'd been typed stupidly as an exotic slant-eyed pidgin-English-spouting half-caste Slink of All Nations. M-G-M salvaged her, stuck her into things like The Thin Man, made her a star by merely playing her as herself. Myrna, knowing that one's days are numbered at the b. o., asked for a raise. Never married, Myrna (her name's Williams) tends to the idealistic type of romance, and will marry Arthur Hornblow, Jr., Beau Brummell, capable producer, son of old-line drama critic, as soon as Mrs. Hornblow frees Mr. H. . . . . Spencer Tracy is having a big run at studios. Before Whipsaw, happily married Tracy made love to Harlow in Riff-Raff. Can discourse eloquently on the difference between Loy and Harlow love-making. Tracy fought the war in the navy, looking wistfully to sea but never getting a sea trip. College debating started him toward making believe at big money. He's polo nuts. . . . Sam Wood's a vet director, very conservative, competent, commercially sure of himself. Brooks no fooling around on sets, works fast, surefootedly.

★ ★ ★ ANOTHER FACE

THE PLAYERS: Wallace Ford, Brian Donlevy, Phyllis Brooks, Erik Rhodes, Molly Lamont, Alan Hale, Addison Randall, Paul Stanton, Edward Burns, Charles Wilson, Inez Courtney, and others. Directed by Christy Cabanne. Story by Thomas Dugan and Ray Mayer.

AN unusual little picture in that it is both frightening and funny, Another Face tells what happens to a gangster who has his face lifted. This is a robust piece that races noisily through a highly comic plot.

Finding things in general too hot for him, Brian Donlevy, playing a big-shot gangster, has his horribly ugly face remodeled by a doctor. Then the gangster sends his henchman out to kill the doctor, and gets rid of the killer by tipping off the police after the murder. Thus, a new man with a new face, Donlevy starts life all over. Fascinated by his own handsomeness, he decides to hide out in Hollywood, of all places.

It is from here on that Another Face becomes both exciting and comic. For the killer gets a break in the studios, and just about the time he is beginning to score in his new career, the nurse (Molly Lamont) who assisted at his face lifting arrives in Hollywood. The only link with his lethal past, the nurse recognizes the killer and informs the studio's publicity man (Wallace Ford).

In a rousing climax Ford, with an eye for the newspapers, tells the director to shoot all of the gangster's scenes so that this picture within a picture will be the first movie ever to show an actual police capture. But when the thug, suspecting the plot, whips out a real gun and starts filling the air with real bullets

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the studio pops with actual drama.

This is, of course, out-and-out farce. Yet Another Face has beneath its giddy surface a hot vibrancy that keeps the story tingling. Led by Wallace Ford, who is at his best, the entire cast manages to give the far-fetched tale enough realism to keep you laughing and excited.

VITAL STATISTICS: Phyllis Brooks (Seiler) tried to learn plane piloting in secret till her earth-bound maw found out and grounded the poor blonde. . . . Newcomer Brian Donlevy's of Portadown, County Armagh, Ireland, son to Donlevy's Irish Whiskey. Was Corporal Gowdy in original What Price Glory. Hollywood imported him and has made him a killer. . . . Wallace Ford makes outside money from his apricot orchards; plays $1, $1, $1 golf; has an infectious laugh and bubbling comic line. . . . Alan Hale has invented a theater seat which operates with levers and enables patrons to clear aisles without rising! Also an auto brake. . . . Edward Wanner Burns, who never was tested but got screened cold, is number 17 ranking tennis amateur in this country. . . . Charles Wilson was John J. McGraw's mascot of Giants. . . . It took six cracks at the studio gates over some years' period to land ex-night pony AP editor Addison Randall on the money side of the gates. . . . Inez Courtney was married to Luigi Filiasi, L. A. likker dealer, day she was cast in Another Face. . . . Picture is a Grade-B costing about $200,000. . . . Erik Rhodes was born American but his language facility and a Phi Beta Kappa has got him typed as any kind of foreigner with accent, although he's never been abroad!

★ ★ ★ LAST OF THE PAGANS

THE PLAYERS: Mala and Lotus. Other players uncredited. Directed by Richard Thorpe. Story by John Villiers Farrow.

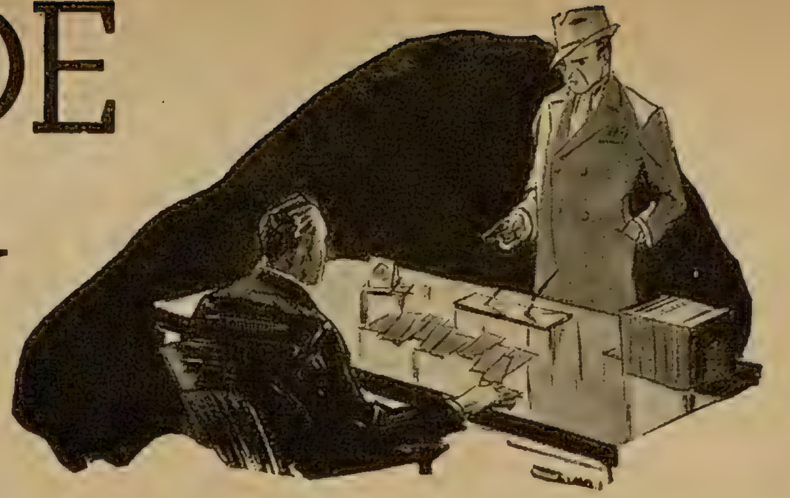
THOUGH hardly comparable to Taboo or White Shadows in the South Seas, Last of the Pagans is an idyllic, scenically charming chapter in the lives of two young Polynesian lovers. And since John Farrow, who knows these islands well, has set down a story of simplicity and strength, the picture has vigor and pictorial appeal.

Mala and Lotus, whom you may remember as the native lovers in Eskimo, now, stripped of their furs, carry on their romance in a kinder background. Performing, as does the whole cast, with an apparent unawareness of the camera, these two handsome physical specimens enact a courtship that begins when Mala, making a raid on a neighboring isle, kidnaps his struggling bride to be.

Back home, the forceful Mala impresses Lotus with his powers as a hunter and fisherman—impresses her so completely that she consents to become his wife.

All this is told in tender and sharp detail. There are highly interesting glimpses of native life and customs. When the whites enter, as they inevitably do in things of this sort, there is no loss of honesty or color in the picturesque narrative. With the coming of the white men, The Last of the Pagans takes on a grimmer, tragic aspect. Yet wisely, and with no loss to its menace, the film does not portray the outsiders individually as villains. It is just that the civilized people introduce a method of living that is ruinous and tyrannic to the natives. Mala, under the influence of liquor, signs away five years of his life to work in a phosphate mine in exchange for a few trinkets. Then, separated from his sweetheart, broken in body and spirit, he attempts a return to his native life.

MASQUERADE



Liberty's Short Short

by PEGGY MORROW

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

TEN crisp clean thousand-dollar bills, released from the rubber band, slowly uncurled on the scratched glass top of Dr. Raymond Bennet's desk.

Drops of sweat stood out on his forehead and his upper lip. Two lines, parentheses etched into the flesh, bracketed the pain upon his mouth. His fingers gripped deeply into the shabby leather of the chair arms. The ticks of the cheap alarm clock on the window sill behind him beat like a metronome in the stillness of the room.

Two full minutes ticked away before the doctor spoke. His eyes drew slowly away from the money and looked into the ice-gray eyes of the man across the desk.

"No," said the doctor. "I can't do it."

The midnight visitor stood up. There was something snakelike in his even slenderness. A snap-brimmed hat slanted low over a face white as the cigarette clipped between his lips.

"O. K., doc. If you won't you won't. I'm through arguin', and this is sumpin even a gun can't make a guy do. O. K." He drew his gray-silk-gloved hands from the slanted pockets of his tight overcoat; the right held a stubby automatic. "Just for safety's sake, I'm goin' to tie you to that chair and tape your mouth up. 'N' cut the telephone wires." . . .

Sleep slowly unwrapped its dark folds from Myra Bennet's mind next morning, and bright sharp darts of conscious thought began, even before her waking, their torment of discontent. She turned her head upon the pillow to sound a verbal reveille to her husband. Suddenly she sat bolt upright. The twin bed across the room had not been slept in!

She fumbled for a robe at the foot of her bed, and for her mules beneath it. The mules were frayed and shapeless with long use, and all the sorrier in contrast to the exquisite arch of her foot. The robe, an eloquent gossip of their financial secrets, with all its shabbiness could not dim the sweet glory of her body.

Under her sleep-tangled black hair her face was a promise of heaven and hell. Black eyebrows winged over eyes as blue as the sapphire she craved. Her nose was delicate and thin, but the nostrils were sensual, and her mouth was a full arch of scarlet. There was in her face the beauty of pure line and color; yet from certain accidental angles you suddenly glimpsed a satanic quality, frightening and strange.

She searched the house, and found her husband as the gunman had left him. In panic she hacked the cords. She peeled away the tape covering his mouth.

Then he told her what had happened. How an envoy of Joe Quattrociocci, Public Enemy No. 2, had called at midnight and offered him $10,000 to perform a plastic operation upon the gang chief's face and fingertips. "I couldn't do it," he concluded. "Much as we need money, I couldn't drag my profession in the dirt that way." He laughed wryly. "'I could not love thee, dear, so much, loved I not honor more.'"

She leaped to her feet. "You fool!" she cried, hoarse with anger. "You soft, weak fool! God! You call yourself a man. You could have gotten away with it. You could have taken the chance. With all the things I want and need! You keep me buried in this stinking town—me! You turn down more money than we've had in any two years of our life."

"But, Myra," he protested.

"But, Myra!" she mocked. "You yellow weakling. You coward. Am I to throw my life away in this hole with you? I'm through. Do you understand? You'll never amount to anything. You'll never be big-time as long as you live!"

She dashed out of the room—and out of his life.

He never saw her again until one day in Vienna. Worn out from a continuous routine of study and research work, he wandered into a cinema showing American films. The motion-picture camera did strange and interesting things to her beauty. She was sleek and streamlined, beautiful and wicked. A perfect type to play modern "vamp" roles, her essential cheapness hidden beneath by all the artistry of Hollywood's technicians. She couldn't act, but she would go far in playing her own type.

He followed her pictures in Vienna and when he returned to New York. Through the ten slaving, brilliant years of his climb to the top in surgery, medical journals would sometimes, surprisingly, find themselves stacked beside movie magazines in the library of his magnificent Park Avenue penthouse. He was sitting one night in this library, enjoying after-dinner cognac and cigars with a colleague, when a butler entered the room bearing a portable phone.

"Hollywood is calling, sir," he said.

"Hollywood?" said Dr. Bennet. "Who put in the call?" The servant plugged in the phone and conferred with the operator. "A Mr. Bernstein, sir," he said.

"Never heard of him," said Dr. Bennet, "but I might as well take the call. Excuse me, doctor."

A swift excited voice crackled through the receiver. Dr. Bennet jumped to his feet. "Who did you say?" he cried. "Oh, I see—I see. Never mind the fee; we'll discuss that later. Yes, yes. I'll cancel everything. Yes, I'll get a plane—charter one if I have to. Yes. Right away."

He clicked down the receiver.

"Doctor," he said to his colleague, "you'll have to take my place for a while. My—I mean—ah—a close friend, Myra Bent, the picture star, has been in an automobile accident. Her head went through the windshield. That was the producer of her pictures. I said I'd go."

"You're the only man in the country who could really do the job," the colleague replied. . . .

He came into the room on that day when the bandages would be taken off.

He stood aloof in one corner of the room, intent upon a cigarette, while assistants unwound the gauze. Then he dismissed them all and walked to Myra's bedside. Wordlessly he handed her a mirror.

She saw her face miraculously rebuilt to its original beauty—yet it was the face of some one she had never seen before. A face serene and lovely, of such peace and goodness that at once your mind saw it framed against the green hedge of a quiet garden, or a wide hearth where children would play in the firelight. Comparisons so accurate as to be trite would spring to your lips: the face of a Madonna, you would say—of an angel. Anything but the face of Myra Bent, *femme fatale* of the screen, the silver screen that would never show her face again.

Before she could speak, he lifted his hand in a command for silence. "I know," he said. "But now at least you will *look* like the woman I hoped you'd be."

He turned on his heel and left her to the masquerade that would forever be her life.

THE END

While this outline is fairly familiar, it is filled with fragrant life. And Last of the Pagans remains compelling and lovely cinema fare.

VITAL STATISTICS: Last of the Pagans marks the last of producer Phil Goldstone at M-G-M. He left before finishing Pagans. Picture finished by Chief Muggumite L. B. Mayer's nevvy, new producer Jack Cummings. . . . Muggum sent two expeditions to South Seas during '35, never thinking one would do. Other was Mutiny Bounty Co. . . . Mala, the frozen Gable, is half Eskimo, half Jewish. Real name's Ray Wise. His father is one Trader Wise, his mother Kinghinuk, of a long line of hunters. Was born outside Candle, Alaska. Hated school; preferred hunting. Had quite a reputation in the Far North when visiting film company cast him as the Gable of Igloo. Came down to Hollywood later, got job as assistant cameraman. Then Van Dyke toted him arcticward for lead in Eskimo. Has tremendous naturalness, grace, strength, long hair; has not lost his prowess with bow, spear, gun. Handled with more liveliness, probably could be a blinding star. . . . Lotus Long has never worked in a studio. Lived in an Eskimo hut for two years while filming Eskimo. She and Mala are Aborigine Team No. 1 of Kliegdom.

★ ★ ½ WE'RE ONLY HUMAN

THE PLAYERS: Preston Foster, Jane Wyatt. James Gleason, Arthur Hohl, John Arledge, Jane Darwell, Moroni Olsen, Mischa Auer, Harold Huber, Christian Rub, Rafaela Ottiano. Directed by James Flood. Story by Thomas Walsh.

A BANG-BANG action film, We're Only Human jumps about so rapidly that there is not much time to brood on the plot's many inconsistencies. Full of gunshot, fights, and murders, this muscular film has sturdy Preston Foster as a member, good and true, of the police force. His girl friend, Jane Wyatt, is a rather psychic reporter who falls continually over exclusive murder stories, and together they make life a round of fights, excitement, and general hell-raising with the underworld.

Swiftly directed by James Flood and given smart performances by John Arledge, Mischa Auer, James Gleason, and Moroni Olsen, We're Only Human is captivating roughhouse. Frankly a minor offering, the picture supplies an hour of unimportant entertainment.

VITAL STATISTICS: Marriage in midst of this one to her Socially Registered co-ekal Edgar Ward, writer of New York and Florence, will not affect Jane Wyatt's plans for a long and earnest career. She admits to bluffing her way on stage in Grade-AA Whimsey Milne's Give Me Yesterday and was surprised when she found she had something. . . . Preston Foster's wife takes care of his business affairs—as whose doesn't? They've been married ten years; no childer. He's water mad; averages a picture every six weeks; was once a newspaper boy, chorus boy; was knocked cold in fight scenes in Pompeii, yet insisted on fighting it out with Mischa Auer sans double in this one. Foster believes public possesses respect for actor who does his own scuffling, parachute jumping, he-manning. . . . Small gentle cultured humorous Jimmy Gleason's usually pegged for police or anti-police party. Served in the Spanish-American War and last one. Weighs but 140—mostly gray matter beneath a bald dome—yet can do the labors of Hercules when it comes to writing and acting. . . . He-heavy Mischa Auer's grandson of violinist Leopold Auer. An Ibsen player on the stage, Hollywood sees Auer as a rough tough gangster. . . . Harold Huber's an N. Y. U. law grad. Terribly law-abiding himself. Married to a blonde he modestly describes as the most beautiful woman in Hollywood. Yet, because of his swarthy complexion, black hair and eyes, spends all screen time lucklessly breaking all man-made laws and a few hundred commandments. . . . Also a wife honorer, a home lover, a fellow-man respecter, a Stanford grad, Arthur Hohl must play the shyster herein. . . . Christian Rub at ten was the Little Lord Fauntleroy of Germany.

FOUR- AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Mutiny on the Bounty, Thanks a Million, Broadway Melody of 1936, Alice Adams, Who Killed Cock Robin?

★★★—A Tale of Two Cities, I Dream Too Much, The Story of Louis Pasteur, The Littlest Rebel, Mary Burns, Fugitive, Crime and Punishment, So Red the Rose, Rendezvous, Annie Oakley, Transatlantic Tunnel, Frisco Kid, A Night at the Opera, Metropolitan, Hands Across the Table, She Couldn't Take It, Stormy, O'Shaughnessy's Boy, The Last Days of Pompeii, Barbary Coast, A Midsummer Night's Dream, I Live My Life, The Case of the Lucky Legs, The Big Broadcast of 1936, The Dark Angel, La Maternelle, The Gay Deception, Here's to Romance, Annapolis Farewell, Harmony Lane, Top Hat, Every Night at Eight, The Crusades, Steamboat Round the Bend, The Return of Peter Grimm, The Irish in Us, Murder Man, She, Page Miss Glory, Anna Karenina, In Old Kentucky, Accent on Youth, Broadway Gondolier, Men Without Names, Farmer Takes a Wife, Becky Sharp.

ANSWERS TO TWENTY QUESTIONS ON PAGE 27

1—Major Edward Bowes, major-domo of radio amateurs, photographed during wartime.

2—No; to walk unnaturally wastes energy.

3—Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

4—Frozen dew.

5—Amelia Earhart.

6—Yes; its white milk-like sap is nourishing, and is used for food by natives of northern South America.

7—A deadly poison prepared by Tolfania in Italy during the seventeenth century, used chiefly by married women grown tired of their husbands.

8—By President Calvin Coolidge (1927).

9—It is the side bearing the principal image or inscription; namely the front or face.

10—Two fluid ounces.

11—As a rudder when swimming, as a prop when standing on its hind legs, and as a warning drum when danger threatens.

12—No; the book was published after Joe's death in 1783, his name being added to the title because of Miller's fame as a comedian.

13—Soybeans.

14—Twenty to twenty-two hours a day, according to tables compiled by the United States Children's Bureau.

15—Bruckner.

16—No; authorities contend the light may come from any source so long as the light rays do not enter the eyes and shadows are not cast on the page.

17—None.

18—At Covent Garden Theatre.

19—About ten per cent.

20—John J. Audubon

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TO THE Ladies!

by PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, FRIEND OF THE FAMOUS IN EUROPE, AND DESCENDANT OF THE FIRST CZAR OF RUSSIA

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 27 SECONDS

WE women might as well resign ourselves to dealing with political personalities throughout the next few months. We vote, and there's a big election coming due. From now on the politicians are going to get in our hair, so to speak. As men go, I think we'll find them pretty interesting. For example, here's one young leader whose ideas soon may influence our lives:

MELVIN CARR EATON

Melvin Carr Eaton is forty-four years old, a manufacturing chemist, chairman of the Republican Party for New York State. By chemical formula he produces a well known salve for healing burns, cuts, bruises, insect bites, and other miseries of the flesh. By political formula he hopes to ease the public ailments of his state.

His recipe for Republican balm adds up like this: 25 per cent mutual confidence . . . 25 per cent unceasing activity . . . 25 per cent social consciousness . . . 10 per cent self-preservation as thinking Americans . . . 5 per cent frankness, calling a spade a spade . . . 10 per cent understanding of youth's problems.

Mr. Eaton is a party harmonizer, a *country doctor* of state politics. Between last May and last November he jogged off 26,000 miles getting around among his party patients. His philosophy of politics is one which might well be applied to anybody's private life. He says:

"Never argue. Let people tell you their point of view—then get them to tell you their troubles. Then give them *your* viewpoint—with facts. Always avoid argument. It never changes any one's opinions. Only fact can do that. If they try to argue with you, tell them a funny story."

I think Mr. Eaton makes sense.

● Undressing is an art in itself. Now *don't* get me wrong! I mean we can save our clothes an awful lot of tear and wear if we know how to take them off.

Your hat, to begin with. Loosen it from your forehead, then sweep it off backward with a left-to-right sweep. Put it away right-side-up, or pose it on a hat stand.

Slip your coat off your shoulders with care, slide your arms out of the sleeves. Now for your dress. First tie a chiffon handkerchief over your face to guard against lipstick and powder stains. Unhook the dress slowly. Roll the skirt up gently over your hips. Then ease the dress carefully over your bust. Slip the cuffs over your hands, the neck over your head. Wriggle your shoulders, and up and off with the dress. There you are, lady! Now shake your dress out thoroughly, restoring it to its proper folds, and hang it on a padded hanger.

Roll your stockings down from the top. Gloves should be taken off from the ends of the fingers, starting with the thumb. Never neglect to shake your furs out vigorously before hanging them up.

● High kicking has gone out of style almost entirely as a form of feminine acrobatics. We seldom see high kickers on the stage nowadays. Imagine my surprise when an old lady told me that she was over eighty but still could kick as high as her head. And to prove it, she did it. Wish *I* could do the same!

● I know a bold and horrid man who hates to see women use make-up in public. Thinks we've no right to inflict the intimacies of our toilet on the world at large. One evening at a fashionable restaurant he spoke loudly to the lady sitting beside him when she started to repair her lips. "Please lend me one of your hairpins," he said. "I want to clean my ears."

● Two dozen young people have set up housekeeping in London on a plan of their own. Of good family but impoverished, they are young women and men who work for small city wages. If they lived by themselves, married or singly, they could afford few material refinements. By living all together they can afford more. So they have rented a large old-fashioned house, hired a competent cook. Weekly they pay from three fifty to five dollars apiece for room and board. They take turns doing the housework, the sweeping, dusting, dishwashing, etc. They call their establishment Youth House.

I realize that certain social dangers must attend such an experiment. Nevertheless I am for it. In times like these, young people have need to find new sources of content.

As compared with the evil influence of boredom, any adventure in refinement can't do them much harm.

● Good bedside books are those with which you can divert yourself as long or as briefly as you please before dropping off to sleep. The Minor Pleasures of Life, by Rose Macaulay, is a treasure along this line. (Published by Harper & Brothers.)

● Spanish people prefer a kidney stew made of pork kidneys. The *men* of Spain are extra fond of it. Their women make it for them like this:

Cut 3 pork kidneys into 1-inch pieces. Soak 1 hour in warm water with a little lemon juice. Drain, parboil, drain again. Put kidneys in heavy pan. Barely cover with warm water. Let simmer slowly for 40 minutes. Fry 2 chopped onions and 2 green peppers to a light brown. Add salt, pepper, 1 teaspoon thyme, 1 clove garlic, 1 cup canned tomatoes, ½ cup water. Combine this mixture with kidneys and cook 20 minutes. Then add 1 cup cooked navy beans, and thicken with a little butter and flour. Boil all together for 2 minutes. Serve smoking hot with crusty French bread.

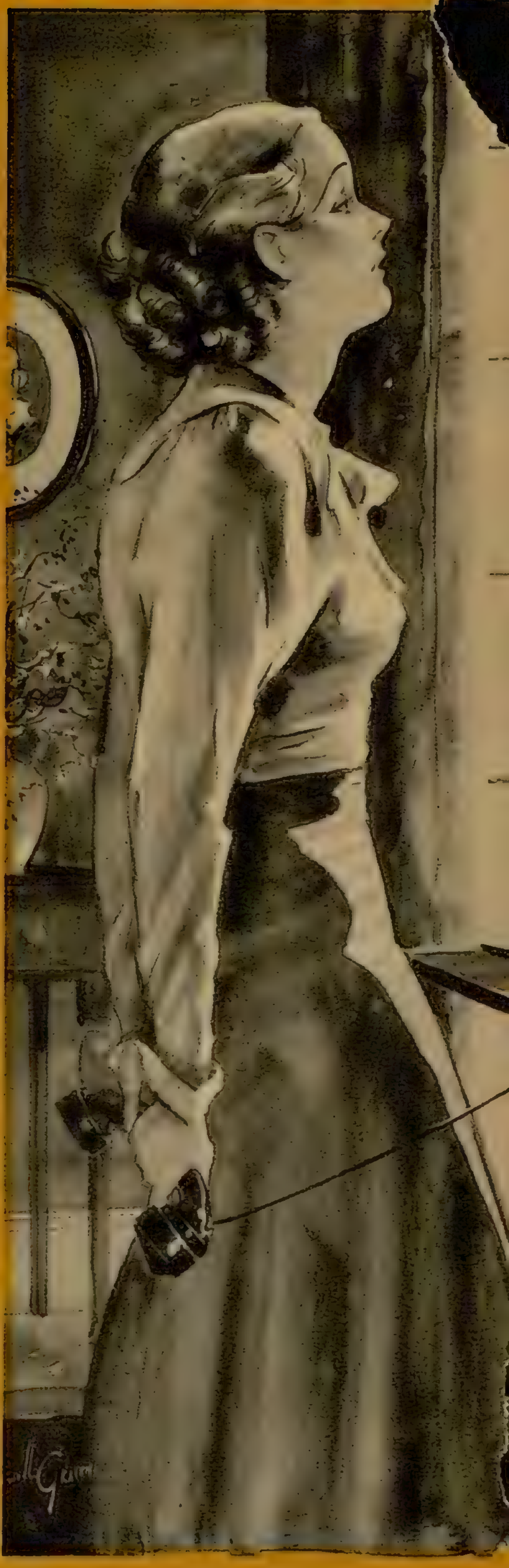
Snowed Under

by

LAWRENCE SAUNDERS

Why Does a Man Keep Marrying Women? One of Them Now Would Like to Know in This Hilarious, Brilliant Novel of Two Wives, a Husband, and a Sweetheart

READING TIME ● 27 MINUTES 20 SECONDS



"Let me talk to him," said Daisy, and reached for the telephone. Alice put it behind her back. "What are you going to tell him?"

FOR ten days Joshua Tanner, young American playwright, has been desperately struggling to finish the third act of his latest comedy. Shut off from the world in his remote Connecticut studio, he has only Liza Canterbury, his Yankee semiweekly housekeeper, to counsel him. Meanwhile, in New York, his producer, Arthur Layton, and his backers, Mr. and Mrs. Wimpfheimer, wait the outcome of his literary labors.

A great snowstorm breaks, and to his astonishment his first ex-wife, Alice Merritt, appears at the door. Though Josh has been married and divorced a second time, and is flirting with Becky Quinn, a seventeen-year-old miss, he is overjoyed to see Alice and welcomes her effusively.

Up to his neck in debt, including $1,200 back alimony to Daisy Lowell, his ex-wife number two, Josh is dismayed at Alice's request for a loan of $600. But he suggests that if she will collaborate with him on the play, they could share the profits. Alice consents, but urges him to go for a walk.

Hardly has he gone than Alice phones Arthur Layton in New York. The two of them are in collusion to help the stymied playwright. But when Josh returns from his snowy walk, a young deputy sheriff, Orlando Rowe, calls with a warrant. It seems that Daisy Lowell wants her $1,200 back alimony or jail for her ex-husband. Of course that threatens to end any collaboration on the play, and Alice and Josh are further stunned to see Daisy herself appear, accompanied by her lawyer, Robert McBride. And fair Daisy is tight!

Then Becky Quinn, who has also chosen this moment of all moments to drop in, offers to pay the money that Josh owes. It is declined. Becky wrecks her car across the little bridge that offers the only road away from the studio. They are all marooned in the blizzard. Alice and Josh begin work on the play. But in the midst of it, at midnight, Josh vanishes. Becky says: "He heard us talking about him and got mad!" Lawyer McBride replies: "He'd better come back. He happened to be under arrest!"

PART FOUR—A FUGITIVE FROM THE JANE GANG

BECKY QUINN, having thrown her hand grenade, got up and trailed herself and her bedclothes into the study. Alice looked around wildly at Robert McBride.

"I'd better wake the sheriff," the lawyer said dully.

Alice swayed toward him, clutched his lapels, buried her face between them, trembled as hard as she could. If Becky Quinn could stage a scene to get what she wanted, so could she.

"Oh, please, please, Robert! Don't tell Mr. Rowe!"

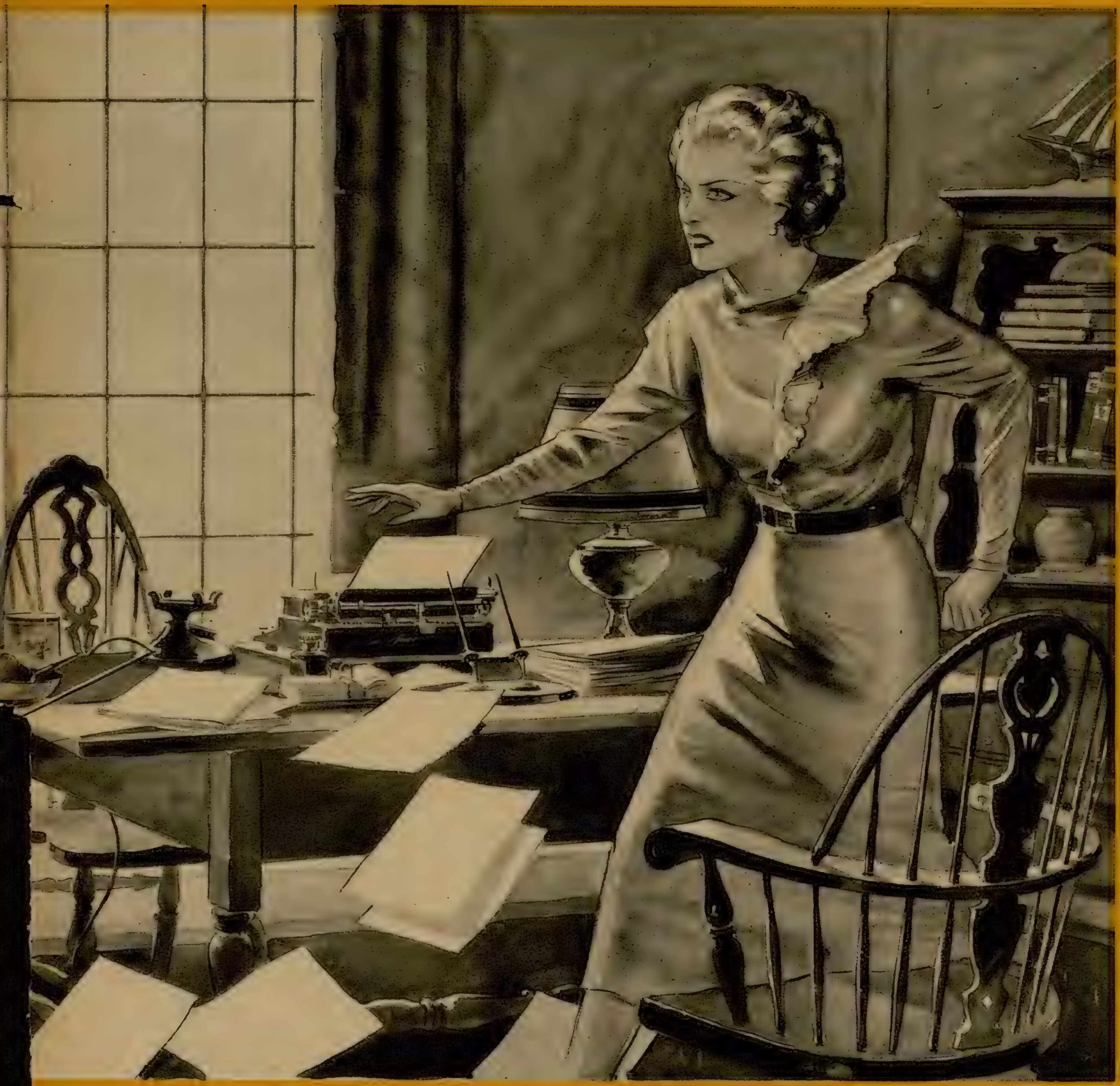


ILLUSTRATION BY WILL GRAVEN

she pleaded. "Go after him and bring him back."

"Whatever got into the fellow?" McBride growled; but he put his arms around her shaking shoulders.

"Miss Quinn—you see how she is. The brandy. She insisted on talking to me about Josh. I said some pretty cruel things. We thought he was asleep in there, but he must have overheard. I don't want him to go to jail just because I was catty to her about him. I'd never forgive myself. Please find him and tell him—no, I'll go myself!"

That fetched Mr. McBride. "I'll go," he said curtly. "You wouldn't last a mile in this blizzard."

She clung closer. "Oh, you're so sweet," she said, and the tears she had been trying to force came in a gush. McBride bent his head, kissed the tip of her ear.

"I'll do it for you," he said. "But suppose I do overtake him and he refuses to come back."

Alice was diving into the stair closet for McBride's shiny new galoshes and his heavy topcoat. "You just remind him that he's making himself a fugitive from justice. And that we've got to finish this play."

"A fugitive from the jane gang, I'd say," McBride cracked. "My Lord, Miss Merritt, why does a man like Tanner keep marrying women—I'm sorry." He had been bent over the galoshes, zipping them up; he stood up, red-faced. "Please forgive me, Miss Merritt—and stop crying, won't you, before I leave?"

"I wish you'd c-c-c-call me Alice," she said, gulping back a sob.

"For Alice, for Tanner, and for Yale!" he called as he ran for the entry door. She followed him out to the stoop; then, shivering, went back to the fire. The house was getting cold. To be sure! The oil burner had gone out when the power went off. She drank some coffee.

There were only two logs in the iron basket at the hearthside. She brought some up from down cellar. The hands of her watch crept around to meet at midnight, while she smoked nervously, staring at the fire, curled in one of the wing chairs.

Presently she picked up a candle, went into the study, came out with the portable typewriter, set it on the maple butterfly table that she dragged near the fire. She went back and gathered up the manuscript of the play, but her outline she could not find. No matter; the original was in her purse.

McBride, coming softly into the entry, opening the door to peer in, found her typing industriously. The cold draft from the door brought her up with a start.

"Didn't you get him?" she gasped.

"No," he said. "He got away. On snowshoes. I tracked him up to the big house and found where he'd broken a pane out of the pantry window and crawled in. I looked through the house for him. There was a pair of skis in the game room in the basement, where the billiard table is. I brought them back, by the way. They'll be handy tomorrow. Becky's father's skis, I suppose." He grinned wryly.

"Go on. You said he was on snowshoes—"

"Yes. I went outside with the flashlight—out through the front door—and the snowshoe tracks started right on the porch. I stopped to put on my gloves, and my hands were cold, and I dropped the flashlight on to the porch floor where the snow was thin, and that was the end of that. I tried to follow his snowshoe tracks in the dark, but I had to bend over each one. By that time he'd had half an hour's start. The snow was too soft to ski fast; they sank in. So I came back. I'm sorry, Alice."

"Which way did he turn?" Alice demanded miserably.

"To the left. I suppose he headed for the railroad or the Post Road. Probably he's making for New York."

"Well," said Alice, "he can go to hell on snowshoes, for all I care!"

"Now don't say that, Miss Merritt. I was awfully touched when I looked in the door and there you were working away on his play."

"Anything was better than sitting here listening to the wind howl. And thinking. You think Josh is an idiot—you ought to know about me."

"Listen, Alice," he said. "Why couldn't you dictate to me? I'm really a whiz on the typewriter; it's my one useful accomplishment. I learned shorthand and typing to save trouble in law school."

"I've never dictated," she said dubiously; "but if you really want to stay up, you can cheer me on and—sort of criticize. It *would* help."

THUS it fell out that when Becky Quinn awoke on Tuesday morning, the 20th of February, she found herself in a cocoon of blankets on the couch in Josh Tanner's study, with a throbbing headache and a mouth in which robins must have built a nest.

It was very cold in the study. She got up, goose flesh all over, dressed herself frantically in what was at hand. Both the windows of the study were frosted over completely. She scratched a small peephole with a thumbnail, peered out.

The snow was drifted clear up to the roof of a sedan that stood halfway to the bridge. On the bridge there was a solid snowdrift out of which gleamed Ethel's roadster. Things began to come back to Miss Quinn.

She scuffed over to the curtain that shut off the study from the living room, pulled it back. The big room was in half gloom, the firelight flickering low beyond the divan. A man was asleep in the wing chair at the right of the hearth, a blanket wrapped around his legs. There was Josh's typewriter on the little butterfly table, and manuscript in piles on the end of the long refectory table between Becky and the divan. She tiptoed nearer. The man in the chair was not Josh but Robert McBride. And snuggled into a mare's nest of blankets on the divan was the red-gold head of Miss Merritt.

She tiptoed around the table and divan, picked up a log from the tall stack at the left of the hearth—and the whole pile rolled down and out on to the floor. Oh, damn!

Robert McBride was sitting up, blinking at her angrily. He looked at his watch. "Five after nine," he said. "Is the sheriff up?"

"How should I know? I just waked."

The red-gold head stirred. Miss Merritt swallowed, muttered.

"Sh-h-h!" McBride whispered. He pulled the blanket away from his legs, stood up. "She's only been asleep an hour. She finished the play."

"Well, you'd better carry her into the study," Becky said coldly. "I'm going to get myself some breakfast, and I'm a very noisy child."

"I told you she finished the play," McBride snapped. "Doesn't that mean anything to you? Your gentleman friend is still missing."

That meant something to Miss Quinn. She wanted details. He supplied them with relish.

"Well," she said, "all this quixotic hero stuff was quite unnecessary. I offered to lend him the money and he was a fool to refuse. He could have finished the play in peace, without all this martyrdom." She scuffed into the kitchen. In a moment she came out. "I'll have to cook over that fire, so you'd better move her to my bed. I'm sorry I was nasty, but you give me a swift pain."

McBride was bending over Alice, getting his hands under her arms and knees. He swung her up against his chest, walked carefully to the study with her. She had gone to bed in her clothes.

WHEN Becky came down from the balcony, presently, dressed in her ski suit and boots, which she had left in the bathroom the night before, she found him crouched over a small cook fire he had raked to the corner of the hearth, frying two eggs. Coffee was on to boil in a chromium kettle swung on the pothook on the crane.

"Straight up or over?" McBride asked casually.

"Are those for me? Aren't you nice!"

"One of them is," he said testily. "There were ten eggs, and there are five of us, and if you want two you can't have one tomorrow. We'll be lucky if we dig our way out of here in a week."

"Now isn't that just dandy!" she cooed. "If you think I'm going to stay in this little house a week with that blonde bitch upstairs—"

"You can get out and walk, then," he snapped. "What kind of a girl are you? You say you're going to marry this man, and then, when he pulls the idiotic stunt of escaping from custody—plain simple arrest—you calmly appropriate his couch and go back to sleep. And that plucky young woman in there sits up all night and finishes a play for the damned ungrateful—"

"You shut up!" Becky howled. "If Josh were here, you wouldn't dare say things like that. And if one of those eggs is mine, it's fried too hard already."

"Hey! What's going on here?"

They looked up, startled. Orlando Rowe had come out on to the balcony, fully dressed, his face shining, his yellow hair wet and brushed back, his teeth flashing in a grin radiating energy and good humor.

"Sh-h-h-h-h!" McBride hissed.

Rowe tiptoed downstairs, making only half as much noise as a baby elephant in a canebrake; every step of the stairs was creaking and popping with the cold this morning.

"You don't mean they're still working in there?"

"Finished it. Asleep," said Becky while McBride was fumbling for an answer. "There's the play, all done, on the table. How do you like your eggs, Orlando? You don't mind my calling you Orlando, do you? I mean, here we are, snowed in together, just one big happy family."

Orlando grinned; he was far from dumb, she decided.

"Fried on both sides. I'll take a glass of fresh milk first thing, if you've got it. Builds up the walls of the stomach. My grandfather's eighty-six and never been sick a day in his life; always starts the day with a pint of milk warm from the cow—"

"Ug-g-gh!" said Miss Quinn. "Orlando, if you don't stop talking about warm milk before breakfast, I'll—I'll scream for Daisy Lowell."

That stopped Orlando.

"He's blushing, Robert! Look at him!" the imp crowed.

McBride handed a plate to Orlando. "One egg, two strips of bacon is the ration," he said. "Coffee's ready."

When they had finished eating and were sprawled, relaxed, on chairs and divan before the fire, Becky cleared her throat ominously.

"I think, Robert," she said sweetly, "that you had better tell Mr. Rowe what we found when we woke up this morning."

Orlando grinned. "I know. It's white and cold and all over everything. Snow. Three foot of it. The worst I ever saw."

"I don't mean the snow. I mean—when we woke up this morning Mr. Tanner was gone."

Orlando sprang up, staring at her uncomprehendingly. "You mean—gone?"

"I'm awfully sorry. It was all my fault. You see, after you took dear Daisy up to bed, I got tight on your brandy. I must have been pretty disorderly. Anyway, I insisted on talking to Miss Lowell—Miss Merritt, I mean—Alice—about Mr. Tanner. That was after they'd finished the second act and he was supposed to be taking a nap while she made coffee. I must have said some pretty terrible things, because after the lights went out, and Miss Merritt put me to bed, Josh came out and waked me. He had on his boots and his hunting coat, and he was as mad as fury. He said he simply couldn't work in all this uproar and with all these women in his hair—and he walked out. Now you tell him the rest, Robert."

Recipes in Rhyme

A pound of beans boil, season tastily;
Place in a jar to bake: there let them be
  To slowly cook throughout the hours of night;
And when, erewhile, the morning minstrelsy
Shall wake you, forth into the kitchen go,
Draw forth the beans, for flavoring bestow
  The juice of lemon, parsley, olive oil;
Then 'tis a dish to put you in a glow.

—*Mrs. A. Ayres.*

"Why didn't you call me?" Rowe demanded. "Where'd he go?"

"We don't know," Becky said.

"Miss Quinn doesn't remember it just as it happened," McBride put in. And then he told the exact truth, except that he left her story stand that it was her fault.

Orlando was going into the stair closet for his overcoat and galoshes. "Fine time to be telling me, ten hours later," he snapped. "The snow's probably drifted over the last one of his tracks!"

"Miss Merritt was sure that he'd come back when he cooled off."

"He'd cool off quick in that blizzard," Rowe muttered. "I tried to give the guy a break. You're a lawyer; you know the jam I'll be in."

"There's a pair of skis outside the door," McBride added. "Miss Quinn's father's skis I brought down. And Tanner's other boots are up in our room—if they'll fit."

Becky was upstairs after the boots before Rowe could object. She fetched down a pair of Josh's lumberjack socks too. The boots fitted!

FROM the doorstep they watched the sheriff plow off. What was the use of looking for Josh, Becky asked, if there were no tracks to follow?

"Rowe said he was going to Canterburys'—they're neighbors, I gathered. Their phone might be working. I suppose he'll have to report this to his office or he'll be in a still worse jam. I'm sorry, Miss Quinn, but I had to tell him the truth. I could be disbarred in Connecticut for conniving at Mr. Tanner's escape."

"I'd rather not talk about it," Becky said. "We can't do anything. Except start digging ourselves out."

"Might as well start," said McBride, and yawned. "Sorry!"

"You're going to sleep," Becky announced. "Up in Orlando's bed."

McBride said he'd sleep tonight; but Becky had the answer:

"Where would the two of us get if we worked day and night? It's half a mile out to the State Road, Robert, and we'd have to dig a tunnel at least seven feet wide for the cars, and three feet deep, not to speak of the drifts. No, sir! Not in these trousers, mister."

McBride was surveying the scene. "Why couldn't we go through that barway?" he suggested, pointing to the stone fence a few rods east of the house, "and across that field, and through those other barways to the State Road? They'll open that first. They're working on it now—about a dozen men and"—he cupped his hands around his eyes, against the sun's dazzle—"I'll be hanged if it doesn't look like an ox team."

"Why not?" said that old Connecticut Yankee Miss Quinn. "Luke Canterbury has a yoke and I know of three others in the township. Well, you can shovel, Robert. I'm going to be the cook. Woman's place is in the home. Hitler says so."

"Where'd you learn to cook, Useless?"

"What do you think they teach in finishing schools these days? We even have a pamphlet translated from the German: One Thousand Ways to Serve Turnips. The rich are preparing for the inevitable."

HE laughed; she laughed. They stood looking at each other with the guards down for the first time. The silence tingled. She didn't look away first. She stepped forward, took his face between her hands, kissed him, not at all provocatively, on the cheek.

"Now scram to bed—but bring me up some wood first."

He turned around obediently, and she booted him toward the door. So he leaped for her, and they floundered in the snow, and he washed her face with it until she yelled for mercy. That was the end of the moral superiority of Mr. McBride, aged about twenty-nine, over Miss Quinn, aged almost eighteen. There was character in that girl, McBride decided as he dropped off to sleep in the bed he had vacated at eleven o'clock the night before.

Becky tidied up the living room while the water was heating, checked up on food in the refrigerator, the pantry, the cellar. After she had washed the dishes she curled up in front of the fire and read the new part of the play. When she laid it down she was so outraged that she was almost in tears.

"Oh, that's horrible!" she said half aloud. "Nasty, cynical, sneering—"

She got into her raccoon coat, stocking cap, and mittens, and stamped out to the garage, looking for a shovel. She wanted fresh air and something on which to work out her suppressed rage.

The whistle from the wire mill at Georgetown, loud in the clear windless air, announced noon when she started digging. When the one-o'clock whistle blew she measured her progress: a tunnel seven feet wide, with walls now nearly six feet high where she had thrown up the snow, and exactly four feet long, in an hour. With her thumb she traced figures in the unsullied snow; divided. Alone it would take her about a hundred hours to dig the quarter mile to the State Road. She stuck the shovel into the snowbank viciously and went into the house.

The blonde, the second Mrs. Tanner—the cause of all this—was sitting on the divan, with a silk quilt around her shoulders, calmly breakfasting off bacon and eggs—two eggs!—toast, and coffee, and *reading Josh's play!*

Becky said politely:

"Oh, why didn't you call me in?"

"Why should I call you in? You looked busy as a woodchuck," said Miss Lowell genially.

"I'm the cook. I was going to do your breakfast. I didn't suppose you could." That was hardly diplomatic.

"Sister," said Miss Lowell, "I was cooking roasts over a gas jet in a hall room when you were still on the bottle. Every actress has to know how to cook—you can't get an Equity card if you don't. How do you think we eat between engagements?"

"I'd never given it any thought," Becky said honestly.

"Now listen, Ginzberg—or whatever your name is—we're going to be bosom companions in this little dump until we're dug out. It's not big enough for both of us if you throw your weight around. You be civil to me and I'll be civil to you. Now run along and play; I'm reading."

Becky decided to eat her humble pie then and there. "I wasn't trying to be nasty," she said humbly. "I beg your pardon, Miss Lowell. I just don't know anything about the theater; that's what I meant."

Miss Lowell fixed her with a cold blue eye. "You probably think I'm a bareback rider escaped from some circus, but I'm just a little country girl from Nebraska trying to get along. I'm only tough one way: I hate the guts of this guy Tanner. I see he finished his play. I suppose he's sleeping it off."

Becky picked up a cigarette, lighted it. "He went somewhere to find a telephone that was working," she said calmly. "He and the sheriff."

"In *this* snow?"

"He had snowshoes, and Mr. Rowe took the skis."

"Oh, yes. Your father's skis."

"Now who's being nasty?"

"I don't get you," said Miss Lowell, puzzled. "What's wrong with my saying that? Oh, you mean because everybody knows you didn't come up here to get them last night? Well, what of it? Tanner isn't spending any of my money on you. You're welcome to him, just so you see that he gets three hundred dollars to me on the first of every month."

"Why should you have thirty-six hundred dollars a year when he isn't making that much? You haven't any children."

"Don't throw that up to me, darling; he didn't want any. He has to be the only baby in *his* family. If you must know why I have to have three hundred dollars a month, I'm supporting one mother, one married sister whose husband scrammed and left her with a little nuisance, and I'm putting my brother through college and my kid sister through high school."

"That's all very commendable," said Becky stiffly. "But why should Josh have to pay you all that for just being married to him for two years?"

"Sister, you'll never know until you've gone through it! The judge agreed with me, at least. I'll tell you what's the worst thing about being one of the later Mrs. Tanners." She dropped her voice, glanced around at the drawn curtain between this room and the study. "It's having to compete with the redheaded combination of Minerva, Venus, and Diana in there. Night and day, day and night, she is the one, under the cockeyed moon and under the sun. Think back, Ginzberg. You've known him nearly a year. How much of it did he spend talking about her?"

"Mr. Tanner," said Becky curtly, "has never talked five minutes to me about either of his former wives since I met him last June. My name is Quinn."

She went out, slamming the door.

THE bang waked Alice, who sat up in her nest of blankets on the study couch. She had been dreaming that they had brought Josh home frozen stiff as a herring.

"Josh!" she called out in anguish. "Josh!"

A woman's voice answered her from the next room: "He's not here. Go on back to sleep."

Alice groped sleepily to the curtain, passed into the living room. The second Mrs. Tanner was alone before the fire, reading the play.

"Don't look so shocked," Daisy said. "Why shouldn't I read it? After all, I'm the heaviest stockholder in it at the moment. And I don't mind telling you that I think it's swell. He's made a comeback in this third act—the other one was simply vomitous. If you have this effect on him, Miss Merritt, he ought to hire you by the month. I wish to hell that telephone was working. I'd call up Arthur Layton and tell him he's got a hit and to send up enough to bail out his playwright, so we can all get out of here."

"You mean you wouldn't insist that Josh had to go to jail?"

"How could I if he paid up? It'd be all right with the judge if I said so. I was sore last night. I thought at first you were living with him again."

Alice turned, at the foot of the stairs. "You're satisfied now that I'm not?" she demanded. "What changed your mind?"

"This brat that's outside playing in the snow. If she's going to marry him, I know you well enough to be sure you wouldn't be hanging around breaking your heart. Unless you've changed a lot in four years. You know, Alice, if you hadn't shot off to Reno like a carrier pigeon, he'd have gone back to you. He didn't have the guts to walk out on you."

"YOU'RE extraordinarily frank about it," Alice said, for lack of anything better. "I wonder if you'd mind telling me what, outside your undoubted beauty and charm—now, please, Daisy, I'm not being sarcastic—what it was that came between us."

"Women, wasn't it? There were several before me."

"Three, to be exact. But I overlooked them and they didn't take him away from me. He burnt his fingers and came home for comfort."

"But by the time he met me," said Miss Lowell impersonally, "you weren't at home to tie up the burnt fingers, were you? You were all over the map, fixing other people's homes while your own was going Hollywood. Tanner couldn't stand for a woman to be interested in anything except Tanner. I know he started with me by telling me that his wife didn't love him any more. I know I never had such a shock in my life as I did when I saw you for the first time, at a first night. I'd had a mental picture of you as a redheaded Yankee furniture dealer or something. I said to myself: This baby can get and keep any man she wants, with that equipment, and she don't want him."

Alice smiled faintly.

"Thank you. Finish the play and see if you can make any suggestions. You've had a lot of experience. I'm not so sure of my dialogue—I never tried writing it before, on my own."

Daisy was puzzled. "What do you mean? Which part did you write?"

"The third act. Didn't they tell you what happened?" Alice asked before it occurred to her that if the others hadn't told Daisy there must be a reason. Could she repair the break she had made? Try—be careful. "Mr. Tanner passed out on us at eleven o'clock last night. The strain was too much for him. So I finished the job. I don't see how it could possibly be good, but if you say so it must be. With your ten years of experience on the stage—"

"Thirteen, darling. I was a leading lady in stock before I was fifteen. I'll bet I've seen and read five thousand plays."

"Well, Mr. McBride has seen about a thousand; it's his hobby. And he liked my third act. He was an angel—he sat up all night with me."

"He wouldn't have to be an angel to do that," said Daisy, with the first friendly smile she had ever given the first Mrs. Tanner. "Go wash your face, little girl, and put on your war paint. You're going to be snowed in here for a week, maybe, and if you don't get a man out of it you're going to be a long way behind me."

"You can have him, darling," said Alice, starting up the stairs.

"Who? The mouthpiece? He thinks I'm rat poison. I just confirm all his collegiate ideas that women are leeches. But you wouldn't take alimony—you're aces. And he's all set to be upset by some female who knows how much wise money old man McBride has salted away—and this lad's the only child, you know. Why don't you get practical and decorate the interior of a Rolls-Royce and a box at the opera? Teach a Scotchman to spend, and all hell won't hold him."

"You'd be doing more for your country and yourself," said Alice, over the balcony rail, "if you'd plant that idea in little Becky Browneyes."

Daisy shook her head. "It's no use," she said. "He loves her madly. She is the only woman in the world for him. Do you know how I know? Listen." She dropped her voice. "He's known her nine months, and in all that time he's never spent five minutes talking about what a wonderful woman his first wife was. Think that over. And don't say I never told you anything."

The first Mrs. Tanner could not, with dignity, reply to that; but it lodged in her mind, as the second Mrs. T. had meant it to do.

When Alice came downstairs, all tidy, she went first to try the telephone. Not a buzz in it. She left the switch on, so that if it did ring— She took what she had written last night to the wing chair, read it. Some of it she thought very good, none of it very bad.

Miss Lowell was playing a complicated solitaire.

Shortly after two o'clock McBride came downstairs, saying he'd had nearly five hours' sleep. Where was Becky? Shoveling snow? Why hadn't they waked him? He put on his galoshes and an old windbreaker of Tanner's and went out. Alice breathed her relief. He hadn't talked about Josh's absence to his client. Maybe he had decided against it. Good old Robert! And even Becky was keeping her mouth shut.

The hash for supper was in the pot, with the crane and pothook adjusted so that it would only simmer above and in front of the hot fire, when the telephone rang. They couldn't believe their ears until it rang again. They raced to the study; Alice snatched up the one-hand instrument. "Testing the line," a man said. "Just a moment; hang up." Presently it rang again. An operator said:

"Hold the line, please; New York is calling."

It was Arthur Layton, like an answer to a prayer!

"Hello, sweetheart," he said hopefully. "How're you doin'?"

"If you mean the play, it's finished. I—we worked all night. It will probably have to be rewritten again, because it's rough, I'm sure."

DAISY was shaking her head, waving her hands. "Tell him it's a wow, you damned fool," she whispered hoarsely. "Tell him Wimpfheimer has got to come through with another couple of grand. Tell him either he does or Josh goes to jail!"

Alice held out the instrument to her. "Why don't you tell him yourself?" she asked tartly.

"Me? He hates me like the devil hates holy water. Go on. Be a salesman. Believe in yourself."

"All right, Arthur. Sorry. I really think this is set now. . . . Well, it's awfully sweet of you. Now, listen: Daisy Lowell arrived here last night with a lawyer and a deputy sheriff with a warrant for Josh. He owes her twelve hundred dollars, and there will be costs to pay. Do you think you could get another advance from Wimpfheimer? It's either that or he goes to jail."

Silence at the other end. Then, glumly: "How soon can you get the play to me? I don't want to ask him for another cent until he's seen it. He might kick the whole thing over, and you know what this means to me—to all of us." And then Layton delivered, in short and ugly words, his opinion of Miss Daisy Lowell. She had not misstated it.

ALICE heard him out. Then she explained how completely they were snowed in. Didn't he know it? he lashed back. He'd been trying all day to get them on the phone, used all his drag to get their line fixed first. After a moment of despairing silence he said: "Let me talk to Tanner, Alice. Maybe he can think up something."

"He's not here at the moment, Arthur. He went off on snowshoes—to—to find a telephone that was working. I supposed he would have called you by now. He's been gone—all day." (Where was he—what was he doing? Lying dead in a snowdrift?)

"Now, listen," said Layton. "When he comes in, you tell him to turn right around on his snowshoes and head for New York. The Wimpfheimers are going to California. They're sailing Thursday—that's day after tomorrow. If they get away before they read this new stuff, we've lost two weeks, even if we air-mailed a copy out there. And I haven't got twelve hundred dollars or any part of it. We're sunk unless you can get that script in here."

Daisy caught her arm. "What did he say?" she demanded. Alice asked the producer to wait while she thought. She briefed for Daisy what he had just told her. "And here we are," she added, "without even a pair of skis."

"Let me talk to him," said Daisy, and reached for the telephone. Alice put it behind her back.

"What are you going to tell him? Not that Josh walked out on us last night. I don't want Arthur to know that."

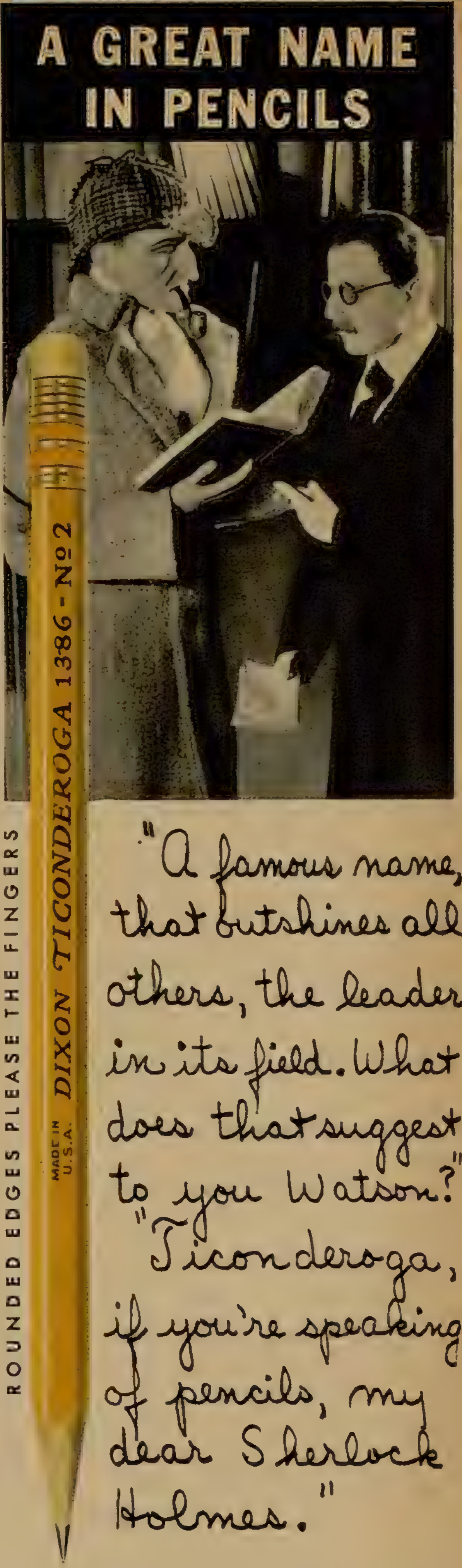
The puzzled look on Miss Lowell's face recalled, too late, that Daisy had never been told the truth about Josh. The beans were spilled now.

"I don't get you," said Daisy. "We'll go into that later. You give me that telephone."

Alice backed away, the length of the phone cord, stubbornly, desperately.

"You'll have to tell me what you're going to do!" she said.

Will the wild and temperamental Daisy say something that she'll be sorry for, and add to the difficulties that are piling up? Don't miss the next issue of Liberty for new and surprising turns of this kaleidoscopic situation revolving around Josh Tanner.


A GREAT NAME IN PENCILS
DIXON TICONDEROGA 1386 - No 2
MADE IN U.S.A.
ROUNDED EDGES PLEASE THE FINGERS

"A famous name, that outshines all others, the leader in its field. What does that suggest to you Watson?"
"Ticonderoga, if you're speaking of pencils, my dear Sherlock Holmes."

Great names have to be made. Ticonderoga's greatness lies in its easy-writing, long-wearing qualities. Every Ticonderoga is equally good. So Ticonderoga's reputation is strengthened every minute of the day as it is used in countless offices, schools and homes.

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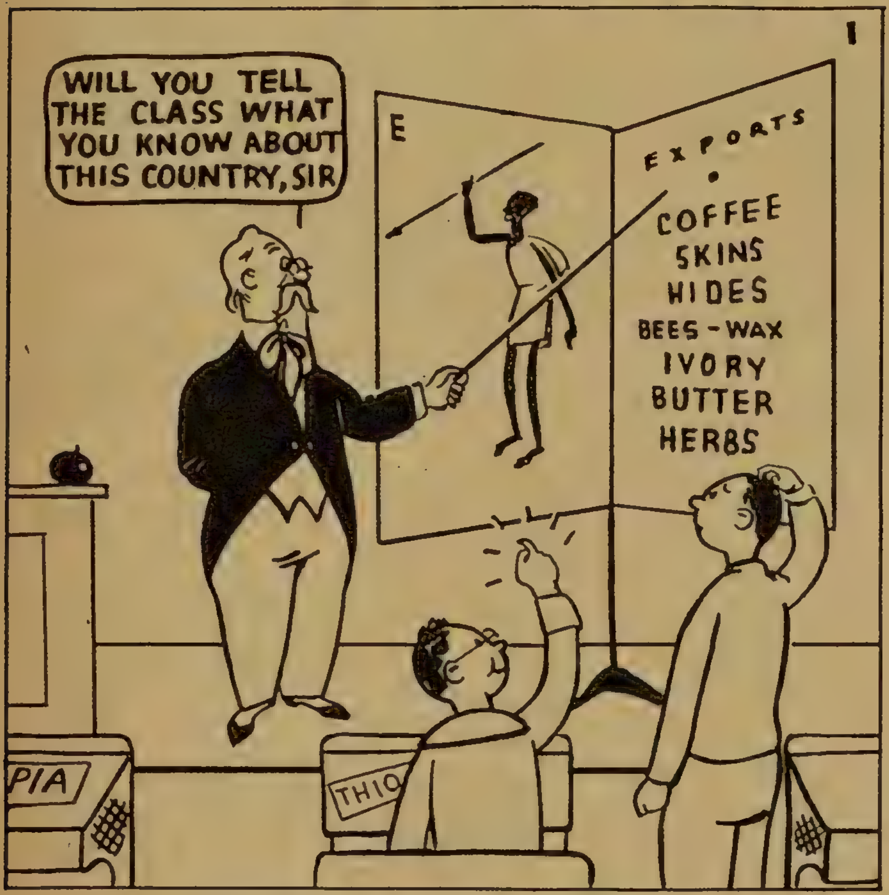
TICONDEROGA

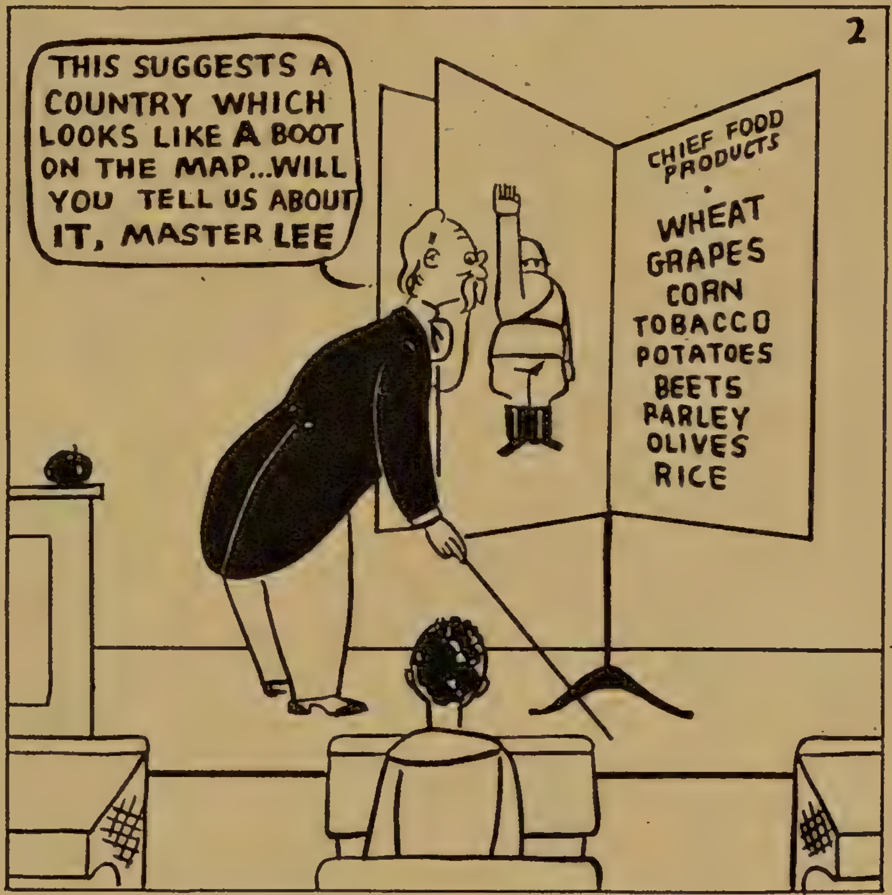
Only Ticonderoga offers 2 5/10, the degree of lead that suits many hands better. Hard enough for legibility, soft enough for speed and smoothness, it is an in-between lead that you should become acquainted with. Also No. 1, Very Soft; No. 2, Soft; No. 3, Firm; and No. 4, Hard. **FIVE CENTS EACH.** Get Quantity Quotations From Your Dealer. Joseph Dixon Crucible Co., Dept. 10-J, Jersey City, N. J.

$2,000 IN BIG CASH PRIZES

INTERNATIONAL GEOGRAPHY GAME


1
WILL YOU TELL THE CLASS WHAT YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS COUNTRY, SIR
E
EXPORTS
COFFEE
SKINS
HIDES
BEES-WAX
IVORY
BUTTER
HERBS
PIA
THIO

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:


2
THIS SUGGESTS A COUNTRY WHICH LOOKS LIKE A BOOT ON THE MAP...WILL YOU TELL US ABOUT IT, MASTER LEE
CHIEF FOOD PRODUCTS
WHEAT
GRAPES
CORN
TOBACCO
POTATOES
BEETS
BARLEY
OLIVES
RICE

THIS DRAWING REPRESENTS:

THESE CASH PRIZES MUST BE PAID! WHICH WILL YOU WIN?

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

THE RULES

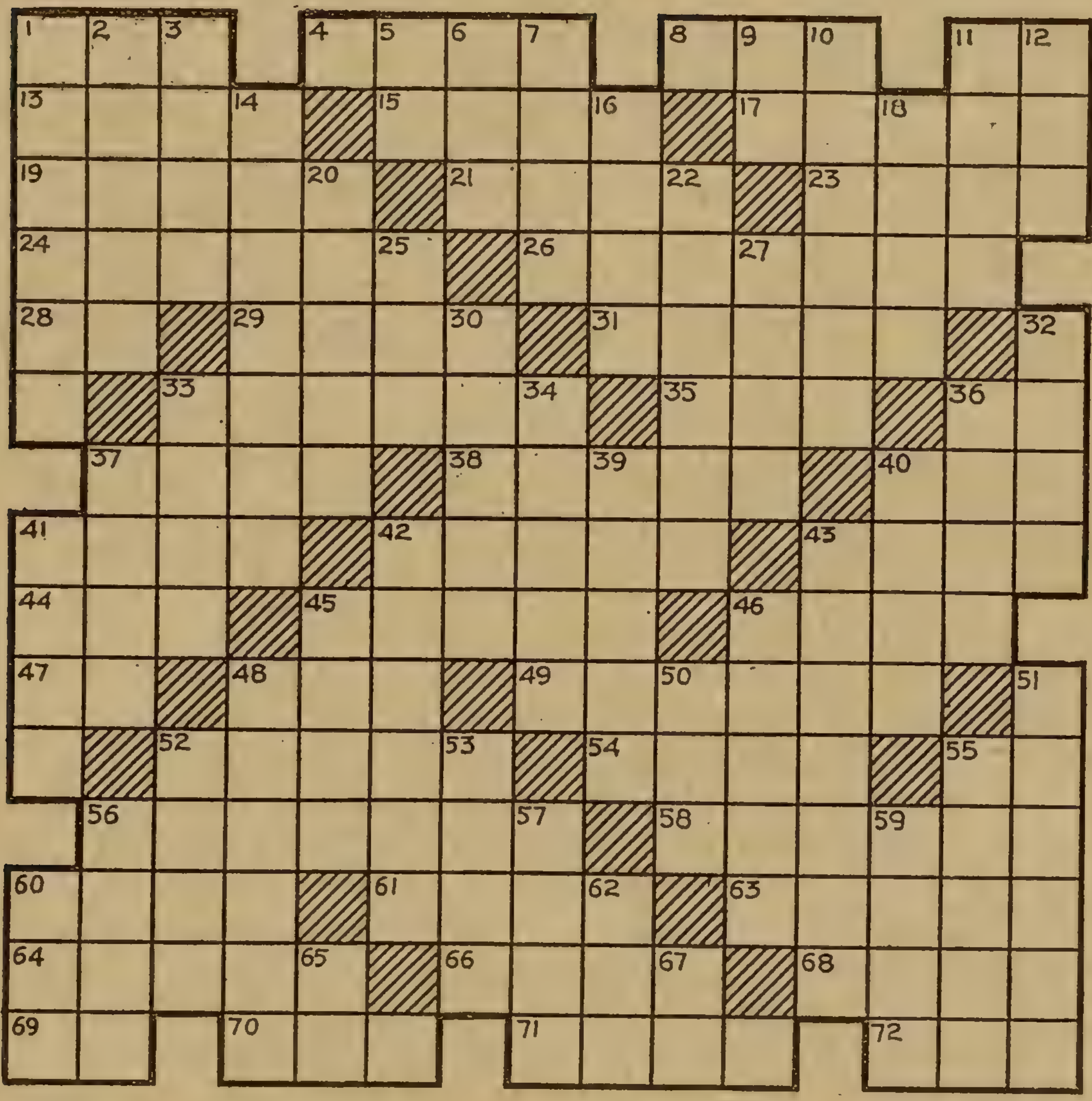
1. Each week for ten weeks Liberty will publish two contest pictures each of which will indicate, suggest, or reveal the name of a place that is prominent in the current world news.
2. To compete, clip, trace, or copy the pictures, and under each write the geographical name it suggests to you.
3. When you have the complete set of twenty contest drawings, each titled with the name of the place you think it represents, write a statement of not more than 100 words explaining which of the places mentioned will win the most prominent place in history, and why you think so.
4. The entry with the greatest number of correct names accompanied by the best statement as above will be adjudged the best. All prizes will be awarded on this basis. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.
5. All entries must be received on or before Wednesday, April 8, 1936, the closing date of this contest.
6. Submit all entries by first-class mail to International Geography Game, Liberty Magazine, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y. Make sure your name and address are plainly marked.

IF YOU CAN FIND NAMES OF IMPORTANT PLACES IN THESE DRAWINGS YOU CAN SUBMIT A WINNING ENTRY

DO you read the papers? Do you hear news reports over the radio? Do you discuss current events with your family and others? Then this interesting new contest is made to order for you. Don't fail to enter. Begin now! Read the rules, then find the name of the location prominent in world news that Drawing No. 1 will reveal. You're on your way toward a prize! Now find the name in Drawing No. 2. Not hard, was it? Save this week's answers until you have a complete set of twenty. All names should be sent in at one time, as a unit, at the end of the game. Watch for Drawings 3 and 4 next week.

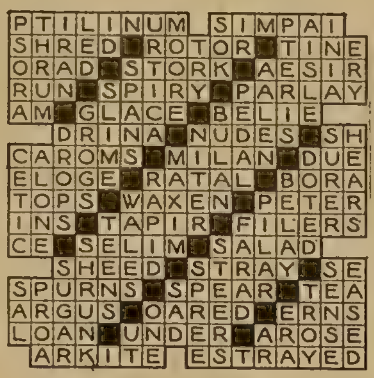
SET NO. 2 OF THIS SERIES NEXT WEEK!

CROSS WORDS



HORIZONTAL

1 A small bed
4 To raise
8 Petal of a corolla
11 Symbol for copper
13 Star in the constellation Draconis
15 To pull
17 Bower
19 Regenerate
21 A Biblical name
23 One twentieth of a grain
24 Small short-billed auk
26 Pottery resembling ironstone china
28 Preposition
29 Object intended to be attained (plural)
31 Turns, as yarn
33 Throbbed
35 A possessive pronoun
36 The symbol for tantalum
37 Knowing
38 Heavy harrows for breaking up ground
40 Obeisance
41 Descendants of a common ancestor
42 Moreover
43 Command or request to be present
44 Compass point
45 Thimble on the wooden arm of an axle
46 Canadian province (abbr.)
47 A fish
48 Rootstock of a certain fern
49 In India, a gorge
52 Greek letter
54 Star in the constellation Pegasus



PTILINUM SIMPAI
SHRED■ROTOR■TINE
ORAD■STORK■AESIR
RUN■SPIRY■PARLAY
AM■GLACE■BELIE
DRINA■NUDES■SH
CAROMS■MILAN■DUE
ELOGE■RATAL■BORA
TOPS■WAXEN■PETER
INS■TAPIR■FILERS
CE■SELIM■SALAD
SHEED■STRAY■SE
SPURNS■SPEAR■TEA
ARGUS■OARED■ERNS
LOAN■UNDER■AROSE
ARKITE ESTRAYED

Answer to last week's puzzle

55 Symbol for cerium
56 Fable
58 Move unsteadily
60 A bulrush
61 Semiprecious mineral
63 A king of the Jews
64 Cast or throw out
66 Male of the red deer
68 Rage
69 While
70 Man's name shortened
71 Large flat-bottomed boat
72 Man's nickname

VERTICAL

1 A vegetable
2 Ancient Greek theater
3 Color
5 Life tendencies (psychoanalysis)
6 Back or backward
7 Sharp specific flavor or tinge
9 Note of the scale
10 Hosts
11 Enclosure for small domestic animals
12 Suffix denoting act or process
14 Inasmuch as
16 Turn or twist out of shape
18 Small pieces or quantities
20 At the same time that
22 Malevolent
25 Printer's measure (plural)
27 Insect's eggs
30 A flock of herons
32 A jolly boat
33 A coin of India
34 Flow off gradually
36 Weight of India
37 Staff of authority
39 Members of an indigenous race of Japan
40 A city in England
41 To control
42 With a crook or bend
43 Ascend or climb with difficulty
45 East Indian leafless vine
46 Supreme being among Mohammedans
48 Most unusual
50 Rule of conduct or action
51 Gave attention to
52 Strong current of air
53 European mountains
55 A spice
56 Breed of dogs (plural)
57 Corrodes
59 Contemptuous name for a child
60 A beverage
62 One hundred thousand (East Indian)
65 Note of the scale
67 Pass from one spot to another

NO MIRROR NEEDED

With the Schick Shaver you do not need a mirror. You can shave in the dark. With its gentle touch to guide you, it glides over your face, shearing off every hair *below* the skin level. You cannot cut yourself, for it has NO BLADES. It puts your skin in perfect condition and keeps it there, for you use NO LATHER—no facial preparation whatever. The Schick gives you a close, clean shave. ASK ANY DEALER to show it to you. If none is near you send $15 to Dept. L.

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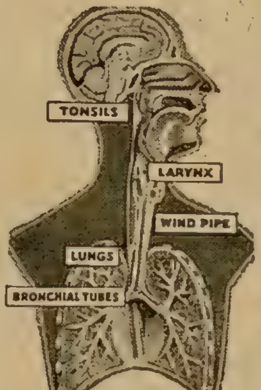
SCHICK SHAVER

Operates on AC and DC



Stops COUGHS quicker by "Moist-Throat" Method

THOUSANDS of tiny moisture glands in your throat and windpipe dry or clog when you catch cold. Their secretions often turn to thick phlegm which irritates your throat . . . *and makes you cough.*

Pertussin stimulates the throat and bronchial glands. Moisture starts flowing to protect and soothe your tissues naturally. Sticky and infectious phlegm loosens and then can be "raised"—cleared away!

Over 1,000,000 doctors' prescriptions were filled for Pertussin in one year, according to Prescription Ingredient Survey issued by American Pharmaceutical Assn. Get a bottle!

PERTUSSIN

"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF COUGH RELIEF

Vox Pop

SIX PERSONS COMMIT MURDER

Minneapolis, Minn.—Maybe it's due to the clear-thinking clever brain of the originator of the theme, maybe to the initiative, imagination, and ability of the co-authors to put into words what their minds conceive, but to whoever the praise, The President's Mystery Story of Jim Blake and his millions is the most tense, gripping, thrilling fiction that has graced Liberty's pages in many a day. For fascination and thrills it even makes the Notre Dame-Ohio State game look like ping-pong. And this is even before Mr. Erskine tells us the final outcome. And if he doesn't treat Jim and Charlotte as they deserve, just give me his phone number.

And what a grand movie this will make with Crawford and Gable in the leads!—*C. A. Large.*

Torrington, Conn.—*Re* The President's Mystery Story: In my opinion, the title of this story is all wrong. It should be Six Persons Commit Murder, because the writers certainly murdered that plot!—*T. Campbell.*

G. O. P. PRESIDENTIAL TIMBER

Rensselaer, Ind.—Some pessimists say that there is no available Republican Presidential timber for the big election a year hence. Baloney! Likewise, horsefeathers!

There is Governor Landon of Kansas, who has set a world's record for economy and deflation of the state debt.

There is Governor Hoffman of New Jersey, whose words and actions indicate a high degree of acumen and fearlessness. He never peddles platitudes.

There is Colonel Knox of Illinois, a fearless independent who preaches and practices free speech. He never attempts to control the views and expressions of his own staff of writers and contributors.

Last but not least, there is Bernarr MacFadden of New Jersey, who, in more than thirty-five years as a publisher, has never been seriously wrong on any public question. If his recent editorials are any indication of what he would do if elected, the White House awaits him.

Aside from any question of political policy, Mr. Macfadden can be depended on to set a nation-wide example for the young manhood and womanhood of the nation—an example of sound body, sound mind, sound morals, and abstinence from drugs, liquors, and tobacco.

I'm for him!—*J. Charlton Smith.*

FISHER, FINN, AND HAUPTMANN

Wyoming, Ohio—Mr. Lloyd Fisher, counsel for Hauptmann, is to be congratulated for striking back, and also Vox Pop for publishing his letter.

When Mr. Fisher describes the case as being bizarre, he is indeed putting it mildly. The prosecution's summation in one breath would have you picture the defendant as a cool, calculating criminal with a high I. Q. Did he not use gloves in the construction of the ladder, although that high-priced miracle man with wood convinced the jury that the stringers and rungs of said ladder were cut from joists in the defendant's own attic?

In the very next breath they would have you believe he was just a " poor dumb Dutch carpenter." Did he not sit in a cemetery unmasked and talk for an hour with that enigmatical intermediary? It simply does not make sense.

Any one with just common ordinary sense—and of course that excludes the jury—can see that it would be practically impossible for one person to perpetrate this crime.—*R. E. Kennington.*

Kansas City, Mo.—Despite Attorney Fisher's " blurb " about Hauptmann, no one who has read Detective Finn's account of the Lindbergh kidnaper's capture can doubt the essential honesty and authenticity of the narrative. Fisher would have the public believe that his defense of Hauptmann is prompted by humanitarian motives. He would just as soon prosecute as defend Hauptmann if there was any money in it.—*F. L. H.*

[But Liberty readers are advised not to make up their minds until they read " Jafsie's " disclosures beginning in the next issue—then break loose!—Vox Pop Editor.]

WE'LL DO IT, COLONEL

West Point, N. Y.—Two years ago your magazine published an issue in which special attention was paid to income-tax returns. I think that it was a very good idea and I hope that you will be able to publish another one—say about February, 1936—covering income-tax returns for the year 1935.—*W. A. Mitchell, Colonel, U. S. Military Academy, U. S. Army.*

NO DOLLARS FOR BRYAN?

Lincoln, Neb.—In Liberty's Twenty Questions of November 30, No. 17 asks:

What perennial Presidential candidate was paid $75,000 a year to lecture for a Florida real-estate development?

You answer: William Jennings Bryan.

I hope your answers to other questions propounded in Liberty are not equally untrue.

I was intimately associated with Mr. Bryan for many years, first as a fellow editorial writer on the Omaha World-Herald, and for twelve years I was associate editor on his paper, The Commoner.

Mr. Bryan never received a dollar for making a political speech, his income coming solely from The Commoner and his Chautauqua platform addresses. He never received a dollar, or any number of dollars, for lecturing for any real-estate development, in Florida or elsewhere. I personally know that Mr. Bryan never received a dollar for any lecture other than under Chautauqua auspices or the auspices of some educational institution.

The statement that he lectured for a Florida real-estate development is as cruel and unjust as it is false.—*Will M. Maupin.*

[Paxton Hibben in his biography, The Peerless Leader—William Jennings Bryan, stated:

" Bryan always had a shrewd business sense. The step from orator to realtor was hardly a long one. In Florida his talents as a speaker had been engaged to help boom the market. . . . He talked daily at Coral Gables during the height of the fever."

M. R. Werner in his biography, Bryan, said in part:

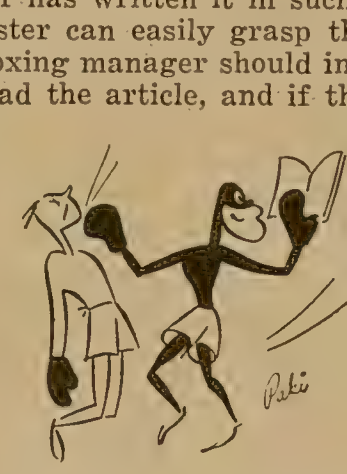
" Bryan was interested in the development of Florida real estate. He had invested money of his own . . . and had profited. . . . He also devoted part of his time to delivering lectures for a real estate company at $250. a lecture."

George E. Merrick, promoter of the Coral Gables development, has been quoted as saying he paid Bryan $100,000 in cash, plus $50,000 in land, for the lectures he delivered in the course of two years.—Twenty Questions Editor.]

FIGHT MANAGER PRAISES US

Hollywood, Calif.—Read Gene Kessler's article on Joe Louis in November 23 Liberty and consider it the best article on boxing that was ever written.

Kessler has written it in such a way a youngster can easily grasp the idea. Every boxing manager should insist his boxer read the article, and if they pay attention they will not be sporting cauliflower ears and other marks of the profession.



I manage Young Stuhley, rated ninth best middleweight in the world, and I had Stuhley read it twice, and can say it made a decided impression on him.

Articles of this type will revolutionize the boxing game and make healthier men.—*Eddie Stanton.*

SICK ON LAND AND SEA

READING, PA.—In December 7 Liberty a paragraph in the section It Happened In—about the CCC worker with severe homesickness—reminded me of a friend of mine, a sailor. When he has been at sea a while he becomes homesick; after he's home a little while he gets seasick.—*Thomas Watchorn.*

GOLD-DIGGING HEROINES

WACO, TEX.—We hereby protest the type of story you have inflicted on the readers of Liberty the last two years. It seems that it is impossible to get a heroine that is not a gold-digging prostitute.

It is a good thing that you did not let Delmar have a part of The President's Mystery Story. If you had, Charlotte would have had a baby by the end of the second chapter.

Why not give us some more of the Robert W. Chambers type of stuff?—*L. I. Jones and Foster Royall.*

[And to think the stories of Robert W. Chambers were held up to us as horrible examples of the decadence in American magazine literature not so many years ago!—VOX POP EDITOR.]

SHIFTLESS, LAZY, FAULTFINDERS

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—Thanks to the strange ideas of the present administration, the average American is imbued with the idea that the world, or at least the United States, owes him a living.

Old-age-pension plans are just a part of the outcome of such theories. One would almost believe it is the fault of the government that people grow old.

People have been growing old ever since the world began, but up until now it has never been considered anything but the business of the Creator. The poor we have had with us ever since the beginning; but the present administration has decided our government is to blame because people are poor.

It seems to be impossible to get Democratic thoughts away from the welfare of the ne'er-do-wells. They are simply making government pets out of the shiftless, the lazy, and the faultfinders.—*Nat S. Parks.*

DARLA IS FROM OKLA.

SEILING, OKLA.—Beverly Hills stated (November 23 Liberty) that Darla Hood, latest threat to Shirley Temple, was from Leedy, Texas. If smart Beverly will consult a map and check up on his or her information, it will be found that little Darla comes from Leedy, Oklahoma.—*Richard E. Summers.*

"LABOR UPHOLDS CONSTITUTIONAL GOVERNMENT"

MONTICELLO, UTAH—Although Mr. Macfadden's trenchant editorials bore into the heart of many vital questions, like many another writer ignorant of facts he sometimes mistakes appearance for reality. A case in point is his editorial of December 7, Labor Upholds Constitutional Government.

The transactions of the American Federation of Labor cannot be denied—that they "reaffirmed their faith in the American principles of government" or "condemned every form of Communism."

But it is also a fact that Moscow (the seat of Communism) has ordered an American coalition with the Socialists and American Federation of Labor, all to support Roosevelt in 1936, "because his defeat would mean the triumph of the forces opposed to us." This utterance by Dimitroff definitely labels the present federal bureaucracy for what it is.

The A. F. of L. is probably concealing its real purpose by observing the behest to "learn to talk double" and "in order that the true meaning of things may not be known before the proper time, we shall mask it under an alleged ardent desire to serve the working classes."—*Harry Dana Abbott.*

ORIGIN OF "WHITE FEATHER"

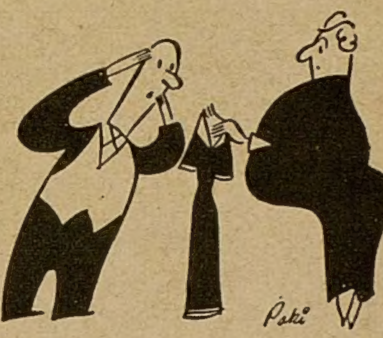
ASHEVILLE, N. C.—In November 23 Vox Pop Mrs. Betty E. Wilkinson, San Diego, California, offers plenty of evidence to disprove the oft-made assertion that the quotation "show the white feather" originated from the idea that white feathers were absent in the thoroughbred gamecock. As the lady states, many strains of pure game fowl have white feathers and some are pure white.

However, she does not explain how the expression did come into being with reference to cowardice. As all gamefowl men know, once in a while a gamecock will go "hacked," or in other words become a coward and refuse to fight. When this takes place the cock will raise his hackle feathers. In a large percentage of gamecocks the underfeathers are white; therefore, when he raises his hacks and refuses to fight he "shows his white feathers."

This became quite a common expression around the cockpits of years ago, and the phrase has been widely spread among all classes of people to denote cowardice.—*R. S. Meroney.*

"STRETCH DRESS IN THE HIPS"

OAKLAND, CALIF.—Either the country has gone West or else prosperity is with us again. I should know, on account of being a dry-cleaner who is continually receiving orders to "stretch this dress in the hips." I ask, "How much?" She says, "As much as you can."



The Brain Trusters have no barometer like this. Yours for bigger and better times!—*E. A. Davisson.*

THE HIGH CHAIR AND THE CHURCH

PORT ARTHUR, TEX.—That article by Will Irwin, Crime Crazy (December 7 Liberty), is very timely. But with the passing of the home, true motherhood, the high chair, and the church—with the replacement of thirty-five-dollar men by five-dollar girls—with sex madness, due to the industrial rats (women whose only goal in industry is that of mental filth and physical destruction), what more can you expect than a crime-crazy nation?

You may pass laws to curb crime; you may organize CCC camps and other kinds of camps to recover youth; but when there has been no mother to shape the little life that has now grown into manhood, these things will be in vain.

Our women today are destroying this nation. Home is a thing of the past. The church is only another society. Things being as they are, and humans being savages at heart, what more can you expect?—*T. W. Feuge.*

"She's always showing off—always showing off."

TRUTH IS FUNNIER THAN FICTION

IT HAPPENED IN...

CAMBRIDGE, MASS.—When his wife, Alice, wore her overshoes to bed, Everett Hume told his troubles to the judge and asked release from marriage ties.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND—A blow to national pride has been administered here by the discovery that one of Scotland's very hottest bagpipe bands is composed exclusively of Jews.

CHICAGO, ILL.—Judge Rudolph Desort told of a recent case in his court involving one Steve Peris, owner of a trained bear:

Anna, Peris's wife, declined to sleep in the same room with the bear and left Peris when he gave the animal shelter in their bedroom one cold night. He got a divorce.

A few weeks later Anna married the employee of a flea circus.

BEAVER DAM, WIS.—Returning from Madison, H. F. Bibby was thumbed by a young hitchhiker. Bibby stopped. As he opened the door the youth asked: "Have you a radio in your car?"

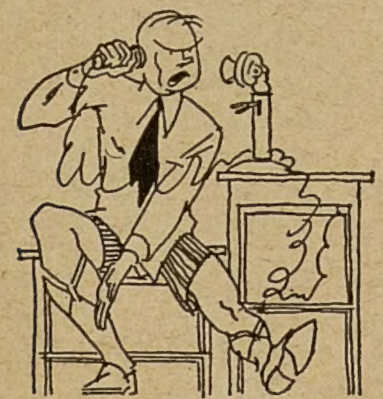
"No," said Bibby.

"Thanks very much," the hitchhiker replied. "I'll wait for another car."

WASHINGTON, D. C.—The police teletype system tapped out this report:

"William Churchill, 601 Marion Street, reports loss of pants and $39.99. This is a larceny."

Several hours later came this correction: "Churchill larceny O. K. No larceny. His wife took pants and money to keep him from going out."



Lucky Omens

Found money means more to follow.

Old shoes are always lucky to see, find, encounter, or have thrown after you. Or, as an old charm rhyme puts it:

For this thou shalt from all things seed
Marrow of mirth and laughter;
And whereso'er thou move, Good Luck
Shall throw her old shoe after.

In color omens, to be impressed by anything red last thing at night or anything blue in the morning promises good fortune within nine days.

—*Roy L. McCardell.*

•

NEW DEAL ALMANAC

Silver threats against the gold.—*Senator Elmer Thomas.*

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COVER BY VICTOR TCHETCHET

DID HAUPTMANN HAVE ACCOMPLICES?

NEXT WEEK MORE HIDDEN SECRETS OF THE CASE BY

"JAFSIE"

Was Hauptmann a "lone wolf"? Did he have help before, during, or after the crime at Hopewell? Many people have never been satisfied that the guilt was his entirely. What is your opinion? Next week Dr. Condon has some convincing information for you on this angle of the case. And it is only one of the points he discloses. Don't miss these revelations!

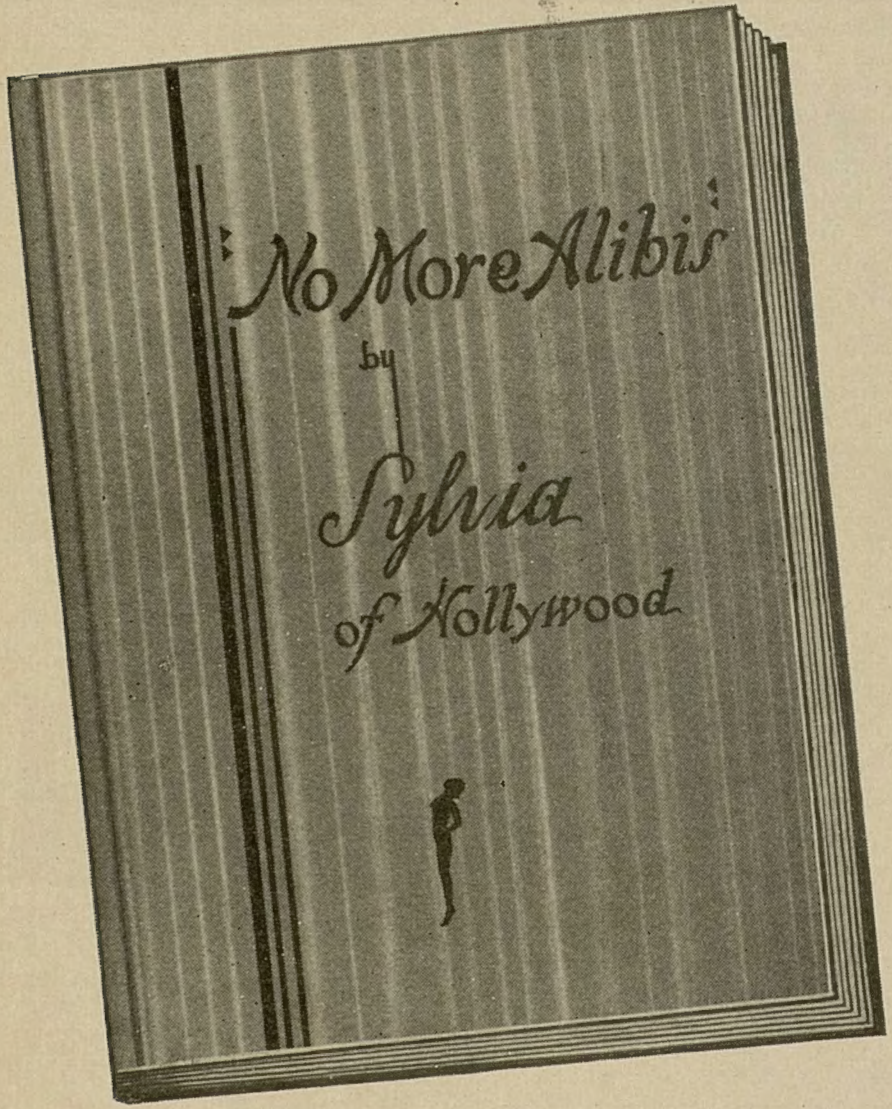
ALSO—THE REAL ROMANCE IN THE LIFE OF FRED ASTAIRE by Frederick L. Collins—STORMY HEARTS, a new serial by Eli Colter—BACHELOR OF DOLLS by Phyllis Duganne—METHUSELAH ON WHEELS by Dick Williams—AT THE DARK END OF THREE DAYS by Vingie E. Roe—LADIES WHO JUMPED FOR THEIR LIVES by Jay David Blaufox—IS PATRIOTISM FOREVER DEAD IN OUR OWN UNITED STATES? by Rupert Hughes.

NEXT WEEK IN

Liberty

ON SALE WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 15

Sylvia of Hollywood Will *Streamline* Your Figure for Tomorrow's Styles



The Beauty Secrets of Hollywood's Glamorous Stars Now Revealed by the Famous Madame Sylvia

Haven't you often wondered how the gorgeous screen stars of Hollywood keep their flattering figures and their smooth velvety complexions? Certainly you have. And it may encourage you to know that these famous actresses are faced with problems identical to yours. They, too, find themselves getting too fat on the hips, abdomen, arms, legs and ankles. Or they may realize that they are actually getting skinny. Or they may notice that their skins are becoming muddy and blotchy.

Yet the stars of Hollywood always appear fresh, glamorous and radiant in their pictures. And contrary to public opinion the movie cameras are more cruel than flattering. But very often when a Hollywood star is in need of beauty treatment she turns to the foremost authority on the feminine form—Madame Sylvia.

Sylvia of Hollywood, as she is often called, is the personal beauty adviser to the screen colony's most brilliant stars. It is she who guards and preserves the exquisite charms of the screen's awe-inspiring beauties. It's she who transforms ordinary women into dreams of loveliness.

And now Sylvia has put all of her beauty secrets between the covers of a single book. In *No More Alibis* you will find all of the treatments and methods which have made her a power in Hollywood. You will find out how to reduce your weight 15 pounds a month—or gain it at the same rate. You will find out how to mold your body into beautiful proportions—how to acquire a firm, lovely face—how to keep your skin clear and attractive.

In this great book Sylvia names names. She tells you the very treatments she has given your favorite screen stars. And she tells you how you can be as lovely as the stars of Hollywood—if not lovelier!

Read the table of contents of this book carefully. Notice how completely Sylvia covers every phase of beauty culture. And bear in mind that Sylvia's instructions are so simple that they can be carried out in your own room without the aid of any special equipment.

No More Alibis gives you the very same information for which the screen stars have paid fabulous sums. Yet the price of the book is only $1.00. If unobtainable from your local department or book store, mail the coupon below—*today*.

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Read the Table of Contents of this Great Beauty Book

DECIDE HOW YOU WANT TO LOOK
DIET AND EXERCISE FOR GENERAL REDUCING
WHEN FAT IS LOCALIZED—Too Much Hips, Lumps of Fat on the Hips, Reducing Abdomen, Reducing the Breasts, Firming the Breasts, Fat pudgy Arms, Slenderizing the Legs and Ankles, Correcting Bow-legs, Slimming the Thighs and Upper Legs, Reducing Fat on the Back, Squeezing off Fat, Where There's a Will, There's a Way—to Reduce.
REDUCING FOR THE ANEMIC
GAIN FIFTEEN OR MORE POUNDS A MONTH
IF YOU'RE THIN IN PLACES—Enlarge Your Chest, Develop Your Legs
PEOPLE WHO SIT ALL DAY—"Desk Chair Spread," Drooping Shoulders, Luncheon Warnings!
THE "IN-BETWEEN" FIGURE
KEEP THAT PERFECT FIGURE
CLOTHES TIPS FOR STRUCTURAL DEFECTS
A FIRM, LOVELY FACE
CORRECTING FACIAL AND NECK CONTOURS—Off with That Double Chin! Enlarging a Receding Chin, Slenderizing the Face and Jowls, Refining Your Nose, Smoothing Out a Thin, Crepey Neck, "Old Woman's Bump"
SKIN BEAUTY DIET AND ENERGY DIET
BEAUTIFUL HANDS AND FEET
ACQUIRE POISE AND GRACE—OVERCOME NERVOUSNESS
ADVICE FOR THE ADOLESCENT—To Mothers—To Girls
DURING AND AFTER PREGNANCY
THE WOMAN PAST FORTY

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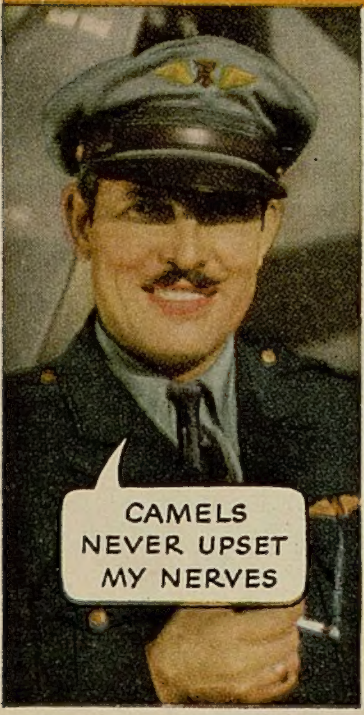
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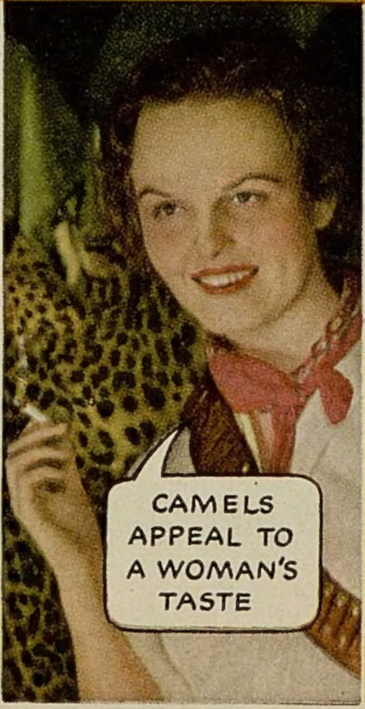
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